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CHEER UP, AMERICA!

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FOR four months half a hundred workmen at the corners of Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets and Park Avenue in New York City have been tearing down an old temple—a temple of hospitality, the old Park Avenue Hotel. The old temple was filled with sentiment and surrounded by traditions, in so far as two or three American generations can hallow a temple. In January of 1927, after four months' work, the temple had been reduced to a sort of ground plan of its ruins. It looked like Pompeii. In the midst of the ruins two great machines, somehow reminding one of sentient beings, sank their great tusks into the earth, biting out huge steel basketloads of brick and dust, boards and stone, scrap iron and mortar. The steel beasts, swishing their plumy steam tails into the cool winter air, hummed their eternal work song. The workmen, scurrying about the debris, were busy with a dozen kinds of tasks. Each small group was doing its work with three or four foremen over the lot, directing the force. On a cold day the workmen were overcoated, gloved, warmly clad. A dozen, and sometimes a score of idlers, leaned against the railings that strung about the vacant lot, watching the workers. The idlers were clad about as the workers were, and the workers were clad about as the men hurrying along to the Avenue on business errands. A shabbier, dustier, more worn brown appeared in the workers' clothes, and a few more wrinkles than appeared on the clothes of the wayfarers; but that dusty brown made the chief difference between those who were working with their hands and those who idled or hurried into the offices that rose ten, fifteen, twenty stories in the buildings nearby. The foremen were not distinguished from the workers in either clothing or in the manner of their occupation. They all worked; no man idled. Few gave orders. The orders were reasonably polite.

Four years ago I saw wreckers working around a temple in Egypt near Luxor. They were digging it out. Thirty or forty boys between the ages of eight and twenty, naked save for a loincloth,

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grubbing up the debris and talus of another age, uncovering some ancient temple with a tradition hallowed in Egypt about as the Park Avenue Hotel was hallowed in Manhattan. The foreman, turbanned and draped in long dark skirts, stood over the youths, yelling at them, cursing them, urging them to their task. They, watching the tail of his eye with snakelike cunning, did as little clawing in the earth as possible, filled as few leaky baskets as possible, under which their comrades groaned as they carried them out of the excavation. Occasionally, and when a white man came along, to emphasize the abysmal difference yawning between the foreman and the workers, the turbanned man cracked his whip and let the lash fall upon the naked back of some boy who jumped and winced and began to claw eagerly in the earth. Another foreman, or superintendent, much more gorgeously turbanned, much more splendidly robed, sat aloof, as far from the slave driver as the slave driver was from his prey. And occasionally, strolling into the work, came another man, an Egyptian apparently, of the scholarly cast, whose eyes scorned the superintendent and could not even see the foreman and had no social consciousness whatever of the naked creatures groveling in the dust—ages in time behind him and unspeakably beneath. By way of diversion, some American tourists threw a handful of copper coins at the grubbing boys. They started to pounce upon the coins like hungry pups when the foreman's lash cracked, driving them away, and he stooped down and gathered the loot.

Somewhere in the contrast between those pictures lies all that is worth while in America. Before going into the obvious contrasts between the pictures, let us find the common points in each. Probably, at least typically, there was profit for the employer in both jobs. Upon his profit both bosses lorded it over those who walked and worked in the economic rank just beneath the bosses. Probably there were fewer unsatisfied wants among the bare-backed boys of Thebes in their breech-cloths than would be found among the men at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue. The workmen on each job most likely slept well, ate well according to the tradition and environment of the times and place, fought easily, lived and loved according to the distinction of each man's temperament, whether he came from an Eastside tenement or from a mud hovel along the Nile. The boys in Thebes did not seem to mind the lash. The men on Park Avenue did not seem to be oppressed by the compulsion which made them work and allowed the idlers to gaze at them. Very likely and typically, there may have been in each job, the one in Thebes, the one in Park Avenue, considerable favoritism, a little graft, some downright dishonesty, if each transaction were all unraveled and put under the magnifying glass of a cantankerous sociologist. And yet, despite these similarities which might be spun out still further, the two pictures revealed two civilizations, each civilization founded upon a deeply different social philosophy. In Egypt are the beginnings of human progress; from America, looking back, we can measure man's advance. He has not come to the end of the trail, of course. But he seems to have been moving, and, in the various civilizations still functioning on the globe, we may trace the windings of man's trail of progress.

II

Now it is fair to ask what is the chief gain which man has made on his long journey. It is reasonable to presume that the journey has been an upward journey. What has man found in these later, and probably higher, levels which he did not have when he left the woods and settled in the open valley with his herd, his plow, and his boat upon the stream and inland sea? What, in this Mediterranean civilization, of which

America is the direct descendant, has man found that is new and worth while? Why, indeed, is it better for man, taking him as merely a two-legged, burden-bearing animal, to live in America than to live on the banks of the Nile?

Man has marked his progress not so much by the material aspects of his civilization as he has marked it by his philosophy of life, considering the material things about him as the outward and visible sign of his inner and spiritual attitude toward life. Now man's spiritual attitude which marks his progress is chiefly toward his fellows, but somewhat toward the things outside himself which he fancies make for his security and happiness. The attitude which marks and makes the difference between the boys under the lash of Thebes and the men under orders at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue, New York City, United States of America, is the attitude of good will manifest in mutual consideration. This mutual consideration which dominates our Western civilization—the civilization of Europe and America, with all its imperfections too obvious to enumerate—has enlarged one quality in man which makes the Western man different from his fellows on the planet. The Western man has self-respect. That is "the pearl of great price." That is the thing for which man in the West ideally would lose his life that he might save it. Because of the fact that in America men may easily be self-respecting, the millions have come flocking to the United States from all over the globe. Self-respect is bought with many things, but the common coin with which men to-day seek to buy it is gold, money, wealth, the thing epitomized in the word capital. To be free from the lash for one day, for one year, for one life is the chief end of man. Not because of the ease it brings, but because of the freedom it brings. Freedom is another name for self-respect.

Democracy is institutionalized self-respect—nothing more, and, ideally, little less. It is odd to watch man in the ages between Thebes and New York City, nosing about for five thousand years against the hard wall of time and circumstance, burrowing for a quick passage through to self-respect. He tried here, a military empire under Rome; there, a feudal system; yonder, a hierarchy; beyond, a limited monarchy; each attempt coming a little nearer to the ideal in his heart. It is not hard to find fault with the tunnel man has made, to show that he has doubled back many times, to see where he has futilely followed blind leads. It is absurdly easy to look into man's heart to-day in the quest for democracy and find there evidences of envy, of greed, of blindness, of malice, of all the lusts of the flesh. The mean spirit that ever chains man to his clay prison is always flaunting itself. So, of course, democracy, and particularly American democracy, is crass, is crammed with injustices, strident with disharmony, marred with ugliness, cursed with selfishness. Bernard Shaw in "Pygmalion" makes his hero ask a lady, "if she fancied it would be agreeable if the hero came out frankly with all the things in his mind." The lady twitters that it might be cynical, and the hero shrieks, "It would not be decent." Every wise man knows this and yet he understands that beneath the indecencies in the mind of humanity are humanity's deep aspirations, its struggling nobility, its unrealized ideals.

So it is with democracy. Who can doubt that our American democracy has built into stone and steel, brick and wood, even into the institutions of commerce and of government, of religion and social usage, a million aspects of our animal indecencies? Always man has made his obscene gods, but he has always fashioned his glorious vision; always he has tempered his ideal justice with palpable inequity. To point out in American civilization its banality; to stress our commercial greed, our ravening imperialism on the sea whereon the flag follows the bargain; to fall down in despair before boodlers and grafters in politics;

to grow gloomy in the face of social climbers; to surrender all hope for America because of the tabloid newspapers, jazz in the radio, and the demagogue in public life—in short, to stress the indecencies obvious in the scum of our consciousness, is to see life as a child sees it and to miss its meaning. The same child, looking at "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" would forget also the vast cruelties of those civilizations which outbalanced for the common man the superficial beauties that survive those civilizations. Progress in a civilization must be measured by its effect upon man in the average if we are to accept what seems to be man's aim in his struggle with his environment since the dawn of history. In some other age another man may aspire to something better than self-respect. He may seek some attitude finer than his own soul's freedom. But since man first began making his record in the world, it seems fairly clear that he has been striving for just one thing—the right to be his own and not another's.

It is pathetic to observe the various objects which man has brought in his hand with which to pay the gods of life in his quest for self-respect. He walked through countless unrecorded ages bringing two things—the soldier's sword and the priest's miter. Through war and religion he sought to establish himself over his fellows and so maintain his soul's dignity. Then he came with the ballot in its various forms which produce self-government. Now he comes bringing capital. Each price—war, religion, democracy, capitalism—has represented a change in man's philosophic expression of the same ideal, his yearning for the thing called equality of opportunity. Of course, envy of his fellows has motivated much of man's activity in seeking that equality of opportunity which makes for self-respect. But envy does not debase all of his conduct. If envy debased everything in the struggle for self-respect there would be no heroes. Man would be without nobility—a brother of the beasts. Envy permeates the struggle for democracy but it does not explain it.

III

The pathetic restlessness with which man tries first one thing and then another in bargaining for the democratic ideal—the sword, the miter, the ballot, the dollar—is most patent to-day in America. There are signs that we are losing faith in the ballot and relying more and more on the dollar. Government as an agency for human welfare received a tremendous shock when the governments of the world failed to bring peace out of the War. In America for twenty-five years before the War the people had been striving to make government work as a democratic agency. They had faith in the ballot, they believed in political power as an agency for justice, and seemed to feel that if they could put that power, through the ballot, into the hands of the common man, he would use it intelligently, unselfishly, nobly. So in America all kinds of political devices for strengthening the power of the masses: the direct election of United States senators, the primary, the initiative and referendum, the secret ballot, the headless ballot, anti-corruption laws—came into American political life.

Still the millennium receded as we approached it. The American quest for justice which would bring self-respect to the individual by equalizing the political opportunities of all individuals, proved to be a vain quest. We found some justice, we equalized some opportunities, we checked some iniquities. Probably we have gained a little in our contest with the forces of greed within us which ever seek, and ever have sought since the days of Cain and Abel, to overcome the nobler passions of men in establishment of good will—good will which promotes social peace, which brings justice and self-respect into the hearts of men. The particular form in which the

devil in our hearts has become manifest during the last two or three hundred years, the dragon against which the St. George of democracy has been struggling, has been capital. A wiseacre of Broadway declares, "There are many things in this life that are better than money, but it takes money to get them."

In humanity's quest for self-respect man has repeated in his use of capital as a bargaining agent with the gods somewhat the struggle he made with each of the ancient devices by which he has sought to attain his ideal. It is something more than a quest, something less than a bargain, this ceaseless endeavor to find "the pearl of great price." And when man takes up a new device—the sword, the miter, the ballot, or the dollar—with which to buy his way into Utopia, he always finds that the thing which he believes will save him actually menaces him. The capital of the present age, which has been produced by "many inventions," has, of course, brought the average man far into the realm of social dignity; but as surely as we have advanced far, behind the ægis of capital, so we are now threatened by it, and in America this is particularly true.

America is the paradise of capital. For three hundred years, during the rise of capitalism in the world, America has been the spot to which men from all over the world have been attracted by the love of money. They have called it the love of freedom, but the freedom for the most part has been bought with capital. The continent is rich, the climate salubrious, life abundant. Wealth has piled high, and no man or class has been able to hold it all. Somehow, the lavish hand of nature in a virgin continent, rich in alluvial soil and minerals, blessed with a temperate climate, has helped to pile up and yet distribute wealth. Somehow, the very abundance of wealth has made it easy for the average man to acquire a share. So here from all over the earth the poor and oppressed have come and found the self-respect which they have been denied in other places. Government has taken wealth from the few and given its blessings to the many in the form of education, policing, regulatory measures affecting transportation, communication, and human welfare. The government has bought health for the masses out of taxes; the government has engaged in the care of the poor, of the defective, and has organized opportunity in a score of ways undreamed of in other times and places. But with all this public activity, with all the political distribution of wealth, with all our legislation, with all our constitutional prohibition of hereditary caste, vast inequities still remain. Worse than the inequities of life are its uglinesses, its disharmonies, and its terrible standardization. Politics, that benevolent goddess who mothers the weak and the oppressed with sheltering institutions, who distributes her largesse in schools, in health, with a certain show of justice in her courts, has another mood and face. She is a corrupt and designing hussy.

American politics are probably no worse than the politics of any other land; but while we are praising what our government has done we should not deny that government also is the shield for special privilege, that government does make it possible for the rich to enjoy privileges in our courts which are denied to the poor, that government does at times act with stupidity, and at times with cupidity. The Declaration of Independence, which is the charter of our liberties, the covenant of our self-respect in America, the source of our idealism, has only been partially realized under our Constitution. Our Constitution, with all its wisdom, still has far to go to institutionalize all the ideals of the Declaration. There remain vast areas untouched in that noble document of 1776; and it is folly to deny that in man's quest for self-respect here in America he is faced continually by the dangers of plutocracy, the dangers of a despotism as cruel and as unjust as any of the

despotisms out of which he has struggled in ages past.

But the joyous thing about it is that in America the fight is a fair fight. If we are brave enough and wise enough and honest enough to make the fight for self-respect, even against the centripetal forces of capitalism, we can win out of very capitalism itself all the liberties which our hearts desire. Granted all that the finical say about and against America. Granted that our politics are corrupt. Granted that much of our standardization is ugly; that in democratizing the arts we have somewhat debased the arts. Granted that in distributing the products of commerce and industry we have quickly elevated millions into living standards which they do not appreciate and cannot evaluate wisely. Granted that democracy is crass, motivated somewhat by envy. Granted all its enemies say of it—still America, more than any other section of the earth, does guarantee to each human being according to his capacity for industry, courage, and intelligence, a right to look squarely into the face of his peers, dream his own dreams, follow his own visions, live his own life, with such abundance, with such beauty, and with such joy as his own heart may contain.

It is that making of potential self-respect which has drawn the millions to our shores all these three hundred years, the age which has seen the rise of capitalism in the world. Here man may find in his battle against the forces which would crush him into servility a fine field and a fair fight—a fair fight despite all the tremendous prestige and power of aggrandized wealth. For in America aggrandized wealth is not fool proof. It is not established by a legal hereditary caste. Waste may take away from the fool the thing he cherishes and pass his money to the wise. That folly and extravagance cannot do in a legalized aristocracy. The titled fool without his money elsewhere in the world still holds his prestige; the fool without his money in America is just "a fool i' the forest."

IV

That which America has done with humanity is to make the dynamic man—the man eager for change. Throw the whole kit of modern inventions, from steam engine to the radio, into the African jungle or into the midst of Asia, or even into the European peasantry, and these inventions would bring no hope, would change no social or economic status, would bring no relations of man based upon the faith of man in his fellows. Somewhere in a laboratory, working with his tubes and fires, a scientist in an apron is weighing, measuring, trying, changing, poking his fingers into a place along the dead wall that impedes our further progress, and maybe tomorrow, maybe next month, or next year, or the next decade or the next century, he will find the thing that will upset and revolutionize the world. Where will he go with it? It will affect mankind first and surest and in the broadest way in America, because America accepts change. In the golden quest of the ages, the quest for self-respect, we have built actually a new kind of man in America.

There is something in the theory of the Christian theologians that man must be born again. In America he is regenerated. On the North American continent and among the English-speaking colonies, the white man looks at life squarely and without a servile eye. He is no white-winged cherub, no pink angel. By no means has his altruism overcome his eye for the main chance. With all his keen anxiety for change and his profound belief that change is always for the better, with all his institutions taxing the few for the benefit of the many, in education and health, protection and regulation, the American's altruism does not soften him into impotency. He still believes that all things come to him who hustles while he waits, and grabs quickly. But while he

grabs he gives. He is a dollar-chaser, certainly: but not for the dollar but for the game rather. He has no sou grip. Pennies and dollars slip through his hands after he has them. He gambles with his gains like a drunken sailor. More than most of his brothers, the American knows that he is his brother's keeper. The thing which has left him in his rebirth is cruelty. He is not callous of suffering and pain; certainly he is not plagued with the sadist's love to hurt. He hits hard, but takes no comfort in revenge. He went into the World War partly in fear, partly prodded by propaganda which worked him into a fine frenzy of altruistic folly. But while he fought like a devil he came out of it with a gay, childish vanity in the fact that he had asked no ransom, that he had exacted no stipend for revenge, or remuneration, and had added nothing to the suffering of mankind. He does not yet realize the implications that follow the collection of what he regards his honest debts; when he does he may make a fine gesture and throw his notes into the sea. And at the end of the episode which began in Serajevo in 1914, the American will be the only man connected with the sad occurrence who has not reaped, consciously and in the sweet solace of revenge, any intentional reward from the War. This is not because he is better or worse than other men. It is because the American is reborn, regenerated, renewed in self-respect. Another millennium may improve him, may refine him, may quicken his sensibilities and broaden his intellectual and spiritual horizon. Heaven hasten the day. But until that day comes let us Americans not be fooled and discouraged by those one-eyed critics who see only our faults.

If they say "America has no native art" let them remember that she patronizes the art of the world generously and, upon the whole, intelligently. If her statesmen are cheap, short-sighted, and dull, her inventors are completing the work of civilization where politics has dropped it. If we have produced no musicians except those who jangle jazz, let it not be forgotten that we have orchestras, good orchestras, conducted, if you will, by Europeans, but still patronized by the masses; more good orchestras than any other land. The great composers of other times and other lands find to-day their largest audiences in America. Our literature may be provincial, but we are cosmopolitan in our taste for literature. Our religion may be dominated to a larger extent than the religions of other lands by a tom-tom evangelism and bull-roaring emotionalism. But where else will the weak find public succor so near him? In what other hundred millions on earth is health being conserved by public institutions; and where else does the cry of distress, from whatever corner of the world it comes, find such quick and wide response? That is the test of our religion, not our yapping, jumping, Hell-spreading evangelists.

It is easy to criticize America, and on the whole it is wise to do so. The gad-fly's proboscis injects the serum of progress into our blood with its discontent; but let us also remember, as we listen to our critics, that humanity is wiser than they, and that if America had not some real thing to offer, if America had not "the pearl of great price," America would not be the magnet which is turning to our shores the dreams of the millions from all over the world. Here they come, these eager millions, willing to lay down their lives, their traditions; eager even to give over that dearest of all inheritances—their own nationalities, that they may find joy and salvation in the rebirth which is America. The millions who seek to become Americans are indeed willing to give their lives that they may save them. That great fact is our challenge to the world.

TWO SONNETS

BY COUNTEE CULLEN

THE POET PUTS HIS HEART TO SCHOOL

OUR love has dwindled down to this:
With proper stress and emphasis
To crown a given exercise;
Those lips, that bearing, those great eyes
I once was wont to praise, I trade
Now for technic and for a grade.
That sun in which I used to bask
Now glorifies a schoolboy's task.
Priest am I now for wisdom's pay,
And half a priest's task is to slay;
Nor raise one far-remembering cry,
Though with the slain the slayer die.
Aloft the sacred knife is curved:
The gods of knowledge must be served.

PROTEST

I LONG not now, a little while at least,
For that serene, interminable hour
When I shall leave this barmecidal feast
With poppy for my everlasting flower.
I long not now for that dim cubicle
Of earth to which my lease will not expire,
Where he who comes a tenant there may dwell
Without a thought of famine, flood, or fire.

Surely that house has quiet to bestow,
Still tongue, spent pulse, heart pumped of its last throb,
The fingers tense and tranquil in a row,
The throat unwelled with any sigh or sob,
But time to live, to love, bear pain, and smile,
Oh, we are given such a little while!

THE LAST JUDGMENT

A SCIENTIST TURNS TO PROPHECY

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

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THE star on which we live had a beginning and will doubtless have an end. A great many people have predicted that end, with varying degrees of picturesqueness. The Christian account contains much that is admirable, but suffers from two cardinal defects. In the first place, it is written from the point of view of the angels and a small minority of the human race. The impartial historian of the future could legitimately demand a view of the communiqués of the Beast and his adherents. For, after all, the Beast and his false prophet could work miracles of a kind, and were admittedly able propagandists. So perhaps "Another air-raid on Babylon beaten off—Seventeen archangels brought down in flames" might record some of the earlier stages in the war, while "More enemy atrocities—Prophet cast into burning sulphur" would chronicle the peace terms.

But the more serious objection is perhaps to the scale of magnitudes employed. The misbehaviors of the human race might induce their creator to wipe out their planet, but hardly the entire stellar system. We may be bad, but I cannot believe that we are as bad as all that. At worst, our earth is only a very small septic area in the universe, which could be sterilized without very great trouble, and conceivably is not even worth sterilizing.

I prefer Ragnarök, the doom of the Reigners, which closes the present chapter in world history according to Norse mythology. Here mankind perish as an episode in a vaster conflict. It is true that they misbehaved first. But human events are a symptom rather than a cause. The Gods are to be destroyed by the powers of darkness. The Wolf will eat Odin, and actually get the world between his teeth, though he will fail to swallow it. There is a happy ending, probably due to Christian influence. Balder returns from the dead, and rules over the descendants of two survivors of the human race. But one episode is of considerable interest. In the middle of the fight the sun becomes a mother, and both she and her daughter survive it. In Scandinavia of course the sun, who is kindly but rather ineffective, is a female, a conception impossible to the inhabitants of hotter climates.

Now fission is one of the vices to which suns are subject. Indeed, something like half the "fixed" stars known to us are probably double or multiple. Apparently the reason for splitting is as follows: A star always has a certain amount of angular momentum, or spin, due to its rotation on its axis. As it loses heat it gets smaller, but has the same amount of spin. So it has to go round faster, and finally splits in two, like a bursting fly-wheel, owing to its excessive speed. The sun certainly does not seem likely to do this, for it turns round its axis only once in about four weeks, whereas, in order to split, it would have to do so once in less than an hour. But we can see only its outside, and last

year Doctor Jeans, the President of the Royal Astronomical Society, suggested that the sun's inside might be rotating much faster, and that no one could say that it would not divide to-morrow. Naturally, such an event is rather unlikely. The sun has gone on for several thousand million years without doing so. But it is apparently possible.

The results for the earth would be disastrous. Even if the sun's heat did not increase so greatly as to roast mankind forthwith, the earth would cease to revolve in a definite orbit, and year by year would approach the pair of suns nearer at one season, retreat farther from them at another, while they themselves would gradually separate, and, therefore, approach nearer to the earth. Long before a collision occurred we should have come so close to one of them that, under the radiation from a sun covering a tenth of the sky, the sea would have boiled over and mankind perished.

The sun might perhaps do several other things. It might cool down, and fifty years ago it seemed very plausible that it would do so within a few million years. But as we now know that for the thousand million years or so since the first ice-age recorded by geology it has not got much cooler, there is no reason to suppose that it will begin to do so for a very long time indeed. Modern physics suggests, indeed, that it will last for more than a million million years. But long before that time comes, something very strange indeed, as we shall presently see, will have happened to our planet.

Stars occasionally burst, expanding enormously, giving out a vast amount of heat, and then dying down again. No one knows why this occurs, but it does seem to happen to stars not at all unlike the sun. If it happened to the sun, the earth would stand as much chance of survival as a butterfly in a furnace. But these explosions are also rare. No star at all near to us has exploded during human history. If Sirius, let us say, exploded in this manner he would send about as much light to the earth as does the moon, and would be visible by day. We cannot say whether this kind of ending for our world is likely or not until we know more as to why it happens to other stars.

Others have suggested a comet or some other stray heavenly body as a destroyer. Again we have the fact that on all the continents nothing larger than a few miles in diameter can have fallen in the last few hundred million years. The great meteor imbedded in the desert in Arizona may have formed part of a comet, and some of the scars on the moon may be due to collisions with wandering matter. But the improbability of a collision which would desolate any large part of the earth's surface is enormous, even though the Arizona meteorite would have made a considerable mess of London or New York. It has been suggested that a heavy body passing near the earth might drag it out of its orbit.

The orderly and nearly circular character of the orbits of all the planets round the sun shows that they have not been greatly perturbed for a very long time, and probably since their formation. One cannot say that they will never be so perturbed, but one can assert that the odds against any such event in the next million years are more than a thousand to one.

All the possibilities that I have catalogued are essentially accidents. Some of them may happen, just as I may be killed in a railway accident; but just as my body will not go on working forever, apart from any accidents, so the earth carries with it through space what will certainly alter its conditions profoundly, and very possibly destroy it as an abode of life. I refer to the moon. In what follows I shall describe the most probable end of our planet as it might appear to spectators. It is, of course, unlikely that it will occur as soon as I have suggested, and only the rather improbable eventuality which I have here put forward could precipitate it within a time accessible to my imagination.

II

It is now* certain that human life on the earth's surface is extinct, and quite probable that no living thing whatever remains there. The following is a brief record of the events which led up to this climax. Of all the planets formed when our sun gave birth to them, the earth rotated much the most rapidly. There were then about 1800 days in the year, each day lasting only a fifth of the time taken by a day when man appeared on earth. Before the earth had solidified it divided under the influence of the tides raised in it by the sun. The smaller portion became the moon. At first it was very close to the earth, and the month was only a little longer than the day. As the moon raised large tides on the earth the latter was slowed down by their braking action, for all the work of raising the tides is done at the expense of the earth's rotation. But by acting as a brake on the earth, the moon was pushed forward along its course, as any brake must be pushed by the body which it is slowing down. As it acquired more speed it rose gradually farther and farther away from the earth, and the month, like the day, became longer. When life began on the earth, the moon was already distant, and during the eleven hundred million years before man appeared it had only moved away farther to a moderate extent.

When human life began the moon revolved in twenty-nine days, and the braking action of the tides amounted to twenty thousand million horse power on the average. At this time the effect of tidal friction on the length of the day was to make each century, measured in days, just under a second shorter than the last. The friction occurred mainly in the Bering Sea between Northern Asia and America. As soon as the use of heat engines was discovered men began to oxidize the fossil vegetables to be found under the earth's surface. After a few centuries they gave out, and other sources were employed. The power available from fresh water was small, from winds intermittent, and that from the sun's heat available only in the tropics. The tides were, therefore, employed, and gradually became the main source of energy. The invention of synthetic food led to a great increase in the world's population, and after the federation of the world it settled down at about twelve thousand million. As tide engines were developed, an ever-increasing use was made of their power, and before the human race had been in existence for a million years the tide power utilized aggregated a million million horse power. The braking action of the tides was increased fifty-fold, and the day began to lengthen appreciably.

At its natural rate of slowing, fifty thousand million years would have elapsed before the day became as long as the month; but it was characteristic of the dwellers on earth that they never looked more than a million years ahead, and the amount of energy available was ridiculously squandered. By the year five million the human race had reached equilibrium; it was perfectly adjusted to its environment; the life of the individual was about three thousand years; and the individuals were "happy"—that is to say, they lived in accordance with instincts which were gratified. The tidal energy available was now fifty million million horse power. Large parts of the planet were artificially heated. The continents were remodelled, but human effort was largely devoted to the development of personal relationships, and to art and music, that is to say, the production of objects, sounds, and patterns of events gratifying to the individual.

Human evolution had ceased. Natural selection had been abolished, and the slow changes due to other causes were traced to their sources and stopped before very great effects had been produced. It is true that some organs found

*The author now projects himself about forty million years into the future and reviews the course of events leading up to the great cataclysm as if they had already taken place.—Editor's Note.

in primitive man, such as the teeth (hard bonelike structures in the mouth) had disappeared. But largely on æsthetic grounds the human type was not allowed to vary greatly. The instinctive and traditional preferences of the individual, which were still allowed to influence mating, caused a certain standard body form to be preserved. The abolition of the pain sense which was accomplished before the year five million was the most striking piece of artificial evolution achieved. For us, who do not regard the individual as an end in itself, the value of this step is questionable.

Scientific discovery was largely a thing of the past, and men of a scientific bent devoted themselves to the more intricate problems of mathematics, organic chemistry, or the biology of animals and plants, with little or no regard for practical results. Science and art were blended in the practice of horticulture, and the effort expended on the evolution of beautiful flowers would have served to alter the human race profoundly. But evolution is a process more pleasant to direct than to undergo.

By the year 8,000,000 the length of the day had doubled, the moon's distance had increased by twenty per cent, and the month was a third longer than it had been when first measured. It was realized that the earth's rotation would now diminish rapidly, and a few men began to look ahead, and to suggest the colonization of other planets. The older expeditions had all been failures. The projectiles sent out from the earth had mostly been destroyed by air friction or by meteorites in interstellar space, and those which had reached the moon intact had generally been smashed by their impact on landing. Two expeditions had landed there with oxygen supplies, successfully mapped the face of it which is turned away from the earth, and signalled their results back. But return was impossible, and their members had died on the moon. The projectiles used in the earlier expeditions were metal cylinders some ten meters in diameter and fifty or more in length. They were despatched from vertical metal tubes several kilometers long, of which the lower part was embedded below the earth, while the upper projected. In order to avoid atmospheric resistance, these tubes were generally built in high mountains, so that when the projectile emerged it had relatively little air to go through. The air in the tube itself was evacuated, and a lid on the top removed as the projectile arrived. It was started off by a series of mild explosions which served to give it a muzzle velocity of five to ten kilometers per second without causing too great a shock. When it had left the atmosphere it progressed on the rocket principle, being impelled forward by the explosion of charges in its tail which urged it on.

The empty sections of the tail were also blown backwards as required. It could be turned from inside or by deflecting the discharges from its tail. On arriving in the gravitational field of another planet its fall could be slowed by the discharge downwards of more of its explosive cargo, and to check the final part of its fall various types of resistance were employed, while collapsible metal rods were extruded to break the shock of landing. Nevertheless, landing was generally fatal. As is well known, different principles are now employed. In particular, on leaving the atmosphere, wings of metallic foil of a square kilometer or more in area are spread out to catch the sun's radiation pressure.

The desire for individual happiness, and the fact that it was achieved on earth, made membership of such expeditions unpopular. The volunteers, who were practically committing suicide, were almost all persons whose mates had died prematurely, or whose psychology was for some reason so abnormal as to render them incapable of happiness. An expedition reached Mars successfully in the year 9,723,841, but reported that colonization was impracticable. The species dominant on that planet, which conducts its irrigation, is blind to those radi-

ations which we perceive as light, and probably unaware of the existence of other planets; but they appear to possess senses unlike our own, and were able to annihilate this expedition and the only other which reached Mars successfully.

Half a million years later the first successful landing was effected on Venus, but its members ultimately perished owing to the intense heat and the shortage of oxygen in its atmosphere. After this such expeditions became rarer. In the year 17,846,151 the tide-machines had done their work. The day and month had become of the same length, forty-eight of the old days, and the earth always turned the same face to the moon, which was now permanently over the remains of the continent of America. The long nights were intensely cold, and during them vegetation died down. During the day the temperature rose to a degree which was only tolerable owing to the development of cooling devices for houses. Many of the plants, almost all of which were ornamental trees and flowers, were able to adapt themselves to the new conditions, the smaller ones going through their entire life cycle during a day, and surviving only as seeds during the night. On the other hand all non-domesticated mammals, birds, and reptiles became extinct.

The human race somewhat diminished its numbers, but there was still an immense demand for power for heating and cooling purposes. The tides raised by the sun, although they occurred only fifteen times per year, were used for this purpose, and the day was thus farther lengthened.

The moon now began once more to move relative to the earth, but in the opposite direction, rising in the west and setting in the east. Very gradually at first, but then with ever-increasing speed, it began to approach the earth again, and appear larger. By the year 25,000,000 it had returned to the distance at which it was when man had first evolved, and it was realized that its end, and possibly the earth's, were only a few million years ahead. But the vast majority of mankind contemplated the death of their species with less aversion than their own, and no effective measures were taken to forestall the approaching doom. A minority felt otherwise, and expeditions to Venus became commoner. After two hundred and eighty-four consecutive failures a landing was established, and before its members died they were able to furnish the first really precise reports as to conditions on that planet. Owing to the opaque character of our atmosphere on Venus, the light signals of the earlier expeditions had been difficult to pick up. Infra-red radiation, which can penetrate our clouds, was now employed.

A few hundred thousand of the human race, from some of whom we are descended, determined that, though men died, man should live forever. It was possible for humanity to establish itself on Venus only if they were able to withstand the heat and want of oxygen there prevailing, and this could be done only by a deliberate evolution in that direction first accomplished on earth. Enough was known of the causes responsible for evolution to render the experiment possible. The human material was selected in each generation. Those who were not willing were able to resign from participation; and among those whose descendants were destined for the conquest of Venus a tradition and an inheritable psychological disposition grew up such as had not been known on earth for twenty-five million years. The psychological types which had been common among the saints and soldiers of early history were revived. Confronted once more with an ideal as high as that of religion, but more rational; a task as concrete and infinitely greater than that of the patriot, man became once more capable of self-transcendence. Those members of mankind who were once more evolving were not happy. They were out of harmony with their surroundings. Disease and crime reappeared among them. For disease is only a fail-

ure of bodily function to adjust itself to the environment, and crime a similar failure in behavior. But disease and crime, as much as heroism and martyrdom, are part of the price which must be paid for evolution. The price is paid by the individual, and the gain is to the race. Among ourselves an individual may not consider his own interests a dozen times in his life. To our ancestors, fresh from the pursuit of individual happiness, the price must often have seemed too great, and in every generation many who have now left no descendants refused to pay it.

The modes of behavior which our ancestors gradually overcame, and which only recur as the rarest aberrations among ourselves, included not only such self-regarding sentiments as pride and a personal preference concerning mating. They included emotions such as pity (an unpleasant feeling aroused by the suffering of other individuals). In a life completely dedicated to membership of a super-organism the one is as superfluous as the other, though altruism found its place in the emotional basis of the far looser type of society prevalent elsewhere on earth.

In the course of ten thousand years a race had been evolved capable of life at one-tenth of the oxygen pressure prevalent on earth, and the body temperature had been raised by six degrees. The rise to a higher temperature, correlated as it was with profound chemical and structural changes in the body, was a much slower process. Projectiles of a far larger size were despatched to Venus. Of seventeen hundred and thirty-four only eleven made satisfactory landings. The crews of the first two perished, those of the next eight were our ancestors. The organisms found on Venus were built of molecules which were mostly mirror images of those found in terrestrial bodies. Some of them furnished fuel, but except as sources of fat, they were, of course, useless for food, and some of them were a serious menace. The third projectile to arrive included bacteria which had been synthesized on earth to attack l-glucose and certain other components of the organisms on Venus. With their aid the previous life on that planet was destroyed, and it became available for the use of man and the fifty terrestrial species which he had brought with him.

The history of our planet need not be given here. After the immense efforts of the first colonizers, we have settled down as members of a super-organism with no limits to its possible progress. The evolution of the individual has been brought under complete social control, and, besides enormously enhanced intellectual powers, we possess two new senses. The one enables us to apprehend radiation of wave-lengths between one hundred and twelve hundred meters, and thus places every individual at all moments of life, both asleep and awake, under the influence of the voice of the community. It is difficult to see how without it we could have achieved as complete a solidarity as has been possible. We can never close our consciousness to those wave-lengths on which we are told of our nature as components of a super-organism or deity, possibly the only one in space-time; and of its past, present, and future. It appears that on earth the psychological equivalent of what is transmitted on these wave-lengths included the higher forms of art, music, and literature, the individual moral consciousness and, in the early days of mankind, religion and patriotism. The other wave-lengths inform us of matters which are not the concern of all at all times, and we can shut them out if we so desire. Their function is not essentially different from that of instrumental radio-communication on earth. The new magnetic sense is of less importance, but is of value in flying and otherwise in view of the very opaque character of our atmosphere. It would have been almost superfluous on earth. We have also recovered the pain sense which had become vestigial on earth, but is of value for the survival of the individual

under adverse circumstances, and hence to the race. So rapid was our evolution that the crew of the last projectile were incapable of fertile unions with our inhabitants, and they were, therefore, used for experimental purposes.

During the last few million years the moon approached the earth rather rapidly. When it became clear that the final catastrophe could not be long delayed, the use of tide power was largely discontinued, according to the signals which reached us from the earth, and wind and other types of power substituted. But the earth-dwellers were skeptical as to whether the approaching rupture of the moon would entail their destruction, and the spin of the earth-moon system was still used as a minor source of power. The moon was now at only a fifth of its distance from the earth when history had begun. It appeared twenty-five times as large as the sun, and raised the sea-level by some five hundred feet about four times a year. The effect of the tidal strain raised in it by the earth began to tell. Giant landslips were observed in the lunar mountains, and cracks occasionally opened in its surface. Earthquakes also became rather frequent on the earth. Tidal engines were abolished about half a million years before the end of the world, but by this time the braking power of the tides was so great that the slowing of the earth and the fall of the moon towards it continued at an appreciable rate.

Finally the moon began to disintegrate. When the first fragments of rock actually left its surface it was only nine thousand kilometers from the earth and invisible from the poles, while in the tropical regions it appeared to cover about a fiftieth of the visible heavens. The portion nearest to the earth, already extensively cracked, began to fly away in the form of meteorites up to half a mile in diameter which rotated round the earth in independent orbits. For about a thousand years this process continued gradually, and finally ceased to arouse interest on the earth. The end came quite suddenly. It was watched from Venus, but the earlier stages were also signalled from the earth. The depression in the moon's surface facing the earth suddenly opened and emitted a torrent of white-hot lava, for the interior of the satellite was hot owing to radio-activity. As the moon passed round the earth it raised the temperature in the tropics to such an extent that rivers and lakes were dried up and vegetation destroyed.

Dense clouds were formed and gave some protection to the earth. But above them the sea of flame on the moon increased in magnitude, and erupted in immense filaments under the earth's gravitation. Within three days the satellite had broken up into a ring of white-hot lava and dust. The last message received from the earth stated that the entire human race had retired underground except on the antarctic continent where, however, the ice-cap had already melted, and the air temperature was 35° C. Within a day from the moon's break-up the first large fragment of it had fallen on the earth. The particles formed from the broken moon were continually jostling, and many were subsequently driven down. Through the clouds of steam and volcanic smoke which shrouded the earth we could see but little, but later on it became clear that the tropical regions of the earth had been buried many kilometers deep under lunar fragments, and the remainder, though some traces of the former continents were left, had been submerged in the boiling ocean and in volcanic outflows caused by the bombardment. It is not considered possible that any vestige of human life remains.

The majority of the lunar matter has formed a ring round the earth, like those of Saturn, which were also formed by the break-up of a satellite, but far denser. It is not yet in equilibrium, and fragments will continue to fall on the earth for about another thirty-five thousand years. At the end of that period the earth, which now possesses a belt of

enormous mountains in its tropical regions, separated from the poles by two rings of sea, will be ready for recolonization. Preparations are being made for this event. We have largely sorted out the useful elements in the outer five kilometers or so of our planet, and it is proposed when the earth is re-occupied to erect artificial mountains on both planets which will extend above the Heaviside layer and enable continuous radio communication instead of light signals to be used between the two.

The old human race successfully cultivated individual happiness and has been destroyed by fire from heaven. This is not a cause for great regret, since happiness does not summate. The happiness of ten million individuals is not a million-fold the happiness of ten. But the unanimous co-operation of ten million individuals is something beyond their individual behavior. It is the life of a super-organism. If, as many of the earth-dwellers hoped, the moon had broken up quietly, the old human race might have lasted a thousand million years instead of thirty-nine million, but their achievement would have been no greater.

From the earth it is proposed to colonize Jupiter. It is not certain that the attempt will succeed, for the surface temperature of that planet is −130° C, gravitation is three times as intense as that on Venus, and over twice that on earth, while the atmosphere contains appreciable quantities of thoron, a radioactive gas. The intense gravitation would, of course, destroy bodies as large as our own, but life on Jupiter will be possible for organisms built on a smaller scale. A dwarf form of the human race about a fourth of our height, and with short stumpy legs but very thick bones, is, therefore, being bred. Their internal organs will also be very solidly built. They are selected by spinning them round in centrifuges which supply an artificial gravitational field, and destroy the less suitable members of each generation. Similar selective measures are taken with regard to radio-activity. Adaptation to such intense cold as that on Jupiter is impracticable, but it is proposed to send projectiles of a kilometer in length, which will contain sufficient stores of energy to last their inhabitants for some centuries, during which they may be able to develop the sources available on that planet. It is hoped that as many as one in a thousand of these projectiles may arrive safely. If Jupiter is successfully occupied, the conquest of the outer planets will then be attempted.

About one hundred and thirty million years hence our solar system will pass into a region of space in which stars are far denser than in our present neighborhood. Although not more than one in ten thousand is likely to possess planets suitable for colonization, it is considered possible that we may pass near enough to one of them possessing planets to allow an attempt at landing. If by that time the entire matter of the planets of our system is under conscious control such an attempt will stand some chance of success. Whereas the best time between the earth and Venus was half a terrestrial year, the time taken to reach another stellar system would be measured in hundreds or thousands of years, and only a very few projectiles per million would arrive safely. But in such a case waste of life is as inevitable as in the seeding of a plant or the discharge of spermatozoa or pollen. Moreover, it is possible that under the conditions of life in the outer planets the human brain may alter in such a way as to open up possibilities inconceivable to our own. Our galaxy has a probable life of at least eighty million million years. Before that time has elapsed it is our ideal that all the matter in it available for life should be within the power of the heirs of the species whose original home has just been destroyed. If that ideal is even approximately fulfilled the end of the world which we have just witnessed was an episode of entirely negligible importance. And there are other galaxies.

MAKI'S PERFECT DAY

A SOUTH SEA EPISODE

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

WE sighted the *Tanifa* one morning when I was strolling along the reef, just beyond the break of the sea. There was a little air from the west and an easy swell that reared as the water shoaled and raced forward to burst with prolonged roarings on the barrier. The smoke of the breakers, shot with prismatic sunlight, eddied overhead like rainbow gauze. My sport was finished, for the big fish cease to feed at sunrise and swim down to the crannies in the coral where they lurk throughout the day. The boat was headed for home. Old Monday, my native steersman, dozed at the wheel, and our one-cylinder engine chugged along with a rhythm so pleasantly monotonous that I found it hard to keep my eyes open. I was reeling in my line when I heard Monday's voice.

"A ship!" he announced; "and she's flying the British flag."

Out to the west, so far offshore that she was almost hull-down, a schooner was approaching the land. Monday has only one eye, but it is worth a pair of ten-power binoculars. "She's the *Tanifa*," he went on, "bringing copra from the Cook Islands."

I was interested. The skipper of the *Tanifa* is one of the best friends I have in the South Seas, and his annual visit is an event. "Are you sure?" I asked. The old man glanced seaward once more. "Look at her forestaysail," he said in a voice that put an end to argument. "It is patched, and the patch is square. Last year I helped my nephew, the sailmaker, to repair that sail. To-day, when you sit down to eat, your friend will be at the table with you."

Monday's prophecies are usually confined to weather, but in this case he made an accurate forecast of events. Three hours later the *Tanifa* lay at anchor in the lagoon, Captain O'Day had obtained pratique, and I had invited him to the eleven o'clock lunch of the tropics. We were to meet at a café on the waterfront, where an excellent meal may be had, though the menu never varies from day to day. The place is frequented by seafaring men from many parts of the world, and by the brown ladies who share the joys and sorrows of their brief vacations ashore.

At half-past ten I sat down at a table and ordered a vermouth-cassis. The café was deserted at the hour, and old Van Schwink, the proprietor, sat reading in his rocking-chair by the bar, raising his head from time to time to give an order to the China boys who were setting the tables for lunch. Monsieur Van Schwink is a Belgian; his small gray eyes twinkle on either side of a bulbous nose, pitted and fiery red. When he rose to greet me, with an old copy of an American weekly in his hand, he came tottering on short legs that seemed about to collapse under the weight of his great swaying paunch. A half-emptied glass of rum stood on the little table beside his chair. A liter a day—as he loves to remark to visiting countrymen of mine—keeps the doctor away. Certainly no one enjoys better health. I took his

hand, large, white, and surprisingly firm.

"Good morning," said Van Schwink, who wastes no words. "What will you have?"

"A vermouth-cassis."

He gave me his smile of a professional host, turned his head to glance approvingly at the shipping on the lagoon and the stevedores working like ants among mounds of fat copra-bags, and suddenly roared out as though he were addressing the entire waterfront, "*Un vermouth-cassis pour monsieur!*" Two minutes later the Chinese barman set down on my table the tall frosted glass. The proprietor settled himself in his rocking-chair with loud sighs and grunting sounds; the Chinaman, an old acquaintance, stood beside me till I had taken the first sip of his drink. Then one of the waiters laid the day's menu before me, face down, and I closed my eyes, wondering whether I could recite its contents by heart, without a mistake. "*Melon glacé—Fromage de tête—Foie sauté—Biftek aux pommes . . .*" I had got as far as that when I heard my name pronounced native-fashion, in a hesitating voice:

"Charlie!"

I opened my eyes. A small muscular Kanaka of forty or forty-five stood before me, a sailor's white hat in his hand. His feet were bare and he wore a freshly laundered suit of drill; his face, brown as old mahogany, was pleasant and by no means weak.

"Me Maki," he went on in some embarrassment. "You know me, Charlie, eh?"

I was doing my best to be polite, but for the moment the man and his name meant nothing to me. My expression made him continue to explain.

"You know me! Five, six year now, you come Tairoa, come my house. Eat plenty pig. Sure! Old woman 'member you—bring hat, mat, basket! Me mate aboard *Tanifa* now . . ."

But I interrupted him by springing up to seize his hand. Maki— Tairoa— This was the man who had entertained and feasted me when I had visited his island years before. And my visit to Maki's atoll, where I had enjoyed his primitive hospitality, was a rich vein of memories. I clapped him on the back.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Sit down and we'll have a yarn. What do you want to drink?"

I recited what I could recall of Van Schwink's list of beverages, and when he had heard me out attentively, Maki announced that he thought a little rum would be very nice. While the Chinaman was filling his order he fumbled in his pocket, drew out an old tobacco-tin, and set it on the table.

"Pearls," he said, lapsing easily into his own tongue, which I understand when not spoken too fast. "I think I shall give them to you." The waiter handed him his glass; he dried it at a single gulp, wiped the saucer, opened the tin, and rolled out from their cotton nest a dozen or fifteen really handsome pearls.

"I'll accept one with pleasure," I told him; "but you must sell the rest. They're worth a lot of money."

Maki shook his head.

"*Karé e pekapeka!*" he protested—a phrase which might be rendered: "That makes no difference." "No," he went on, "I want to give them to you. Why not? You have invited me to drink rum with you, and the rum is good. I think I would like another glass."

At that moment I heard a hail in a rich hearty voice. Maki sprang to his feet and stood at attention as his captain pulled out a chair and sat down. Seeing him in his shore-going suit of pongee, smart white shoes, and Panama hat, a stranger might perceive nothing formidable about Jerry O'Day; but a glance at his chest and shoulders, when the sailors sluice buckets of salt water over him of a morning, would make any man think twice about starting a fight. The equatorial sun has burned his face to a shade of mahogany nearly as dark as Maki's; his eyes are blue, and his vitality bracing as the salt air. He glanced down at his mate's tobacco-tin.

"Showing you his pearls, eh? Nice lot."

I smiled.

"He wants to make me a present of them."

"Take 'em," advised O'Day; "they won't do him any good." He turned for a quizzical look at the native standing behind his chair. "He's my mate now, and a good one, too. But a first-class fool when he gets on the booze. You'll see. We can't start unloading till morning, so I told him to have a run ashore and get it off his chest. And his old woman's aboard; there'll be some fun when he comes out to-night!"

The dapper figure of Sikorsky, the pearl buyer, came through the doorway. He bowed as he passed us and took his place at the table where he had lunched every day for years. An idea came to me.

"See here," I said to the skipper, "tell Maki I'll accept one of his pearls, if he wants, and that I can sell the balance for him to Sikorsky yonder." O'Day spoke to his mate in fluent Maori; the native turned to me with a reluctant nod.

Five minutes later I was back at our table with Sikorsky's check for a hundred pounds. The ink was still fresh, and O'Day waved the slip of paper back and forth before he spoke. "This is no good to Maki," he remarked. "We'll get him some money he can spend. Eh, Van Schwink!" he bawled, swinging about in his chair, "what's the exchange to-day—what'll you give me for pounds?" The place was filling; there was a buzz of voices and a din and clatter of plates, but the answer came booming back from the rocking-chair by the bar, "A hundred and forty!"

When Maki left us, grown garrulous with the effects of wealth and a third glass of rum, his pockets contained bills amounting to fourteen thousand francs.

Maki left our table, where the skipper's presence forbade his sitting down to enjoy himself, but he got no farther than the bar, a few yards away. A crowd of native sailors and three or four unshaven white men were drinking there and, as he ordered a rum for himself, Maki waved his hand in a gesture which invited the company to join him in a glass. The company, and especially the three or four whites who made a vocation of waiting for hospitable strangers, accepted with alacrity. Glasses were filled, chairs pulled up to a large round table and, at a sign from Van Schwink, a waiter handed one of the beachcombers an accordion. No man knows better than the Belgian the virtues of music at such a time. The player struck up an *uté*, a native song of a decidedly secular kind, and above the burst of laughter that followed I heard Maki's voice, shouting for more drinks and inviting his new friends to join him at lunch.

Everyone in the place now knew that Maki had sold his pearls and how much Sikorsky had paid for them, and other eyes had watched the transaction from the street. I had noticed a young woman parading up and down outside the door and had seen her halt to peer in through the lattice-work as O'Day handed the bundle of French money to his mate. I knew her by sight, for she was the prettiest of the waterfront girls, a slim young Marquesan named Tahia. She wore satin slippers with high heels, a loose frock of scarlet silk, and a wreath of scented gardenias on her head. Her beautiful hair, gathered in a rope thicker than a man's arm, hung below her waist. Tahia looks no more than seventeen, her eyes are large, dark, and childish, and her lips curve in innocent smiles; but she and Messalina would understand each other very well indeed.

As Maki shouted his invitations Tahia entered the café, passed our table, and stood looking in at the revellers by the bar. O'Day was grinning. "Now watch the fun!" he said. Turning at his suggestion, I saw Van Schwink raise his head and give the girl a barely perceptible encouraging nod. Short-changing and deception of all kinds are unknown in his establishment, but music and

feminine company give the spender legitimate aid. Tahia was only waiting for the proprietor's nod. She stepped forward, moving with unaffected languid grace, passed the round table where her frock almost brushed Maki's arm, walked to the bar and ordered herself a lemon-squash. The white accordion-player on Maki's right nudged him as the girl passed. . . . The Van Schwink system was now well under way. The mate stared after Tahia as though he had never seen a pretty girl before and, to do her justice, she possesses a grace and an air of refinement not to be found among the darker, coarser, and more primitive women of Maki's land. This slender girl from another island group appealed to him and, after the manner of his race, he wasted no time. "What is her name?" I heard him ask the musician. Then he called to her:

"Tahia! Tahia O!" She turned slowly, with a look of startled innocence so well done that Maki was a little abashed.

"Come and sit down with us," he went on lamely. "When we have eaten I'll buy plenty of champagne."

Van Schwink sat rocking gently in his chair, hands folded on his paunch as he watched these proceedings with a fatherly eye. The girl nodded, gave Maki a smile, and carried her glass to the round table, where a place was made for her at her host's side. O'Day chuckled as he turned to the plate of salad before him. "When he comes aboard to-night," he remarked, "Maki won't have the price of a beer!"

We lingered for an hour or two over cups of Van Schwink's excellent coffee, smoking and exchanging yarns. As the restaurant emptied, the sounds from Maki's table became more and more exuberant. Finally chairs were pushed back, the musician struck up the rhythmic and monotonous air of the native dance, and we turned again to watch the fun. Tahia was dancing while the company furnished the chorus of "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" in time to clapping hands. Maki clapped louder than anyone else; he was obviously enchanted and, when the girl paused before his chair, fluttering her hands and swaying in a manner more graceful than decorous, he could contain himself no longer. He sprang up and began to dance with tremendous vigor opposite her, while his guests cheered. Then the dancers stopped, perspiring and breathing fast, and I heard Maki in the course of a rapid exchange of remarks with Tahia, use the word "Motaká," pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable. Even in Polynesia, the motor car ministers to the old trio of wine, women, and song. The girl passed our table with a nod and a smile and walked away rapidly toward the marketplace. Presently a large, red, shiny automobile, piloted by a grinning native boy, drew up with a screeching of brakes, and Tahia descended from the rear seat. Van Schwink's waiters trotted back and forth with blocks of ice and armfuls of champagne: four or five of Maki's guests—among whom the white accordion-player was conspicuous—climbed aboard; at last, after a prolonged and costly reckoning, Maki appeared with an arm about Tahia's waist, and the car drove off melodiously. Van Schwink, standing in the doorway, turned heavily to O'Day.

"Good spenders, your Cook Island boys!" he remarked with approval. "Well, gentlemen, it's time for my siesta. Ah Ching will look after you."

I was to dine aboard the schooner that night, and at five o'clock, while I was waiting for the boat to come ashore, I strolled past the door of Van Schwink's café. The red automobile was outside, and Maki, a good deal the worse for a hard afternoon, stood on a table by the bar. He held a roll of hundred-franc notes in his hand, and was directing with enormous gusto the formation of a line composed of clients of the café. As the news of what was going on spread about the waterfront, the clients increased almost as fast as the line passed Maki,

for each man was receiving a hundred-franc note as his turn came. But though the combined forces of Tahia and Van Schwink could not work fast enough for his taste, Maki had by no means lost his head. I saw him catch a Chinaman who was attempting to repeat, and change the celestial's look of innocence to a grin of shame. Then I heard O'Day's sailors hail me from the boat, and stepped aboard to be pulled out to the *Tanifa*.

The captain was having a bath and a change, so I strolled forward to shake hands with the cook, an acquaintance of long standing. Standing by the galley door, I felt a touch on my arm, and turned to greet a motherly brown woman of middle age, who took my hand with tears in her eyes. She was Madame Maki, and the tears meant no more than that she was glad to see me. Presently she was all smiles.

"Come along to the forecastle," she suggested. "I have some little gifts for you, and I want you to see all the things Maki has sent out to-day! Silk dresses, a sewing-machine, and a phonograph for me; beautiful black shoes and a guitar inlaid with mother-of-pearl for himself! Three times a canoe has come out loaded with the things he has bought. Such a good husband!"

The cook stepped out of his galley for a breath of air. He glanced shoreward and turned suddenly to catch my eye, pointing and grimacing behind Madame Maki's back. Then I saw the cause of his gestures and realized that disaster was at hand.

Maki had thrown overboard the final vestiges of discretion—lost his head at last. He was paddling himself out to the ship in a small canoe, and Tahia—young, pretty, and blithely crowned with flowers—sat facing him in the bow. It was too late for any pretext to get his wife below; I stood helpless while the clouds of inevitable tragedy gathered thick and black. Mrs. Maki turned, saw what we saw, and bounded to the rail. One look at Tahia was enough.

"Who is that woman?" she shouted in a voice which implied that no conceivable answer would do the least good. Her husband made no reply, but what he did next was more effective than words. The canoe was drifting close to the schooner's side, and there, under the eyes of his wife, he stood up precariously, took Tahia in his arms, and gave her a prolonged kiss. Then he clambered aboard, helped by the cook, and Tahia headed the canoe for shore. She is no fool.

Madame Maki wasted no words on her husband. She ran straight to the forecastle and began to throw shoes, armfuls of dress-goods, phonographs, sewing-machines, and other valuables into the sea. When Maki reached her, after a zigzag run broken by caroms against the bulwarks and the mast, the beautiful black shoes had just taken wing, and his wife was splintering the inlaid guitar against the samson-post. Maki burst into tears.

"Dog!" he sobbed. "Red dog! You have broken my guitar! . . . Now I shall kill you!"

He made a rush at her, and she eluded him nimbly. But Maki was grimly in earnest. At last he cornered her in a *cul-de-sac* of copra-bags by the chain-plates. Before he could lay hands on her she was climbing the stays. Up the port side she went, down the starboard, and across the deck, ready to go aloft again as soon as her panting husband reached the rail. He had no breath to waste on words, and she took advantage of the interim to deliver a by-no-means-soothing monologue in a voice that might have been heard a quarter of a mile away. Then Captain O'Day appeared, bathed, shaven, and clad in spotless white.

"What's the trouble? Stop that damned row!"

Maki had reached the deck, and the sight of the skipper halted his fruitless chase. He waited a moment to catch his breath, approached unsteadily, and stood at attention before O'Day.

"Captain," he said respectfully in his own tongue, "I am very sad! I have

spent all my money and that woman has broken my new guitar and thrown my black shoes into the sea! And I cannot catch her—she climbs like a rat! I want to fight. . . . Will you fight?"

O'Day sighed, stripped off his coat, handed it to the cook, and rolled up the sleeves of his fresh white shirt. "I won't hurt him much," he informed me, "just a little something to put him to sleep."

Perceiving that the captain was ready, Maki crouched menacingly, arms sawing the air. O'Day waited with smiling eyes, watched his moment, and delivered what looked like a playful uppercut to the jaw. His fist seemed to move no more than six inches, but the mate's head flew back and he collapsed on the deck, breathing through his nose. My friend examined the knuckles of his right hand critically, rolled down his sleeves, and took his coat from the cook. "Throw a bucket of water over him," he ordered; "he'll be all right in a little while."

The cook was about to obey when Mrs. Maki seized his arm. She seemed to have undergone a sudden and complete change. "Stop!" she commanded defiantly. "First you take my husband ashore and give him money; then you nearly kill him because he is drunk! And now you would throw water over him as though he were a dead hog! Go away, all of you! Leave him to me!" She stooped to touch his bruised and already discolored jaw, went down on her knees, and suddenly melted into tears, wailing as the natives wail over the dead.

"*Aué! O Maki iti e!*"

O'Day shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Last word to the ladies," he said. "Come aft and shake up a cocktail before we eat."

The *Tanifa* sailed a couple of days later. She was posted to leave at one o'clock, and at eleven that morning I was once more at my table in Van Schwink's, waiting for the captain to join me at lunch. We were not to meet again for a year. Glancing up from some wine the boy had just set before me, I saw Maki standing in the doorway, gazing wistfully at the bottle. We have no single word in English which describes the look in his eyes, but in this respect his own language is richer than ours, for it contains one short vocable defined by the old Wesleyan lexicographers as: "The wistful, longing expression of a dog's eyes as it watches its master eat." Eating, however, was not uppermost in Maki's thoughts.

He approached me without assurance. In his working clothes and with a conspicuous purple bruise on his jaw, he was not the same man as the Maki who had danced with Tahia, chartered motor cars, and bought armfuls of champagne. He shook hands listlessly and looked hard at my bottle of wine.

"Ah, wine," he remarked, "I don't care for wine—not much, that is. But the rum you gave me that day was good. I would buy some if I had any money!"

There was no resisting the pathos in his voice. I ordered a quart of rum, poured out half a tumbler, and told Maki to keep the rest for himself. He tossed off his glass. His eye brightened; when he spoke there was a firmer note in his voice.

"Now I must go aboard," he announced; "Good-by, Charlie! We'll be back next year. I'll have plenty more pearls by that time!"

SCIENCE, ART, AND THE PATIENT

BY GEORGE DRAPER, M.D.

INSIDE each sick man is an exquisitely sensitive, frightened, quite individual, living organism; but round about him hangs a smoke screen, an overwhelming array of physical, chemical, and psychical phenomena which fixes everyone's attention. The horrid aspect fills friends and family with awe and apprehension, the modern scientific doctor with interest and concern. This smoke screen is made of the signs and symptoms of disease, which arise from the clash of an unique example of humanity and some adverse environmental force. Yet these signs and symptoms bear the subtle stamp of the patient's personality. In just the same degree by which the quality of one man's laugh in health differs from that of another, does his manner of sneezing or feeling pain in sickness differ, or his method of resisting or failing to resist bacteria, or of dealing digestively with a Welsh rarebit after midnight. It is true, indeed, that what is one man's food is another's poison. And by the same token, the length and breadth of men's noses differ—there are brown eyes and blue eyes, and dark and light hair, and now and then red. We take all these latter characteristics for granted every day, and rarely note any association they may have with other peculiarities of their possessors. And, so you ask, what have all these things to do with sickness and science and doctors?

An old nurse was often heard to say about one of her charges, "Ann seems to be sickening for something." What she meant was that, knowing Ann in health —which is a state of good biological adjustment with the universe—she had observed certain subtle changes in skin color, or eye light, or turn in direction of little lines about the mouth corners which experience had taught her faithful old soul to be the forerunner of the measles or scarlet fever. More than that she could not tell you. Indeed, she might not be able to describe what she actually saw. Her presentiment, unerringly accurate, was based on nothing more definite than her "hunch." And hunches are about the most volatile, imponderable circumstances we have to deal with. Yet if we admit that whatever knowledge we do gather of the world about us must pass the sensitive filter of our five senses, we admit that the physical or chemical agencies which impinge upon them are, so far as we know at present, the only spies employed by our personal intelligence service. And our senses gather a great deal of important, indeed, vital knowledge without building it into intellectual concepts. Response to this sort of unwitting collection of information is said to be "instinctive." The Indian skilled in woodcraft moves unerringly in the forest and "instinctively" knows or feels the presence of game or danger. The tenderfoot would sense no such awareness. The mariner feels the approaching fog or tempest and then turns to the barometer for corroboration. Yet neither Indian nor mariner could explain how or why he felt these things. Each would tell you he did not think about them; he "just felt them in his bones." So, too, the physician of ancient times developed an "instinctive"

intuitive sensibility about people, whether sick or well. In his effort to comprehend disease he sought to know mankind, and thereby he developed an astonishing, unexplained astuteness of feeling for the qualities of different personalities. The artist turns this feeling into his portrait and often, quite unconsciously, lays bare an attribute of which his intellect was completely ignorant. To lose this most uncanny power would be to destroy art. Without it the painter's canvas would display but measured replicas, the Indian would starve, the mariner be overwhelmed, and the doctor fail to find his patient behind the smoke screen of disease.

The question, therefore, which the medical profession to-day faces is whether any living organism can successfully adjust itself to its environment and its fellow-creatures without the aid of that still unexplained "instinct" or "feeling" about things, whose highest and most useful expression is art. Yet intellectual man strives continually to abolish feeling. He attempts, by thinking, to substitute machine-made for hand-made, science for art. In the long run what will be the result of this tendency and, more especially, what has it already done, and what is it doing to the relationship of doctor and patient? The old French proverb, "*Il faut guérir le malade, pas la maladie*," states the physician's task succinctly. But in order to accomplish it he must be able to see, to sense, to comprehend the individual within the patient.

Man's greatest hope has ever been to know his brother through striving to penetrate that external mask behind which lies the unexplained mystery of personality. "What is he?" is the question about which all the efforts of artists and natural historians have clustered through the centuries. These two great schools eagerly searching to explain the enigma have approached the problem, according to their different casts of mind, from quite opposite pathways. The painters, sculptors, poets, and dramatists have said, "Here is man, and all his universal relationships, as we see and feel him. Though unexplained, perhaps, he is no doubt like this. We are quite sure, because of the strange resemblance he bears in appearance and behavior to the lower animals, that he shares some fundamental part with them in the cosmic plan. He may, indeed, include their origin and being in his own. And still we cannot fully understand that person standing over there." On the other hand, the anatomists, biologists, anthropologists, and psychologists say, "We know the length of his bones in millimeters, the amount of sugar in his blood, the distribution of chromosomes in his cells, and the scope of his mind. Furthermore, we can demonstrate muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, that he has developed through a pyramid of other living forms, from the protoplasm of primeval oceans. And still we cannot fully understand that person standing over there."

Now, though both these enthusiastic and inquiring schools have a common objective, they have—because of different and perhaps somewhat antagonistic methods—deployed too widely from each other in the advancing search. The artist group has sought to feel, to sense, to see, to apprehend the man as a whole, as a finished expression of life. The naturalists, on the other hand, have analyzed man's elements, taken him to pieces, with the hope later of putting the parts together again. There is another army of workers, however, which stands apparently between the two. These are the physicians. Their interest has been to solve the problem of disease in order to relieve man's sufferings and, happily, to prolong his life. The success of this, their first concern, of course depends largely upon the depth and rightness of their insight, on the one hand, into the adverse influence of environment, and, on the other, into the personalities of their patients.

The latter consideration is often of

greater importance in treatment than the former. This is well shown by the case of a young German-American woman whose symptoms of dizziness, headache, and fatigue had not yielded to the medicines she had received. The failure was due to the fact that the disease had been treated, and not the patient. At the clinic she eyed the doctor aslant, from beneath lowered brows, head turned partially away, with the doubting, frightened glance of an animal at bay. This look was the key to the problem of her symptoms, for it led, through a careful investigation of her personality, to the demonstration of a consuming fear of death with which she had lived silently for many years. As conference followed conference and the nature of her life-experiences and her reaction to them were unfolded before her, the doubting averted glance changed to a direct gaze, the lines in her face disappeared, and her symptoms vanished. In this case the patient was the sort whose reaction to the environmental influence of fear is highly sensitive and intense. And so, to reiterate, her disease was but the expression of a clash between a certain type of individual and an adverse force outside.

Thus, to the hand of the clinician is given the task of building a bridge, not between two differing objectives, but over the chasm which has grown up between the methods of art and science. Indeed, the doctor seems to have a special opportunity in this work, because disease and malformation are variations from average reaction and form. And it is well known that the study of variants is a gateway to knowledge of the norm. But here again a difficulty arises, for the norm itself is but a gross conception of the human mind, at least so far as organic, living forms are concerned. In the animal kingdom, without question, no two individuals, not even the members of a pair of identical twins, are absolutely similar. Morphologically, they may be nearly so, but in such instances it is common experience to observe in one of the pair a flash and energy of spirit quite absent in the other. If seen alone, this spirited one would give to the poet or painter a far different impression of individuality than would the other. To the physical anthropologist, on the other hand, the two would be sufficiently alike to be recorded in measurements as identical. From this it would appear that a well-balanced union of both the artist's and the scientist's point of view must be joined to guide the doctor's philosophy. Like a Colossus of Rhodes, the physician must stand firmly, a foot on either base, and view the torrent of life's problems as it rushes between.

II

Whether or not it will ever be possible to evaluate correctly the whole man is problematical. But at any rate the medical world is now passing through an epoch of reviving endeavor to know him in his entirety. Various words are being suggested to express the conception of total personality, and at the moment "constitution" is the commonest. This may or may not be the perfect word, but at least its present connotation is sufficiently established to justify its use until a better is found. There are likewise many different pathways from which the subject of personality, or constitution study, is being approached. Indeed, it is perhaps just this fact of the number and variety of inadequate methods which leads certain observers to express doubt as to the solubility of the problem. One European student of the subject, writing of our inability to comprehend why under the same infection one person remains well, another is slightly ill, a third is severely ill, and a fourth dies, says we help ourselves with the word "constitution." "What is constitution?" he asks. "We do not know. We can only say it is there. We can only indicate its existence by means of circumdiction and negative expressions. In just the same manner do we attempt to establish the nature of the intelligible

ego, by means of circumscription and elimination. Just so with constitution; we shall never grasp its essence since this belongs to the essence of Life."

Despite this somewhat discouraging attitude, however, there can be little doubt that serious and enthusiastic efforts are being made to attack the problem of human constitution in relation to disease. Interest in the elusive subject doubtless owes its revival, at least in part, to a realization of the almost-forgotten fact that without a human subject disease cannot exist. At this point we can almost hear the voice of Claude Bernard: "*Matière vivante et conditions extérieures: la vie résulte constamment du rapport réciproque de ces deux facteurs.*" But possibly to express such a truism may be held in these mechanistic days to be old-fashioned. Few can deny that in the past twenty or thirty years a large preponderance of medical research has been directed upon the external, or environmental, agencies of disease. Quite clearly the renewed activity in certain medical quarters in the investigation of man leads us to this question: Has the immense amount of capital and effort which has been put into studies of the adverse environmental agencies yielded results which justify the almost complete lack of support, in medical schools and institutes of medical research, for study of the other essential disease-producing factor—the unique reactivity of a given individual? The study of those mysterious structures, the glands of internal secretion, has done much to help in the process of re-awakening medical interest in the reactive creature Man, but the exploitation of unsound glandular therapy and the habit of accepting hypotheses for foundation stones has to a considerable degree offset this constructive influence.

In an attempt to approach the subject of human constitution—which is best considered to be a state of individual reactivity—our effort at the Constitution Clinic of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York has been to view the individual as a complete organismal entity—no part effective without the whole, and the whole dependent upon the nicely co-ordinated activities of the parts. But it is just this conception of the individual which brings us face to face with the question of method. Should we envisage man as does the artist—complete, without analysis, through the process of unexplained perception and intuition, and by means of a sort of artistic training and observation? Or should we dissect and group his qualities, hoping by a process of correlations to accomplish what "all the king's horses and all the king's men" failed to accomplish for Humpty-Dumpty?

Not long ago a case was brought before the students in the clinic room; and it had been agreed that the usual manner of clinical presentation would not be adopted. Indeed, a patient unknown either to the instructor or to his class was called for. As the chair bearing a gray-blanketed woman's form rolled into the class room, the patient was requested not to say a word about her symptoms, and the chart containing the record of her case was turned face down upon the table.

"What do you see before you?" asked the instructor addressing the class. After a slight pause one of the students said, "A pale woman with blue eyes and dark hair." A sly smile crept over the patient's face at this and there was an ever so slight and mischievous twinkle in the blue eyes. Then followed questions and discussion designed to bring out other qualities of her personality. Among these it appeared that she had a quick and transitory temper. As soon as this was known the instructor queried of the students, "Now where does she come from with her blue eyes and black hair, her humorous smile, and a readiness to fight at the drop of the hat—where is she from?"

"Ireland!" came in unison from the class.

In the ensuing half hour one characteristic after another of the patient was brought out and recorded, until a very clear picture of the type of individual which she represented was disclosed.

"Now," asked the instructor, "in what part of such a human machine as this patient appears to be would you expect to find trouble developing under the general stress of life?"

To answer such a question without any history of her symptoms, or record of what the environment had held for her, was apparently a hard task. Yet, simply from a knowledge of her type or total personality and a general knowledge of how that type must react, the students came to the same diagnosis which was found written upon the chart. Of course, it must be understood that such a method is not advanced as one to replace the usual clinical procedure. It is merely cited to illustrate how much light a study of the person may throw upon the nature of the disease.

III

In our attempts to capture the ethereal spirit of personality, elaborate efforts have been made to measure many details of body form and to reduce them to mathematical formulæ. But, strangely, from these rigidly balanced curves and projections the vital being is fled, as a colorful moth slips from its confining chrysalis, or as hard plaster kills the spirit in clay warm from the sculptor's subtle touch. And so it has been found that the forbidding mass of measurements and mathematical formulæ have to a considerable extent defeated their careful purpose. Their object was to reduce, so far as possible, to exact terms values relating to differences in form which had previously been expressed only by description, photography, or portraiture. But we have found purely mathematical methods inadequate for expressing morphological comparisons, and so we have naturally been led to reconsider the earlier observational plan which heretofore has served biologists in the recognition of species. Naturalists have learned that they must depend largely on those immeasurable sense impressions which have in the past led to such a wealth of correct knowledge about living organisms.

It has been said of Hippocrates that he was a doctor who thought like a naturalist. The modern physician is striving to be a doctor who thinks like a physicist and chemist in terms of fixed mathematical formulæ. There is, of course, no doubt that the precise methods devised by chemists and bacteriologists have been a boon to the sick man when these methods are applicable. But they can rarely be applied successfully by their inventors. There is nothing, indeed, more futile or helpless than a good chemist at the bedside of a desperately ill patient, unless it be a good clinician in the laboratory of a physicist. The only real difference between these two necessary and useful investigators is the medium in which each works. One has trained his senses to observe the precise motions of accurately calibrated machines; the other has trained those same senses to read the variable behavior of subtle, shifting, melting, protoplasmic energy, whipped and whirled about by all the cosmic devils, and perhaps by a few that are super-cosmic—the emotions.

The clinician, then, by careful training has developed a nice appreciation of sense impressions which often approaches and, indeed, at times surpasses the accuracy of mathematical procedure. The well-schooled ear can be depended upon to detect by auscultation and percussion minute differences of sound which are of vital diagnostic significance; a matter which for the clinician would not be improved by measurement of vibration rates. The sense of touch can achieve so delicate an appreciation of time-relations in a rhythmic cycle that most complicated cardiac irregularities can be

analyzed with an accuracy equal to that delivered by a sphygmograph. Now if these powers are commonly acquired by the clinician it is logical to suppose that the eye can be trained to recognize equally well small and clinically significant differences in form and contour, in gesture and expression. In like manner the physician's wit or understanding can be schooled to recognize subtle differences in mood and temperament. As a matter of fact, these recognitions have constantly been made by medical men in the past, but have not usually been crystallized into intellectual concepts. They have remained as personal feelings to the individual doctor and, as such, have not been easy or convincing where transmitted to others. It is probably as much the lack of sharp definition as the insistent demands of the laboratory for mathematical proof which has caused in medical schools and hospitals a decline in respect for the value of observations based on highly trained sense perceptions. Yet, clearly, these are essential to every student of natural phenomena.

For the modern physician there is no doubt that to study the whole man, regardless of his malady—a practice much in vogue until forty or fifty years ago—is no longer the fashion. Undoubtedly, this lack of interest in the man is but a temporary bad habit into which medical students have fallen as a by-product of the idea of the laboratory's infallible efficiency which modern medical instruction delivers to them. The main object of the doctor's endeavor has perhaps for the moment been to some extent obscured by those very technical bacteriological and chemical details which are, indeed, so essential to his success. Instruments of precision and laboratory tests are but tools and brushes to the hand of the clinical artist; they should not dominate, but serve him as the latter served Phidias and Rembrandt. Now whether the revival of medical interest in the study of man *per se* is the result of a feeling that the laboratory is not yielding all that was hoped for, or because more accurate methods are now available for investigating the human animal as a whole, is a question which might be discussed at greater length. But whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that the revival has again raised the issue of the place of art in clinical medicine.

Not only in this country, but throughout the European clinics, restless stirrings to recapture the intuitive, artistic phase of medicine are appearing. Even in those strongholds of the "*es muss sein*" school of German medical teaching which became fashionable thirty years ago, and which has since maintained a stranglehold upon American medical thought and research and the beneficent millions which support them, there are signs of change. Of two great clinical teachers in Germany one still insists that no method in medicine which cannot be expressed in mathematical form is worth considering. But the other, to the former's dismay, is searching for new methods whereby to investigate the elusive depths of man's being. Each believes that the other displays signs of arterial degeneration. The curious and paradoxical thing about these men is that at heart both are artists. But the deadly fear of mathematical inaccuracy, with its twisted suspicion of sense impressions—imposed by years of rigid laboratory technic—has resulted, for one of these men, in almost complete suppression of courage or willingness to listen to the intuitive sense.

Nowadays one finds here and there a well-trained naturalist in the field of medicine who appreciates that the success of science is not dependent upon the sacrifice of art. In discussing methods not long ago with a distinguished British anthropologist, I found that after many years of work with body measurements and biometrical formulæ he had come to feel that as a means of studying the living creature, Man, the observational method of zoölogist and botanist

was perhaps the best that could be used. Though he felt that, without doubt, certain things might come of measurements, he was inclined to place greater value and dependability on observation, description, and correlation, at least in the study of living organisms. His point of view should hold encouragement for the student of human constitution wherein the psychic phase forms so important a component. For it is a question whether mathematical methods can ever be devised to evaluate that imponderable quality. After talking with this anthropologist one realized that the greatest hope for solution of clinical problems depends upon correlating observations of all living forms, based on extensive knowledge of the structural, functional, and psychological evolution of each species, and their failures to adjust successfully to environment. This is an Herculean task, indeed; yet doubtless it offers a point of view which is at least as important for the physician as the present one of seeking exclusively in the environment for causes of disease.

On the Continent to-day tiny islands of artistic revival in medicine are appearing. They are small, it is true, and the waves of surrounding scientific oceans still beat menacingly upon them. But they are arising in response to a silent moving of the underlying terrain of public opinion. The remarkable growth during the past thirty or forty years of successful healing cults bears witness to a demand for relief which the regular school of medicine is not adequately giving. In discussing this matter the other day I was told of a woman who still occasionally consulted her old friend and doctor, though she had "gone over" to a cultist some months before. In a half-joking fashion she had said to the physician, "You don't really mind my going to one of them, do you?" "Why, of course not," said he, "as long as he does you no harm." "Indeed," she replied, "that he never does. But I don't know what it is about him; he seems to understand me and be willing to listen to all my foolish little personal troubles. I know he is not as thorough as you are, nor does he make any of the tests which I know should be made. Nevertheless, I've been getting steadily better."

There is a significance in such an utterance from an intelligent human being; it can only mean that the sons of Æsculapius and Hippocrates have strayed too far from the precepts of the Fathers and are treating diseases instead of sick people. Science can occasionally treat disease successfully, and medicine should not forsake her precepts; but without the aid of that subtle art of understanding his fellowman, the physician will fail in successfully treating his patients. Medical schools cannot much longer omit from their curricula the study of the sensitive, reactive, creature Man if the ancient profession of medicine is to maintain the respect of the community for its high and beneficent calling.

IV

By their activities in the field of constitution-study physicians in many lands are showing their realization of the danger of this neglect. Such differences in point of view as have been presented rest almost entirely upon the question of method. The hesitation or energy with which the different observers are attacking the problem depends for the most part upon the predominance of the artist or the mathematician in each individual cast of mind. There are many good doctors throughout the world who will tell you that after the first few minutes with a patient they will have learned all that will ever be known about his individuality. Subsequent careful examinations and tests are to them simply confirmatory. On the other hand, the mind of man is never satisfied wholly with sense impressions, accurate though they be. It demands explanations of mechanism besides. This need may perhaps express an

evolutionary trend from feeling to thinking. But if we admit this evolutionary trend, we cannot logically deny that sense perception or feeling—the sole dependence of the lower forms which have preceded us—is an endowment of vast significance. We cannot with impunity set it aside and rely entirely upon intellectual processes.

The mystery of living matter, which we can vaguely sense by feeling, is now the elusive yet passionate quest of the intellect, whose tool is scientific method. So elaborate have these tools become that they often confuse the issue. This danger now likewise faces the student of constitution. Indeed, one cannot escape the conviction that the systematic investigation of personality by various technical procedures has in some degree robbed him of his "feeling" for the subject. Many who have tried to use purely scientific methods in constitution-study are recognizing this danger. For the belief is growing that the constitution of Man is of the essence of life, and consequently we can only hope to attain an approximate knowledge of it by mathematical methods. Fortunately, however, there are aspirations in the hearts of doctors which lead them safely, even in a mathematical age, to seek and find knowledge in the train of a leaping thought. It cannot, therefore, be well that great teachers of modern medicine should write as one has lately done:

"Whenever medicine dares to scrutinize the inscrutable, to solve the final and highest problems of life, be it by means of philosophical construction or fanciful mysticism, it falls inexorably into sterility; only when it renounces these problems and modestly limits itself to the attainable, to the things which in the first place are often apparently unimportant, can it make true and lasting advances for the benefit of the sick man."

From the bondage of such a philosophy the medical student can be encouraged to free himself by the wisdom of Solomon that "Where there is no vision the people perish." It is just because the study of Man is the study of the essence of life that medicine must advance toward the inscrutable, and strive to solve the final and highest problems of existence. To these ends philosophical speculation will always lead the way. But following this should come the careful toil of scientific effort. The artist must ever precede the painter, the poet dream before the printer turns his press. Much, indeed, can yet be done to gain a keener understanding of the sick man's problem if we neither deny the value of the artist's approach to a biological problem nor emphasize unduly the infallibility of science.

THE RED MOON OF MERU

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

EVERYONE agreed that the bazaar at Mallowwood Abbey (by kind permission of Lady Mounteagle) was a great success; there were roundabouts and swings and side shows which the people greatly enjoyed. I would mention also the Charity which was the excellent object of the proceedings if any of them could tell me what it was.

However, it is only with a few of the organizers that we are here concerned, and especially with three of them, a lady and two gentlemen, who passed between two of the principal tents or pavilions, their voices high in argument. On their right was the tent of the Master of the Mountain—that world-famous fortune teller by crystals and chiromancy—a rich purple tent all over which were traced in black and gold the sprawling outlines of Asiatic gods waving any number of arms like octopods. Perhaps they symbolized the readiness of divine help to be had within; perhaps they merely implied that the ideal being of a pious palmist would have as many hands as possible. On the other side stood the plainer tent of Phroso the Phrenologist, more austerely decorated with diagrams of the heads of Socrates and Shakespeare, which were apparently of a lumpy sort. But these were presented merely in black and white with numbers and notes, as became the rigid dignity of a purely rationalistic science. The purple tent had an opening like a black cavern, and all was fittingly silent within. But Phroso the Phrenologist, a lean, shabby, sunburned person with almost improbably fierce black mustache and whiskers, was standing outside his own temple and talking at the top of his voice to nobody in particular, explaining that the head of any passer-by would doubtless prove, on examination, to be every bit as knobby as Shakespeare's. Indeed, the moment the lady appeared between the tents the vigilant Phroso leaped on her and offered with a pantomime of Old World courtesy to feel her bumps.

She refused with a civility that was rather like rudeness; but she must be excused, because she was in the middle of an argument. She also had to be excused, or at any rate was excused, because she was Lady Mounteagle. She was not a nonentity, however, in any sense; she was at once handsome and haggard, with a hungry look in her deep dark eyes and something eager and almost fierce about her smile. Her dress was bizarre for the period; for it was before the Great War had left us in our present mood of gravity and recollection. Indeed, the dress was rather like the purple tent, being of a semi-Oriental sort, covered with exotic and esoteric emblems. But everyone knew that the Mounteagles were mad—which was the popular way of saying that she and her husband were interested in the creeds and culture of the East. The eccentricity of the lady was a great contrast to the conventionality of the two gentlemen, who were braced and buttoned up in all the stiffer fashion of that far-off day, from the tips of their gloves to the tops

of their bright top hats. Yet even here there was a difference; for James Hardcastle managed at once to look correct and distinguished, while Tommy Hunter only looked correct and commonplace. Hardcastle was a promising politician who seemed in society to be interested in everything except politics. It may be answered gloomily that every politician is emphatically a promising politician. But to do him justice, he had often exhibited himself as a performing politician. No purple tent in the bazaar, however, had been provided for him to perform in.

"For my part," he said, screwing in the monocle that was the only gleam in his hard legal face, "I think we must exhaust the possibilities of mesmerism before we talk about magic. Remarkable psychological powers undoubtedly exist, even in apparently backward peoples. Marvellous things have been done by fakirs."

"Did you say done by fakers?" asked the other young man with doubtful innocence.

"Tommy, you are simply silly," said the lady. "Why will you keep barging in on things you don't understand? You're like a schoolboy screaming out that he knows how a conjuring trick is done. It's all so Early Victorian—that schoolboy skepticism. As for mesmerism, I doubt whether you can stretch it to—"

At this point Lady Mounteagle seemed to catch sight of somebody she wanted, a black stumpy figure standing at a booth where children were throwing hoops at hideous table ornaments. She darted across and cried:

"Father Brown, I've been looking for you. I want to ask you something. Do *you* believe in fortune telling?"

The person addressed looked rather helplessly at the little hoop in his hand and said at last:

"I wonder in which sense you're using the word believe. Of course, if it's all a fraud—"

"Oh, but the Master of the Mountain isn't a bit of a fraud," she cried. "He isn't a common conjurer or fortune teller at all. It's really a great honor for him to condescend to tell fortunes at my parties; for he's a great religious leader in his own country, a prophet and seer. And even his fortune telling isn't vulgar stuff about coming into a fortune. He tells you great spiritual truths about yourself, about your ideals."

"Quite so," said Father Brown, "that's what I object to. I was just going to say that if it's all a fraud I don't mind so much. It can't be much more of a fraud than most things at fancy bazaars; and there, in a way, it's a sort of practical joke. But if it's a religion and reveals spiritual truths—then it's all as false as hell, and I wouldn't touch it with a barge pole."

"That is something of a paradox," said Hardcastle with a smile.

"I wonder what a paradox is," remarked the priest in a ruminant manner. "It seems to me obvious enough. I suppose it wouldn't do very much harm if somebody dressed up as a German spy and pretended to have told all sorts of lies to the Germans. But if a man is trading in the *truth* with the Germans—well! So I think if a fortune teller is trading in truth like that—"

"You really think—" began Hardcastle grimly.

"Yes," said the other, "I think he is trading with the Enemy."

Tommy Hunter broke into a chuckle. "Well," he said, "if Father Brown thinks they're good so long as they're frauds, I should think he'd consider this copper-colored prophet a sort of saint."

"My cousin Tom is incorrigible," said Lady Mounteagle. "He's always going about 'showing up' adepts, as he calls it. He only came down here in a hurry when he heard the Master was to be here, I believe. He'd have tried to 'show up' Buddha or Moses."

"Thought you wanted looking after a bit," said the young man with a grin on his round face. I toddled down. Don't like this brown monkey crawling about."

"There you go again," said Lady

Mounteagle. "Years ago, when I was in India, I suppose we all had that sort of prejudice against brown people. But now I have learned something about their wonderful spiritual powers I'm glad to say I know better."

"Our prejudices seem to cut opposite ways," said Father Brown. "You excuse his being brown because he is brahminical; and I excuse his being brahminical because he is brown. Frankly, I don't care for spiritual powers much myself. I've got much more sympathy with spiritual weaknesses. But I can't see why anybody should dislike him merely because he is the same beautiful color as copper or coffee or nut-brown ale or those jolly peat-streams in the North. But then," he added, looking across at the lady and screwing up his eyes, "I suppose I'm prejudiced in favor of anything that's called brown."

"There now!" cried Lady Mounteagle with a sort of triumph. "I knew you were only talking nonsense!"

"Well," grumbled the aggrieved youth with the round face, "when anybody talks sense you call it schoolboy skepticism. When's the crystal-gazing going to begin?"

"Any time you like, I believe," replied the lady. "It isn't crystal-gazing, as a matter of fact, but palmistry; I suppose you would say it was all the same sort of nonsense."

"I think there is a *via media* between sense and nonsense," said Hardcastle smiling. "There are explanations that are natural and not at all nonsensical; and yet the results are very amazing. Are you coming in to be operated on? I confess I am full of curiosity."

"Oh, I've no patience with such nonsense," spluttered the skeptic, whose round face had become rather a red face with the heat of his contempt and incredulity. "I'll let you waste your time on your mahogany mountebank; I'd rather go and throw coconuts."

The Phrenologist, still hovering near, darted at the opening.

"Heads, my dear sir," he said, "human skulls are of a contour far more subtle than that of coconuts. No coconut can compare with your own most—"

Hardcastle had already dived into the dark entry of the purple tent; and they heard a low murmur of voices within. As Tom Hunter turned on the Phrenologist with an impatient answer, in which he showed a regrettable indifference to the line between natural and preternatural sciences, the lady was just about to continue her argument with the little priest, when she stopped in some surprise.

James Hardcastle had come out of the tent again, and in his grim face and glaring monocle surprise was even more vividly depicted.

"He's not there," remarked the politician abruptly. "He's gone. Some aged nigger who seems to constitute his suite jabbered something to me, to the effect that the Master had gone forth rather than sell sacred secrets for gold."

Lady Mounteagle turned radiantly to the rest. "There now," she cried, "I told you he was a cut above anything you fancied! He hates being here in a crowd. He's gone back to his solitude."

"I am sorry," said Father Brown gravely. "I may have done him an injustice. Do you know where he has gone?"

"I think so," said his hostess equally gravely. "When he wants to be alone he always goes to the Cloisters, just at the end of the left wing, beyond my husband's study and private museum, you know. Perhaps you know this house was once an abbey."

"I have heard something about it," answered the priest with a faint smile.

"We'll go there if you like," said the lady briskly. "You really ought to see my husband's collection, or the Red Moon at any rate. Haven't you ever heard of the Red Moon of Meru? Yes, it's a ruby."

"I should be delighted to see the collection," said Hardcastle quietly, "including the Master of the Mountain, if that prophet is one exhibit in the mu-

seum." And they all turned towards the path leading to the house.

"All the same," muttered the skeptical Thomas, as he brought up the rear, "I should very much like to know what the brown beast *did* come here for if he didn't come to tell fortunes."

As he disappeared the indomitable Phroso made one more dart after him, almost snatching at his coat-tails.

"The bump—" he began.

"No bump," said the youth. "Only a hump. Hump I always have when I come down to see Mounteagle." And he took to his heels to escape the embrace of the man of science.

On their way to the Cloister the visitors had to pass through the long room that was devoted by Lord Mounteagle to his remarkable private museum of Asiatic charms and mascots. Through one open door in the length of the wall opposite they could see the Gothic arches and the glimmer of daylight between them, marking the square open space, round the roofed border of which the monks had walked in older days. But they had to pass something that seemed at first sight rather more extraordinary than the ghost of a monk.

It was an elderly gentleman robed from head to foot in white, with a pale-green turban; but a very pink-and-white English complexion and the smooth white mustaches of some amiable Anglo-Indian colonel. This was Lord Mounteagle, who had taken his Oriental pleasures more sadly, or at least more seriously, than his wife. He could talk of nothing whatever except Oriental religion and philosophy; and had thought it necessary even to dress in the manner of an Oriental hermit. While he was delighted to show his treasures, he seemed to treasure them much more for the truths supposed to be symbolized in them than for their value in collections, let alone cash. Even when he brought out the great ruby, perhaps the only thing of great value in the museum in a merely monetary sense, he seemed to be much more interested in its name than in its size, not to mention its price.

The others were all staring at what seemed a stupendously large red stone, burning like a bonfire seen through a rain of blood. But Lord Mounteagle rolled it loosely in his palm without looking at it and, staring at the ceiling, told them a long tale about the legendary character of Mount Meru; and how in the Gnostic mythology it had been the place of the wrestling of nameless primeval powers.

Towards the end of the lecture on the Demiurge of the Gnostics (not forgetting its connection with the parallel concept of Manichæus) even the tactful Mr. Hardcastle thought it time to create a diversion. He asked to be allowed to look at the stone and, as evening was closing in, and the long room with the single door was steadily darkening, he stepped out in the Cloister beyond, to examine the jewel by a better light. It was then that they first became conscious, slowly and almost creepily conscious, of the living presence of the Master of the Mountain.

The Cloister was on the usual plan, as regards its original structure; but the line of Gothic pillars and pointed arches that formed the inner square was linked together all along by a low wall about waist high, turning the Gothic doors into Gothic windows and giving each a sort of flat window-sill of stone. This alteration was probably of ancient date; but there were other alterations of a quainter sort which witnessed to the rather unusual individual ideas of Lord and Lady Mounteagle. Between the pillars hung thin curtains, or rather veils, made of beads or light canes in the continental or southern manner; and on these again could be traced the lines and colors of Asiatic dragons or idols that contrasted with the gray Gothic framework in which they were suspended. But this, while it further troubled the dying light of the place, was the least of the incongruities of which the company, with very varying feelings, became aware.

In the open space surrounded by the Cloisters there ran, like a circle in a square, a circular path paved with pale stones and edged with some sort of green enamel like an imitation lawn. Inside that, in the very center, rose the basin of a dark-green fountain, or raised pond, in which water lilies floated and goldfish flashed to and fro; and high above these, its outline dark against the dying light, was a great green image. Its back was turned to them, and its face so completely invisible in the hunched posture that the statue might almost have been headless. But in that mere dark outline in the dim twilight some of them could see instantly that it was the shape of no Christian thing.

A few yards away, on the circular path and looking towards the great green god, stood the man called The Master of the Mountain. His pointed and finely finished features seemed molded by some skilful craftsman as a mask of copper. In contrast with this, his dark-gray beard looked almost blue like indigo; it began in a narrow tuft on his chin and then spread outwards like a great fan or the tail of a bird. He was robed in peacock green and wore on his bald head a high cap of uncommon outline, a headdress none of them had ever seen before; but it looked rather Egyptian than Indian. The man was standing with staring eyes, wide-open fish-shaped eyes, so motionless that they looked like the eyes painted on a mummy-case. But though the figure of the Master of the Mountain was singular enough, some of the company, including Father Brown, were not looking at him; they still looked at the dark-green idol at which he himself was looking.

"This seems a queer thing," said Hardcastle, frowning a little, "to set up in the middle of an old abbey cloister."

"Now don't tell me you're going to be silly," said Lady Mounteagle. "That's just what we meant: to link up the great religions of East and West; Buddha and Christ. Surely you must understand that all religions are really the same."

"If they are," said Father Brown mildly, "it seems rather unnecessary to go into the middle of Asia to get one."

"Lady Mounteagle means that there are different aspects or faces, as there are of this stone," began Hardcastle and, becoming interested in the new topic, laid the great ruby down on the stone sill or ledge under the Gothic arch. "But it does not follow that we can mix the aspects in one artistic style. You may mix Christianity and Islam, but you can't mix Gothic and Saracenic, let alone real Indian—"

As he spoke the Master of the Mountain seemed to come to life like a cataleptic and move gravely round another quarter segment of the circle, and he took up his position outside their own row of arches, standing with his back to them and looking now towards the idol's back. It was obvious that he was moving by stages round the whole circle, like a hand round the clock; but pausing for periods of prayer or contemplation.

"What *is* his religion?" asked Hardcastle, with a faint touch of impatience.

"He says," replied Lord Mounteagle reverently, "that it is older than Brahminism and purer than Buddhism."

"Oh!" remarked Hardcastle, standing with both hands in his pockets and continuing to stare through his single eyeglass.

"They say," observed the nobleman in his gentle but didactic voice, "that the deity called the God of Gods is carved in a colossal form in the cavern of Mount Meru—"

Even his lordship's lecturing serenity was broken abruptly by the voice that came over his shoulder. It came out of the darkness of the museum they had just left, when they stepped out into the Cloister. At the sound of it the two younger men looked first incredulous then furious, and then almost collapsed into laughter.

"I hope I do not intrude," said the urbane and seductive voice of Professor Phroso, that unconquerable wrestler for the truth, "but it occurred to me that

some of you might now spare a little time for that much-despised science of Bumps, which—"

"Look here," cried the impetuous Tommy Hunter, "I haven't got any bumps; but you'll jolly well have some soon. You—"

Hardcastle mildly restrained him as he plunged back through the door; and for the moment all the group had turned again and were looking back into the inner room.

It was at that moment that the thing happened. It was the impetuous Tommy once more who was the first to move, and this time to better effect. Before anyone else had seen anything, when Hardcastle had barely remembered with a jump that he had left the gem on the stone sill, Tommy was across the Cloister with the leap of a cat and, leaning with his head and shoulders out of the aperture between two columns, had cried out in a voice that rang down all the arches, "I've got him!"

In that instant of time, just after they turned and just before they heard his triumphant cry, they had all seen it happen. Round the corner of one of the two columns there had darted in and out again a brown or rather bronze-colored hand, such as they had seen elsewhere. The hand had struck as straight as a striking snake, as instantaneous as the flick of the long tongue of the anteater. But it had licked up the jewel. The stone slab of window sill shone bare in the pale and fading light.

"I've got him," gasped Tommy Hunter, "but he's wriggling pretty hard. You fellows run round and hold him in front—he can't have got rid of it anyhow."

The others obeyed, some racing down the corridor and some leaping over the low wall, with the result that a little crowd, consisting of Hardcastle, Lord Mounteagle, Father Brown, and even the undetachable Mr. Phroso of the bump, had soon surrounded the captive Master of the Mountain. Hunter was hanging onto him desperately with one hand by the collar, and shaking him every now and then in a manner highly insensible to the dignity of prophets as a class.

"Now we've got him anyhow," said Hunter, letting go with a sigh, "we've only got to search him. The thing must be here."

Three-quarters of an hour later Hunter and Hardcastle, their top hats, ties, gloves, slips, and spats somewhat the worse for their recent activities, came face to face in the Cloister and gazed at each other.

"Well," asked Hardcastle with restraint, "have you any views on the mystery?"

"Hang it all," replied Hunter, "you can't call it a mystery. Why, we all saw him take it ourselves."

"Yes," replied the other, "but we didn't all see him lose it ourselves. And the mystery is, where has he lost it so that we can't find it?"

"It must be somewhere," said Hunter. "Have you searched the fountain and all round that rotten old god there?"

"I haven't dissected the little fishes," said Hardcastle, lifting his eyeglass and surveying the other. "Are you thinking of the ring of Polycrates?"

Apparently the survey, through the eyeglass, of the round face before him convinced him that it covered no such meditation on Greek legend.

"It's not on him, I admit," repeated Hunter sullenly, "unless he's swallowed it."

"Which would be hard for even a prophet to survive," said the other smiling. "But here comes our host."

"This is a most distressing matter," said Lord Mounteagle, twisting his white mustache with a nervous and even tremulous hand.

"Horrible thing to have a theft in one's house, let alone connecting it with a man like the Master. But I confess I can't quite make head or tail of the way he is talking about it. I wish you'd come inside and see what you think."

They went in together, Hunter falling behind and dropping into conversation with Father Brown, who was kicking his heels round the Cloister.

"You must be very strong," said the priest pleasantly. "You held him with one hand; and he seemed pretty vigorous, even when we had eight hands to hold him, like one of these Indian gods."

They took a turn or two round the Cloister, talking; and then they also went into the inner room, where the Master of the Mountain was seated on a bench, in the capacity of a captive, but with more of the air of a king.

It was true, as Lord Mounteagle said, that his air and tone were not very easy to understand. He spoke with a serene and yet secretive sense of power; he seemed rather amused at their suggestions about trivial hiding-places for the gem, and certainly he showed no resentment whatever. He seemed to be laughing, in a still, unfathomable fashion, at their efforts to trace what they had all seen him take.

"You are learning a little," he said with insolent benevolence, "of the laws of time and space, about which your latest science is a thousand years behind our oldest religion. You do not even know what is really meant by hiding a thing. Nay, my poor little friends, you do not even know what is meant by *seeing* a thing; or perhaps you would see this as plainly as I do."

"So you mean it is here," demanded Hardcastle harshly.

"Here is a word of many meanings also," replied the mystic. "But I did not say it was here. I only said I could see it."

There was an irritated silence and he went on sleepily:

"If you were to be utterly, unfathomably silent, do you think you might hear a cry from the other end of the world? The cry of a worshipper alone in those mountains where the original image sits, itself like a mountain. Some say that even Jews and Moslems might worship that image, because it was never made by man. Hark! Do you hear the cry with which he lifts his head and sees, in that socket of stone that has been hollow for ages, the one red angry moon that is the eye of the mountain?"

"Do you really mean," cried Lord Mounteagle, a little shaken, "that you could make it pass from here to Mount Meru? I used to believe you had great spiritual powers, but—"

"Perhaps," said the Master, "I have more than you will ever believe."

Hardcastle rose impatiently and began to pace the room with his hands in his pockets.

"I never believed so much as you did; but I admit that powers of a certain type may . . . Good God!"

His high hard voice had been cut off in mid air, and he stopped staring. The eyeglass fell out of his eye. They all turned their faces in the same direction, and on every face there seemed to be the same suspended animation.

The Red Moon of Meru lay on the stone window sill, exactly as they had last seen it. It might have been a red spark blown there from a bonfire or a red rose petal tossed there from a broken rose; but it had fallen in precisely the same spot where Hardcastle had thoughtlessly laid it down.

This time Hardcastle did not attempt to pick it up again; but his demeanor was somewhat notable. He turned slowly and began to stride about the room again; but there was in his movements something masterful, where before it had been only restless. Finally he brought himself to a standstill in front of the seated Master and bowed with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Master," he said, "we all owe you an apology; and, what is more important, you have taught us all a lesson. Believe me, it will serve as a lesson as well as a joke. I shall always remember the very remarkable powers you really possess and how harmlessly you use them. Lady Mounteagle," he went on, turning towards her, "you will forgive me for having addressed the Master first; but

it was to you I had the honor of opening this explanation some time ago. I may say that I explained it before it had happened. I told you that most of these things could be explained by some kind of hypnotism. Many believe this is the explanation of all those Indian stories about the mango plant and the boy who climbs a rope thrown into the air. It does not really happen; but the spectators are mesmerized into imagining that it happened. So we were all mesmerized into imagining this theft had happened. That brown hand coming in at the window and whisking away the gem was a momentary delusion; a hand in a dream. Only, having seen the stone vanish, we never looked for it where it was before. We plunged into the pond and turned every leaf of the water lilies; we were almost giving emetics to the goldfish. But the ruby has been here all the time."

And he glanced across at the opalescent eyes and smiling bearded mouth of the Master, and saw that the smile was just a shade broader. There was something in it that made the others jump to their feet with an air of sudden relaxation and general gasping relief.

"This is a very fortunate escape for us all," said Lord Mounteagle, smiling rather nervously. "There cannot be the least doubt it is as you say. It has been a most painful episode and I really don't know what apologies—"

"I have no complaints," said the Master of the Mountain, still smiling. "You have never touched Me at all."

While the rest went off rejoicing, with Hardcastle for the hero of the hour, the little Phrenologist with the whiskers sauntered back towards his preposterous tent. Looking over his shoulder, he was surprised to find Father Brown following him.

"Can I feel your bumps?" asked the expert in a mildly sarcastic tone.

"I don't think you want to feel any more, do you?" said the priest good-humoredly. "You're a detective, aren't you?"

"Yep," replied the other. "Lady Mounteagle asked me to keep an eye on the Master, being no fool, for all her mysticism; and when he left his tent, I could only follow by behaving like a nuisance and a monomaniac. If anybody had come into my tent, I'd have had to look up Bumps in an encyclopædia."

"Bumps, What Ho She; see Folk-Lore," observed Father Brown dreamily. "Well, you were quite in the part in pestering people—at a bazaar."

"Rum case, wasn't it?" remarked the fallacious Phrenologist. "Queer to think the thing was there all the time."

"Very queer," said the priest.

Something in his voice made the other man stop and stare.

"Look here!" he cried, "what's the matter with you? What are you looking like that for? Don't you *believe* that it was there all the time?"

Father Brown blinked rather as if he had received a buffet, then he said slowly and with hesitation, "No . . . the fact is . . . I can't—I can't quite bring myself to believe it."

"You're not the sort of chap," said the other shrewdly, "who'd say that without a reason. Why don't you think the ruby had been there all the time?"

"Only because I put it back there myself," said Father Brown.

The other man stood rooted to the spot like one whose hair was standing on end. He opened his mouth without speech.

"Or rather," went on the priest, "I persuaded the thief to let me put it back. I told him what I'd guessed and showed him there was still time for repentance. I don't mind telling you in professional confidence; besides, I don't think the Mounteagles would prosecute now they've got the thing back, especially considering who stole it."

"Do you mean the Master?" asked the late Phroso.

"No," said Father Brown, "the Master didn't steal it."

"But I don't understand," objected the other. "Nobody was outside the

window except the Master; and a hand certainly came from outside."

"The hand came from outside but the thief came from inside," said Father Brown.

"We seem to be back among the mystics again. Look here, I'm a practical man: I only wanted to know if it was all right with the ruby—"

"I knew it was all wrong," said Father Brown, "before I even knew there was a ruby."

After a pause he went on thoughtfully. "Right away back in that argument of theirs by the tents, I knew things were going wrong. People will tell you that theories don't matter and that logic and philosophy aren't practical. Don't you believe them. Reason is from God, and when things are unreasonable there is something the matter. Now that quite abstract argument ended with something funny. Consider what the theories were. Hardcastle was a trifle superior and said that all these things were perfectly possible, but they were mostly done merely by mesmerism or clairvoyance—scientific names for philosophical puzzles, in the usual style. But Hunter thought it was all sheer fraud and wanted to show it up. By Lady Mounteagle's testimony he not only went about showing up fortune tellers and such like, but he had actually come down specially to confront this one. He didn't often come; he didn't get on with Mounteagle (from whom, being a spendthrift, he always tried to borrow); but when he heard the Master was coming, he came hurrying down. Very well. In spite of that, it was Hardcastle who went to consult the wizard and Hunter who refused. He said he'd waste no time on such nonsense, having apparently wasted a lot of his life on proving it to be nonsense. That seemed inconsistent. He thought in this case it was crystal-gazing; but he found it was palmistry."

"Do you mean he made that an excuse?" asked his companion puzzled.

"I thought so at first," replied the priest, "but I know now it was not an excuse but a reason. He really was put off by finding it was a palmist, because—"

"Well," demanded the other impatiently.

"Because he didn't want to take his glove off," said Father Brown.

"Take his glove off!" repeated the inquirer.

"If he had," said Father Brown mildly, "we should all have seen that his hand was painted pale brown already. . . . Oh, yes, he did come down specially because the Master was here. He came down very fully prepared."

"You can't mean," cried Phroso, "that it was Hunter's hand, painted brown, that came in at the window? Why, he was with us all the time."

"Go and try it on the spot and you'll find it's quite possible," said the priest. "Hunter leaped forward and leaned out of the window; in a flash he could tear off his glove, tuck up his sleeve, and thrust his hand back round the other side of the pillar, while he gripped the Indian with the other hand and hallooed out that he'd caught the thief. I remarked at the time that he held the thief with one hand, where any man would have used two. But the other hand was slipping the jewel into his trousers-pocket."

There was a long pause and then the ex-Phrenologist said slowly, "Well, that's a staggerer. But the thing stumps me still. For one thing, it doesn't explain the queer behavior of the old magician himself. If he was entirely innocent, why the devil didn't he say so? Why wasn't he indignant at being accused and searched? Why did he only sit smiling and hinting in a sly way what wild and wonderful things he could do?"

"Ah!" cried Father Brown with a sharp note in his voice, "there you come up against it! Against everything these people don't and won't understand. All religions are the same, says Lady Mounteagle. Are they, by George! I tell you some of them are so different that the best man of one creed will be callous where the worst man of another

will be sensitive. I told you I didn't like spiritual power because the accent is on the word power. I don't say the Master would steal a ruby; very likely he wouldn't; very likely he wouldn't think it worth stealing. It wouldn't be specially his temptation to take jewels; but it would be his temptation to take credit for miracles that didn't belong to him any more than the jewels. It was to *that* sort of temptation, to *that* sort of stealing that he yielded to-day. He liked us to think that he had marvellous mental powers that could make a material object fly through space; and even when he hadn't done it, he allowed us to think he had. The point about private property wouldn't occur primarily to him at all. The question wouldn't present itself to him in the form 'Shall I *steal* this pebble?' but only in the form 'Could I make a pebble vanish and reappear on a distant mountain?' The question of *whose* pebble would seem to him quite secondary and even irrelevant. That is what I mean by religions being different. He is very proud of having what he calls spiritual powers. He is even capable of pretending through pride to have greater spiritual powers. But what he calls spiritual doesn't mean what we call moral. It means rather mental; the power of mind over matter; the magician controlling the elements. Now we are not a bit like that, even when we are no better, even when we are worse. We, whose fathers at least were Christians, who have grown up under those medieval arches even if we bedizen them with all the demons of Asia—we have the very opposite ambition and the very opposite shame. We should all be anxious that nobody should think we had done it. He was actually anxious that everybody should think he had—even when he hadn't. He actually stole the credit of stealing. While we were all casting the crime from us like a snake, he was actually luring it to him like a snake-charmer. But snakes are not pets in this country! Here the traditions of Christendom tell at once under a test like this. Look at old Mounteagle himself, for instance! Ah, you may be as Eastern and esoteric as you like and wear a turban and a long robe and live on messages from Mahatmas. But if a bit of stone is stolen in your house, and your friends suspected, you will jolly soon find out that you're an ordinary English gentleman in a fuss. The man who really did it would never have wanted us to think he did it; for he also was an English gentleman. He was also something very much better; he was a Christian thief. I hope and believe he was a penitent thief."

"By your account," said his companion laughing, "the Christian thief and the heathen fraud went by contraries. One was sorry he'd done it and the other was sorry he hadn't."

"We mustn't be too hard on either of them," said Father Brown. "Other English gentlemen have stolen before now, and been covered by legal and political protection; and the West also has its own way of covering theft with sophistry. After all, the ruby is not the only kind of valuable stone in the world that has changed owners; it is true of other precious stones, often carved like cameos and colored like flowers."

The other looked at him inquiringly; and the priest's finger pointed to the Gothic outline of the great abbey.

"A great graven stone," he said, "and that also was stolen."

JAPAN LOOKS AT AMERICA

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

NOT so long ago, at a congenial gathering at a New York club, I sat by an American liberal who was chatting with a Japanese conservative about various international affairs from the Dawes Plan to the Chinese Question. "Most of us feel," said the American, "that Japan will eventually annex Manchuria, or at least the southern section of it." "You are right," agreed the Japanese blandly, "we shall probably annex Manchuria by the time you have annexed Canada and Mexico and all the territories down to Colombia —not before."

This Japanese thrust is expressive of the sentiment generally prevailing in Japan and, I am sure, in other Asiatic countries as well. When an American prates about the Monroe Doctrine or the Open Door as an altruistic instrument conceived wholly for the benefit of other nations, the Japanese, despite his inborn politeness, cannot help smiling. If an American denounces Japanese imperialism and holds up his own country as a shining example of liberalism, the natural inclination of the Japanese is to recall Dumas's retort to Crémieux. "Was your father a mulatto?" asked Crémieux. "Yes," returned Dumas, "my father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, my great-grandfather a monkey—my family began where yours ends."

To be sure, the Japanese never speaks so disparagingly of his American cousins; far from it, he has genuine admiration for them. But he is reluctant to accept the theory that American seizure of Hawaii or American occupation of the Philippines is one thing and Japanese occupation of Korea quite another. Nor can he believe what America has done in Central America or in the West Indies more benevolent than what his country has done in Manchuria.

The Japanese is inquisitive. He does not mean to be an *enfant terrible*, but is prone to ask questions perhaps embarrassing to Americans. Is the Monroe Doctrine—not the doctrine of President Monroe himself, but the doctrine as expounded by latter-day politicians—a dog-in-the-manger idea? If America means to be true to the historic declaration of 1823, ought she to hang on to the Philippines upon one pretext or another? Does not the exclusion of other nations from this hemisphere impose upon America the moral obligation to keep away from the other? Why should America insist upon the open door in the Orient when she is determined to close to the Orientals not only her own door but the doors of her neighbors? Is not the open door for China a clever camouflage for a selfish scheme devised to advance American interests in the Far East? Is not America, conscious of her increasing power and prowess, inclined to act in international affairs in wilful defiance of the susceptibilities of other nations?

Such questions are being constantly asked on the other side of the Pacific, especially in connection with the issues between Japan and the United States. An analysis of these issues will serve to explain why such questions are on the Japanese mind, and will reveal something of Japan's real feeling toward America.

II

Roughly speaking, there are two main issues between the two countries. The first is the immigration question, reopened rather than settled by the Japanese exclusion clause of the Immigration Act of 1924. Whatever be Washington's complacent opinion today, Tokyo does not regard the ungentlemanlike scrapping of the "gentlemen's agreement" by Congress as a closed incident, but is biding its time, intent upon approaching the American Government at a propitious moment. Then there is the question of possible conflict of Japanese and American interests in the Far East, especially China. The establishment of America as an Oriental Power through her occupation of the Philippines inspired in the Japanese mind a genuine fear that the United States, lured by the star of empire, had embarked upon a policy of expansion, if not aggression, in the Far East. Later events have served to intensify rather than alleviate this apprehension.

"Our vital interest," wrote ex-President Roosevelt to President Taft in 1910, "is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan." Roosevelt believed this the only way to keep the peace of the Pacific, and was solicitous that his successor in the White House should follow the same course. How was it possible to harmonize two propositions so diametrically opposed to each other—to close America's door to the Japanese and to preserve their friendship? Yet Mr. Roosevelt was fairly successful in performing this delicate feat. His formula was simple. First, he recognized that Japan, overpopulated and devoid of natural resources, must find a breathing space—her place in the sun—outside of her narrow precincts, and that America and other "white" Powers, barring out Japanese immigration, must in fairness acquiesce in Japan's inevitable expansion on the Asian continent, especially in Manchuria and Korea. Secondly, Roosevelt, sympathizing with Japan's susceptibilities, did not subject her to such open humiliation as exclusion by statute or by formal treaty, but accepted Japan's informal, confidential pledge that she would of her own accord keep out of America her nationals of the laboring class—an honorable agreement between gentlemen. The formula satisfied Roosevelt's conscience—his sense of the square deal. But the more important question was whether it satisfied Japan as well. Had she, smarting under a discrimination so thinly, if politely, disguised, nursed a grudge against America, Mr. Roosevelt's object would have fallen far short of attainment.

To be frank, Japan accepted, or rather suggested, the "gentlemen's agreement" with reluctance. She would not have acquiesced in it—not so readily, at any rate—had it not been coupled with Roosevelt's tacit promise to smooth her way in Korea and Manchuria. As the years passed, however, Japan reconciled herself to the inevitable, and has eventually come to believe firmly and without reserve that the gentlemen's agreement is the wisest and the most honorable which could, under the circumstances, be devised. And why, after all, should she think otherwise? From the beginning of her intercourse with America, Japan pursued a policy by no means encouraging to the exodus of her nationals to American territories. To her it is not the closing of America's door that really matters, but rather the way of closing it. You could not slam the door in the face of your neighbor without offending him. But if you closed it politely, bidding him good-by in a neighborly fashion, the rebuff would not be so stinging. This, in a homely way, explains the gentlemen's agreement.

Japan, though willing to restrict emigration voluntarily and without compulsion, has consistently taken the stand that open discrimination against her nationals by a formal treaty with—or by a domestic law of—any foreign nation with

whom she is on equal terms is incompatible with the prestige and dignity with which the Powers have by common consent clothed her. If international good manners and courtesy mean anything, if they are of any value in promoting peace and good will among nations, this Japanese contention is worthy of respect. It was in appreciation of this point of view that Mr. Roosevelt accepted the gentlemen's agreement, and that the Taft Administration in 1911 eliminated from the treaty with Japan a clause providing for the exclusion of Japanese laborers. England, too, revised her treaty with Japan in 1911, unconditionally providing that "the subjects of each contracting party shall have full liberty to enter, travel, and reside in the country of the other," and that they "shall in all that relates to travel and residence be placed in all respects on the same footing as native subjects." Thus, Japan was placed, at least before the world, on a plane of equality with the Powers of the West. If she entered a separate agreement, restricting the emigration of her nationals to the United States or Canada, that was entirely her voluntary act—the gentleman's courtesy to his neighbors. True, she recognizes unreservedly the binding force of such "private" agreements as between the parties concerned, but as for the world in general, it was not expected to recognize their existence. The world, on the other hand, was asked to ignore the "gentlemen's agreement," recognizing only the treaties which placed Japan on equal terms with the leading Powers. Japan, in short, looks upon the emigration question as one of honor, and not as a question of material interest or benefit. Herein lies a radical difference between the Japanese claim and the European clamor in regard to immigration to America.

All the Secretaries of State since Mr. Elihu Root have recognized the logic and justice of the Japanese contention. They have believed the acceptance of that contention in the form of the gentlemen's agreement the securest bulwark against Japanese immigration. When the Japanese exclusion clause of the Immigration Law of 1924 was being discussed in Congress, Secretary Hughes, with the obvious support of President Coolidge, argued that it was "quite unnecessary even for the purpose for which it was devised." It was estimated that the application of the general quota restriction to Japanese immigration would admit only one hundred Japanese as immigrants—a measure tantamount to total exclusion. Yet Japan was willing to accept it because it would place her, at least technically, upon a plane of equality with the nations of the West. She was, moreover, ready to continue the gentlemen's agreement, with more stringent provisions, if necessary, thus affording a twofold control over Japanese immigration. Could a more rational, more sensible proposal be conceived?

When Congress spurned this proposal and flung the Japanese into the fold of excluded, and impliedly inferior, races Japan was in a quandary. Here was a great legislature, the "greatest and best in the world," as many an American would call it, flying in the face of logic and asserting its authority at the expense of international good will and decency. How could it be possible? The Japanese were puzzled. They could not believe such a thing possible. When they had to admit that the thing did happen, their feeling toward America was one of contempt and revulsion. They thought the American people steeped in materialism and incapable of appreciating the meaning of honor or of good manners. Could the America which scrapped the gentlemen's agreement without so much as consulting the other party be the same America which went to war because Germany treated solemn compacts as so many scraps of paper? The incident nullified, for the most part, the happy effect of America's magnificent generosity to Japan's earthquake-stricken millions. Indeed, many a Japanese began to ask, as he is still asking: Is this generosity an expression

of genuine sympathy, or is it but another manifestation of the vulgar American idea that money can do anything and everything? In such questions one finds the explanation, perhaps, of what Ambassador Hanihara meant by the possible "grave consequences" of statutory exclusion. The pettifogging exploitation of this innocent phrase as a "threat of war" served to lower the Japanese estimation of American intelligence. The unfortunate Ambassador, taken to task alike by Americans and by his home Government, left Washington, like a gentleman, without explanation or apology. He was made the goat for an act for which he alone was not responsible.

But let bygones be bygones. It is more essential to consider what Japan will do about the immigration question. We have said that she regards it as a pending issue. True, she does not intend to press for its solution at this time, but she does not want the American Government and people to regard it as a closed incident. She is anxious that her relationship with America should be one of unalloyed friendliness, and she believes the revision of the exclusion clause essential to the re-establishment of that happy condition. In her endeavor to attain this end Japan will always be patient, but her patience should not be taken for acquiescence. She is confident that sooner or later opportunity will present itself for the readjustment of the situation. She is encouraged in this hope by the fact that the White House and the State Department objected in 1924 to statutory exclusion of the Japanese as unnecessary and unwise, and that so many American publicists and educators continue to regard it as a colossal blunder.

It is, of course, idle to presume, as some international prophets do, that Japan will go to war for the redress of the immigration grievance. One may rest assured that Japan will never fight America on the sole score of immigration. Our militarists and navalists, our "patriots" and jingoists would not talk so plainly—they might even declare that the sword is the only means to cut the Gordian knot; but deep down in their hearts even they know that the immigration question, especially as Japan understands it, is not one which can or must be settled by war. For the question, as we have seen, involves no serious material interest—certainly not a matter that affects Japan's national existence. She has iterated and reiterated her decision not to send immigrants where they are not welcome, and has voluntarily lived up to that decision. The question is essentially one of honor, and modern nations do not go to war where little or no material interest is involved. Only sheer madness can drive Japan to war against America when she knows that, whatever the outcome of such a conflict, she can never hope to send immigrants without restriction to these shores. Nothing short of downright seizure and permanent occupation of the Pacific slope would enable Japan to colonize that region to an extent to alleviate the population pressure at home. Not even the wildest of Japan's fire-eaters dream such a wild dream.

III

So much for the immigration question. The more important question is the possible conflict of American and Japanese interests in the Far East. Does America stand in the way of Japan's natural and inevitable economic expansion on the Asian continent? Does she wilfully and deliberately endeavor to checkmate every advance the Japanese may make in that direction? Here is a question which involves Japan's very existence—a question upon the answer to which hinges Japan's life or death. If the day ever comes when Japan is convinced that America is driving her to the wall she will not hesitate to cast the die, staking her all upon the outcome of an armed conflict. Nor are the Japanese entirely hopeless as to the issue of

such a war, for it will be purely a war of self-defense to be fought close to her home land. To Americans such statements may sound extravagant and fantastic, but the fear is genuine and general among the Japanese that America is pursuing a policy calculated to condemn them to suffocation and stagnation.

To appreciate this feeling we must take a glance at Japan's plight due to dearth of natural resources, over-population, declining food production, and exhaustion of arable land. The average density of population in Japan is 397 per square mile. Leave Hokkaido (North Island) out of consideration, and the density increases to 486. Compare this with corresponding figures for other congested countries. Belgium, with its 659 inhabitants to the square mile, heads the list. Holland, with 474 per square mile, and England, with 370, come next, followed by Italy's 316, Germany's 310, and France's 193. China, including her outlying territories, has only 70 people to the square mile. What China needs, in order to relieve congestion in certain sections, is a better system of transportation, coupled with a sound and honest government. Of this a convincing proof is Manchuria, into whose vast undeveloped agricultural regions hundreds of thousands of Chinese immigrate every year over the railroads built by the South Manchuria Railway Company, a Japanese concern. On the other hand, Japan's real difficulty cannot be judged from the density of population alone. We must remember that she has no colony where she may send her surplus population, or where she may find raw material for her growing industries. Neither Manchuria nor Korea offers a practical outlet for Japan's surplus population. In Manchuria the Japanese, like other aliens, are not permitted to settle, except in the insignificant railway zone and in the open marts. Korea, with 199 inhabitants to the square mile, precludes Japanese immigration, for close contact and consequent economic competition between a dominant and a "subject" race is certain to breed trouble. Remember also that the Japanese, by the united efforts of Western nations—America, Canada, Australia, and even Africa under "white" rule—are denied the common privilege of immigrating to any of the countries where the best opportunities await honest workers.

The topography of Japan is such that only a very small percentage of her land area is adapted to cultivation, and this small percentage has long since been exhausted. Some years ago the Japanese Government made an extensive investigation into the practicability of extending the area of farm land. The conclusion was that the country offered no new land which could be profitably cultivated. Japan's agricultural land amounts to 26 per cent of the total area as compared with England's 77 per cent, Italy's 75, France's 69, Germany's 64, and the United States' 46. Driven by necessity, the Japanese have cultivated their lands so intensively that even the most painstaking fertilizing process has been unable to stay the natural operation of the law of diminishing returns. Thus Japan's soil has long since ceased to yield enough food to feed her own population. The only salvation, perhaps, lies in the industrialization of the country and the extension of her trade abroad. But here again Japan faces a great difficulty in the lack of raw materials, especially three essentials of modern industry—iron, coal, and oil. She produces little or no coking coal, indispensable to the steel industry. Of oil she produces only forty or fifty per cent of what she consumes for industrial purposes. For iron and steel she relies almost entirely upon foreign supplies. Unless she finds unhindered access to the sources of such materials, her fate cannot but be stagnation, inanition, and ultimate decline.

Here is the explanation for Japan's impelling desire for economic expansion across the seas. To her it is a necessity far more urgent than, for instance, ex-

pansion in Mexico or in the Philippines is to the United States. The Americans, one may reasonably presume, could stay at home, if they would, without suffering discomfort, much less inanition; for their own natural resources and their home market are immense. The Japanese simply could not stay at home—they must go abroad to find food and clothing, coal and iron, oil and rubber, and what not. To America foreign expansion is a luxury; to Japan it is an absolute necessity. Does America understand and sympathize with this Japanese situation? Once in a while we hear American travelers returning from the Orient declare that Japan has a great deal of undeveloped lands—the millionaire's lamentation over the "wastefulness" of the work-a-day folk. Aside from such superficial observers, the Americans as a nation have little or no understanding of Japan's predicament. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, at the time of the Washington Conference, published the opinion that the Powers should agree to let Japan buy a part of Siberia, paying for it in bonds jointly guaranteed by them. "I am certain," he said, "that to help Japan get new and large areas on which to live would be far cheaper than to build warships with which to fight her." Only a man of vision can advance such a view. The average American lifts his hands in holy horror at the suggestion that Japan be permitted to buy a section of Manchuria or Siberia. He has forgotten the slogans of his sires: "Fifty-four forty or fight!" "The whole of Oregon or none!" "The reoccupation of Oregon and reannexation of Texas!"

Even Roosevelt's mild policy not to stand in Japan's way in Korea and Manchuria was not appreciated by his countrymen—not even by his immediate successor. "After I left office," he deplored, "a most mistaken and ill-advised policy was pursued towards Japan, combining irritation and inefficiency." Had Roosevelt been in the White House and exercised controlling influence over his party in 1916–19 the Chinese question, with Japan's interest therein, might have been handled somewhat differently from what was actually done at Washington. It was indeed the irony of fate that in 1917 the Democratic Administration should virtually adopt Roosevelt's Far Eastern policy by entering into what was known as the Ishii-Lansing understanding, which recognized Japan's special position in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, while the Republican Party had long before reversed that policy, and was instrumental in nullifying the Ishii-Lansing agreement and in dislodging the Japanese from Shantung. In the first year of the Taft Administration Secretary Knox abruptly proposed that the railways in Manchuria be internationalized, utterly disregarding Japan's position there secured after a sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives and a billion dollars in a war of self-defense against the northern colossus. Coincidentally, coteries of Americans launched one scheme or another calculated to undermine Japanese enterprise in the same region. In the years immediately following, rumors of Americans obtaining huge concessions in other sections of China were constantly heard, including a project to build for the Chinese Government a navy yard at Foochow (not far from the Japanese Island of Formosa) with certain privileges for the American concessionaire. These, far more than the anti-Japanese agitation in California or the exclusion of Japanese laborers, prejudiced Japan against America. When the Japanese in self-protection took the necessary steps to nip such schemes in the bud, a vitriolic propaganda was launched in America, accusing Japan of monopoly, aggression, and usurpation. In reply the Japanese charged America with dollar diplomacy and economic imperialism. It was a period of bitter recrimination.

IV

Not content with pursuing Japan on the other side of the water, America

hounded the Japanese, so it seemed, on this side also. This refers, not to the exclusion of the Japanese from America's own soil, but to America's apparent determination to keep them out of certain countries outside of her jurisdiction. It is obviously in deference to this American resolve (not to say in response to American guidance) that Panama has enacted an Oriental exclusion law. In recent years the idea of "Pan-American solidarity" against Asiatic peoples has been quietly fostered at Washington and subtly propagated in the Republics to the southward. If no resolution embodying this idea was presented to the last Pan-American Convention at Santiago, it was because a certain South American delegation or delegations dissented from it. It is indeed doubtful that Latin America, particularly "A. B. C.," will, in this respect, meekly follow American lead at the expense of the good will of the Orient, especially Japan. Meanwhile, the Japanese are subtly warned not to settle in Mexico or in the smaller countries farther south. If a Japanese syndicate, a purely private concern, tried to lease a tract of land for farming purposes on the other side of the Mexican border, pressure would immediately be brought to bear upon it to frustrate the project. If a party of Japanese fishermen attempted to set up a fishing village on the Pacific coast of Mexico it would be denounced as "a scheme to build a Japanese naval base" in violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

It was just such an innocent attempt which caused the late Senator Lodge to put through a Senate resolution declaring that the United States could not see without grave concern the acquisition of any harbor on the American continent by a foreign corporation "which has such relation to another government, not American, as to give that country practical control for military or naval purposes." The Monroe Doctrine, with its meaning thus stretched, can, and will block every Japanese economic enterprise of any importance on the two continents of America. All that the United States has to do to accomplish this end will be to announce, dogmatically and arbitrarily, that such and such Japanese concerns about to launch a business enterprise in Central or South America have secret relations with the Japanese Government. Americans seem to labor under a peculiar hallucination, linking every enterprise by private Japanese individuals or concerns with the Japanese Government. The other day I saw a Manila dispatch to the American press stating quite insinuatingly that on Mindanao Island a Japanese company "said to be closely associated with the Imperial Government" had been developing the hemp industry. This "semi-governmental" Japanese company is in all probability Mitsui or Mitsubishi, a world-famous business house which needs no governmental help for its enterprises. To us this "Japanese menace" in the Philippines is just another device to prolong indefinitely American rule in the islands.

To the Japanese the Monroe Doctrine is an eternal puzzle. If we are to believe American school books or Fourth-of-July orations, it is an altruistic, humanitarian doctrine, maintained solely in the interest of America's neighbors from Mexico to Argentina, who would be easily victimized by cunning Orientals or wily Europeans if she didn't look after them. Few on the other side of the ocean will accept such a theory. For while the Monroe Doctrine brooks no idea of the Japanese building railroads, operating mines, or even developing agricultural land in Mexico or Nicaragua or Panama, it has no qualm in advocating American enterprises in Korea or Manchuria, in Siberia or China. We have already had a glimpse of what America attempted to do in Manchuria and in other parts of China. But we need not go so far back, for we have close at hand a problem more aptly illustrating the one-sided, or, to use the Chinese diplomat's favorite expression, "unilateral" nature of the Monroe Doctrine. This refers to the

American-Japanese-Chinese controversy over radio enterprise in China—a dispute which has been pending for five years. In 1918 a Japanese firm, Mitsui & Company, signed a contract with the Chinese Government to erect a five-hundred kilowatt radio station at Peking for foreign communication. It obligated China for thirty years to allow no other party to erect a similar station. This precaution was taken to ensure the projected station against the loss certain to result from free competition. In view of China's undeveloped business condition, one high-power station was deemed sufficient for foreign communication, at least for some years to come. Even the United States has but one such station on the Pacific coast.

When work on the Peking station was well under way, that is, in 1921, the Federal Telegraph Company of California secured from the Chinese Government a contract to build five radio stations, one of which, to be located at Shanghai, was to be twice as powerful as the Peking plant. This naturally brought forth Japanese protest. The British and French firms, which had obtained certain concessions for radio communication in China, also objected to the American project. In 1923 the Federal Telegraph Company, presumably for financial reasons, transferred its China concession to the Radio Corporation of America. There is reason to believe that if the Radio Corporation were free to talk over the matter with Mitsui the question could be solved without difficulty. For the Japanese firm has long since signified its intention to accept a plan suggested by the Japanese Government in the interest of international harmony. Inasmuch as the Peking station, completed more than a year ago, stood repeated tests for overseas communication, this suggested plan would make that the main station, erecting additional stations only as necessity arose. The Peking plant, moreover, would be turned over to China and would be operated by the Chinese authorities (instead of by Mitsui as originally contemplated) under the necessary supervision of an international board in which the Chinese Government and all the foreign firms having radio concessions in China would be duly represented. In short, the plan would substitute international co-operation for cut-throat competition.

As a matter of fact, Japan is not the originator of this idea: Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation, at the Washington Conference, urged much the same idea upon the American delegation. We may, therefore, reasonably presume that Mitsui and the Radio Corporation could easily settle the matter if the latter were only allowed a free hand. As for China, she is willing to accept the Japanese plan if the American Government would let her. But the Government at Washington, acting presumably upon the belief that America should secure an American-controlled means of communication to China, rejected Mr. Young's suggestion at the Washington Conference and has been objecting to the Japanese plan.

Of course, it does not argue its case in such naked words. It finds in the open door an argument plausible and euphonious. The question, then, is whether the Mitsui contract encroaches upon the open-door principle. To begin with, the award was made as a result of open competition. In the second place, the Washington treaty of 1922, upholding the open door in China, provides an exception to the general principle where monopoly is deemed "necessary to the conduct of a particular commercial, industrial or financial undertaking." The International Conference on Electrical Communication held at Washington in 1920 also justified monopoly in cable or radio communication "where the probable traffic would not be sufficient to yield a fair return upon the capital invested in more than one system for the operation of the service in question."

But the Japanese, especially the aver-

age Japanese, does not invoke such technical arguments. Rather he would say to America: If you want the doors of Asia open, open your own doors and the doors of your neighbors who no longer recognize you as their guardian! Put yourself in Japan's position and you will understand the Japanese feeling. Suppose a Japanese firm obtained a concession to erect a high-power radio station in Mexico or Panama. What a hue and cry there would be in Congress and in the American press! Can you not see why some Japanese think the Monroe Doctrine a dog-in-the-manger scheme, and the open-door principle a tool of aggression?

V

It is, of course, idle to presume that a single case like this radio controversy will jeopardize Japan's friendship with America. Japan hopes and trusts that this particular dispute will eventually be settled amicably. The danger lies in the indefinite multiplication of similar cases. Is there any assurance that American policy will undergo a material change in the conceivable future? As the Japanese sees it, indications are not lacking that the United States, conscious of her growing political influence and her unlimited financial and economic resources, will push her interest in the Orient with greater vigor. Japan knows it futile to oppose this inevitable onslaught, and would rather co-operate with America for the economic development of the East, if only fair and reasonable basis could be found. She flatters herself that, owing to geographical proximity, cultural similarity, and linguistic and other advantages, she has greater facilities than the Americans in understanding China and in conducting business with the Chinese. She believes, therefore, that team work between Americans and Japanese in the Chinese field would be mutually beneficial—certainly far more desirable than irritating and ruinous rivalry. Even in Manchuria the Japanese are no longer so sensitive about introducing American capital as they were ten or fifteen years ago.

What is more important, Japan's Chinese policy has in the last four or five years been increasingly liberal, with the result that China's feeling toward her has become decidedly friendly. Japan was the first to carry out the provisions of the Washington agreements. At the international tariff conference at Peking she was the first to propose tariff autonomy for China. She has co-operated with China at the opium conference, and has consistently urged the reseating of China at the Council table of the League of Nations. These and other friendly acts have found a favorable reaction. For the first time in China's history Japanese exports to her territory have exceeded those of Great Britain. Even in the present maelstrom of anti-foreign agitation in China, Japanese shipping and Japanese trade suffered little. By co-operating with Japan, then, America need no longer prejudice the Chinese friendship she has so long enjoyed.

And yet it is quite possible that the United States, confident of her ability to outstrip all her rivals by sheer force of unrivaled resources, would play a lone hand. America is powerful. She can defy the whole world if she will. She is in a position to build the mightiest armada ever afloat. She is prepared, should the necessity arise, to organize and train the greatest army that has ever taken the field. America, in short, has become the mistress of the world. Is she awake to the moral responsibility—the duty of *noblesse oblige*—which must accompany such a unique position of power and influence? Japan looks to America, not for charity, but for the fair play and the just co-operation which, after all, are the securest foundations of international friendship. Grateful she will always be for all the princely generosity America has extended to her, but she would rather forego the privilege of accepting it if it were offered in place of justice and equity.

PARENTS AND DAUGHTERS

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT ON THE AMERICAN FAMILY

BY HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN

President of Vassar College

THE family, as an institution, needs overhauling and repair, or it may break down completely. The club and the car, the camp and the convention, the "crowds" and the "circles"—these and other devices of an overmechanized society are rivals of the older unit for popular favor. The mere problem of time crowds out the family from the schedule of city dwellers. The thoughts of differing ages are never easy to adjust. But when to these difficulties are added standards and habits bred in isolation, and then brought into sharp conflict in the family circle, with rebellious youth on one side and unreasoned domination on the other, it can hardly be wondered at if to the onlooker it is the family that seems the artificial unit of association rather than the newer groups formed out of community of aim.

I am not a pessimist. Twenty years of teaching at Yale and Vassar have given me a view of one phase of American life in which there is much to recall of fineness and understanding in meeting this situation. I believe that most of the families whose life I have been privileged to share, more or less, have sensed the need of readjustment to meet the changed conditions. I have had daily contact with homes that yield in no slightest degree to those of a simpler age in any essential of happiness and power.

Therefore, I wonder why such happiness and power are not achieved by more family groups. Can an educator risk a charge of impertinence, and suggest in so personal a matter as the organization and control of the family the possibility of inadequate training? Dare he select from his experiences some cases for study, in the hope that light may be thrown on the problems of others? Can we use a case system and, without transgressing the code of the sociologist or violating personal confidence, make clear some of the readjustments needed in family life, especially in that limited group with grown children of college age? Such is the aim of this article, though it may seem to lead where angels fear to tread.

The field of observation is, then, the American family, viewed from the American college, and more particularly the women's college; though six years of teaching at Yale gives some basis for a guess that, *mutatis mutandis*, our questions would not be much changed by including the men's college as well. But without it our field includes a quarter-million families, and a generalization about it, if we could only find it, ought to be of some consequence to our commonwealth.

At the outset of our clinic for parents, we must admit the possibility of turning the tables and putting, not the family, but the college, under scalpel and glass-slide. Such a process would be helpful, and I for one should welcome it. A really penetrating study of what college does to the family would be useful, and a respite from such articles as those of most unhappy memory about "the reds in our colleges," which even the signa-

ture of a great name did not render truthful or wise.

Certainly the college must affect the family along with other institutions. A half-million youths living in close association for four most formative years will come to conclusions of some import. Parents should be forewarned about this; but, in our easy-going way of taking chances, they often think their own children will escape the consequences of thought. The catastrophe occurs, and they blame the college.

A letter from my office, not so long ago, calling attention to a need of increased endowment, drew from an incensed parent the pious hope that in five years' time not one stone at Vassar should be left standing on another. The daughter in this case had adopted some ideas not previously held in the family circle and had even gone so far as to marry a resident of another state. The family was shattered, and the college was to blame.

A clergyman's daughter made the astounding discovery, through the channel of a professor's voluntary Bible class, that members of other denominations than her own laid claim to a way of salvation. This struck her as reasonable, and she so informed her family. She was ordered to leave college. She refused. The college, it appeared, must assume full responsibility for the broken faith never to be restored.

II

Now, I will admit that education is a risk. I sometimes think it is our love of risk that makes education so popular with us. College education is hazardous, and in areas where state governors do not control university policy, where evolution is on the open shelf and freedom of speech does not bring instant dismissal, the dangers of exposure to thought are terrible. I should be glad to know what can be done about it, beyond the remedies already suggested by security leagues.

Granting, then, that colleges are vulnerable, from the standpoint of the family; granting farther, that the college makes serious mistakes of judgment in dealing with individual cases, it still remains a fair presumption that the college provides a point from which the family can be studied, in the light of all the contacts afforded. The essential interests of both institutions are closely allied; they should see with friendly eyes. And in all friendliness I submit the following evidence.

A student the other day was explaining just how something had happened. Every third sentence contained a parrot-phrase, "I am, you see, an only child." This precious thought seemed to wipe off any stray evidence of error that self-will had not already justified and excused.

A mother left her daughter in our care with every appearance of real suffering and deprivation. "Now that she is gone from the home there is nothing I have left to live for. My life was wrapped up in hers, and all is gone." Later I learned that the daughter, accepting the mother's view, looked on college as a cause of family tragedy. There was something selfish about it, and joy in it was a thing to be concealed from the victim of fate at home.

Not many days since a young graduate, back at a week-end of reunion, told me proudly that that day for the first time she had been allowed to cross New York City alone. She was then twenty-two years old. To her the event was emancipation, granted by the family not without grave misgivings.

There are still innumerable cases of college students not trusted with their own allowance, nor allowed to earn a part of it. It is the best part of the Antioch plan of college that this deferring of independence is abolished by compulsion. Work compels self-reliance which can unfortunately be covered over at college by parental protection.

A mother lamented the reflection on the family credit brought about by a

daughter's failure in studies. "What have I done that this should happen to me?" she cried. "I have done everything for my child. I never even let her pack her own trunk when she left home. And this is how she rewards me." It did not occur to her that such home training was scarcely in line with a college course in chemistry, where success depends on self-reliant experiment.

To what do these cases point? Is it not probable that modern society has unduly prolonged the age of family protection? Let us see what has happened. During the last century the early marriage, the independent young couple, the large family have almost disappeared. In college groups, at least, schooling is prolonged, marriage is postponed and is carried on inherited capital, loaned or given, and small families are the rule. The result must be a prolongation of the period of dependence, primarily economic but also intellectual.

Meanwhile the school has gone ahead in the opposite direction. In place of the memorized recitation, pupils are trained in self-reliant thought. Improved efficiency in teaching has raised both quantity and quality of education. Increased access to knowledge has meant a wider grasp on situations. Thus, a group of more self-reliant persons are confronted, as we have seen, with circumstances compelling more dependence.

This situation is aggravated when an attempt is made to fit in the codes of American social life with education. A week-end at home, as President Neilson has truly said, often means physical wreck for a student. She leaves a comparatively well-ordered and regular time-schedule, to exchange it for one of utter disorder and irregularity. She is plunged into a round of restless activity not all self-sought, by any means. I hope to escape a charge of malice when I say that any college that tried to live on the time-schedule of many American homes would be deserted in a week. For the failure to respect an appointment, for thoughtless violation of hours reserved for the convenience of all, which are besetting faults of American students, the family must bear some blame. Above all, for that utter inability to conserve time, characteristic of college students at entrance, the family schedule is responsible, in part at least.

It is unfortunately true that college for women, as for men, is a social passport. Yet even their misuse of its purpose does not satisfy many socially ambitious families. In defiance of all good sense, families persist in "bringing out" their daughters in the old-fashioned way, in the midst of college studies. I have seen it done at the cost of health. Parents often actively connive at breaking academic rules to gain a merely social end, with inevitable results in the children's attitude to social standards. Last year a mother removed her daughter from Vassar because, having failed in certain academic subjects, she had lost the privilege of several days of absence at a famous university prom. I am not contending that a diploma is more valuable than a dance; but I deplore the waste of time and money spent in arriving at the evaluation, a waste the more painful to me since, in making a place for this student, two other worthy applicants had been rejected.

A young woman who had begun to make a name for herself as an excellent research worker returned to her home to devote herself to her mother, in the absence of other children from the home. She was a quiet and essentially home-loving person, and had willingly postponed professional advancement in gratitude for what the parents had given her. She found, however, that her return meant simply a new attack on the social ladder. She was intrigued into a complex schedule in which the home had no place. At twenty-three she was to the family a debutante, a spoke in the wheel. She was asked to give up a useful, busy life for one of crowded leisure—save the mark! It was too much to ask, and the separation this time was permanent.

Again and again when a tragedy comes

upon a family, it is the daughter whose college days are given up, to keep the family together, while the son keeps his own course. This is almost inevitable in the light of the crisis in the family relations. But it is strange for what trivial purposes the same sacrifice is often asked: for companionship on a cruise, for help in starting a new house, or to substitute for absentee parents as guardians of younger children. In all these cases is it not evident that the individual is subordinated to the group without sufficient cause?

III

This disregard of the younger generation leads to serious consequences at times. I was asked once to intervene in the case of a student who had just completed plans to join the army of those who disappear—an army of appalling size, happily seldom recruited from college. This student, I found, had been promised that if she would give one year to college she should have "a year in Europe," then her crowning ambition. During the spring she had brought up the promise by letter, only to be told there was time enough for that when she should graduate. Betrayed at home, she had planned flight from those who thought a promise to her not a promise. The case was adjusted by my telling her the college was not a prison, and the doors were unguarded, but I would ask whether she thought one broken word justified another. As the whole case rested on the seriousness of the offence, she saw the point, and stayed out the year.

A word given to children should be more sacred than any other. I cannot believe that son's or daughter's broken faith never had precedent.

A young alumna recently introduced her fiancé. "When are you to be married?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know: Friday or Saturday, I guess; some time at the end of the week. We'll just run down to City Hall." "Do the family know?" "They're off abroad somewhere." This case is cited not for censure, but as illustrative of cause and effect. The unconventional ways of the young people of to-day result from a home life lacking in continuity. To maintain the home as a center of life-interests, consolidating and strengthening personal relations of all its members, may be too great a sacrifice to ask of present-day parents. I do not know.

In many a home of the nineties, that period so generously decried, Sunday evening was set apart. The supper was the family's own meal, prepared by children for parents. Lights were not struck after it, and for a couple of hours around the fire the whole family group shared thought and hope together, banishing by common consent all reference to things and duties outside. It was a piecing together time of family ways in need of repair like the clothes in mother's darning basket. What have our enlightened ones got to substitute for it, now that it is as obsolete as the Cotter's Saturday night?

Parents will say that it is not their fault. But man's lordship of the Sabbath was not proclaimed, surely, in order that it should be surrendered to the conference, the country club, or the motor trip.

But the family broken up only by exigencies of time and occasion is fortunate in this age. The home divided by divorce is in this respect a little better than the home divided by hatred of parents for each other. There is a frankness in making public the breach of vows. But from the teacher's point of view both are deplorable, and deplorably common. In my twenty years of teaching, cases involving breach of social and academic law, cases of emotional instability have come so often from the divided home as to lead me to make this a primary inquiry in dealing with a student. Some time ago a student was on trial for acts involving expulsion until the father and mother appeared at the college. Then a student officer came to

me and said, "She ought to be expelled, but I don't see how we can sentence her to that home situation."

The notion that pretences can be maintained before children's eyes, that the difference between wife and husband is purely private and personal cannot be sustained in the light of the teacher's experience. If facts are to be judged in the light of their consequences, the individualistic solution of marriage will not stand.

A student was to be withdrawn from college. The mother stayed at one hotel, the father at another. One conferred with me at ten o'clock, the other at eleven. Their proposals were diametrically opposite. Yet they both imagined their situation to be unknown not only to the world, but to their child. In fact, I believe it was responsible for the college failure.

These cases may all be referred, it seems to me, to a general misunderstanding as to the nature of the relations of a child to the home. Essentially, they bear witness to a theory that the child is somehow the property of the family, absorbed in it, and constantly subordinated either to its aims, or those of one or other parent. The child may be thought of as forever a child. "This is my baby," the proud mother will introduce her glowering and embarrassed offspring of eighteen. There is no effort in these cases on the part of the parents to adjust themselves to a growing personality. The family relation is static; and, as the law of life is the law of growth, the parental relation atrophies.

Let us state the principle involved in positive form. Children from birth are individuals, growing, separate personalities, involved in every relation of the family, but yet independently at work upon their own sensations and reactions. They must be loved and trusted, studied and learned, for their own sake and for their own ends. Children are not ends in themselves only; we see in them ideals fulfilling and to be fulfilled, the race strengthened and cherished. Most of all, we see in the child the promise of the man or woman to come; we shall recognize at maturity the companion, not the subordinate. We parents must put more of reason, if no less of affection, into our relations with children.

The minister's daughter who isn't quite honest; the professor's daughter who does not know how to study; the physician's daughter suffering from malnutrition; the surgeon whose child was tongue-tied—these are commonplaces on the campus. Just because one's profession is outside the home, one fails to bring it to bear upon its members. And here I must cry "Peccavi," for I am in receipt of a letter from my own eldest daughter, now at school, in which she says, "You see, I don't really know you very well, and it's easier to write than to talk." Confession is good for the soul; and the teacher has his touch of nature.

IV

The neglect which is due to ignorance is no more common, however, than the over-estimation which results from egoistic exaggeration. Tamburlaine's prophecy is the wish of every ambitious man for his children:

> "My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
> Shall still retain my spirit, though I die."

It is often impossible for father or mother to believe that the same spirit is not so retained. They forget how much of that will-power has been generated by the opposition of circumstances overcome, a privilege they have themselves denied their children.

Sometimes this parental projection of personal ambition overtaxes a physical frame. The persistent efforts of parents to send children to college who are physically unfit for the work have resulted in a requirement of a physician's certificate of fitness for admission, and in the formation of a committee on health, with power to dismiss any student who fails to maintain a minimum standard. Before those precautions were taken a student had been kept at college by her

ambitious father, in the face of her own opposition, and of her own obviously failing vitality. Life at the college may not have hastened her breakdown, but certainly happiness could not be found in realizing how great the handicap of physical weakness was.

More frequently parents overestimate their children's mental powers, even when they are unusual. The tests of intelligence, shown in alertness of response, now used as aids to admission by many colleges, are still resented by parents who refuse to accept classification of their offspring. A brilliant graduate refuses to believe that his daughter has not inherited his love of books and ability to master them. The child will be pushed on through a semester or two of failure, and when the dismissal comes there is an explosion of wrath against college standards. The results are lasting both in parental resentment and in emotional reactions in the young. A feeling of inferiority may have been permanently driven home by the experience. I have seen the tragedy of a dull elder daughter mar the chance of a brilliant younger sister purely on account of such a view.

Sometimes the over-prizing of one's own is by the social standard. The dull child is a misfortune, the ugly duckling is a tragedy in the swan's home. College fraternities are filled with unpopular sons of popular fathers, foisted on unwilling groups by alumnal influence. The tragedy is more individual in women's colleges, where sororities are not so strong in social control. The same harm is done, however, whenever the ambitious mother tries to force her daughter into a mold for which temperament unfits her.

This has occasionally a ludicrous side. A few months ago a college physician was asked to treat a student who had fainted after very light exercise. Inquiry showed that the girl had been reducing her weight unduly. Remonstrance brought out the tearful confession, "Mother says if I don't reduce eighteen pounds by Easter I can't come back to college." When the mother came to college, in response to the warning that she was risking another's health by such action, she replied that she as a girl had been famous for her slender form, that she had retained her youthful figure by every sacrifice, and that she could not bear a lump of a daughter plodding beside her through life. She preferred her child to risk anæmia rather than the certainty of "too, too solid flesh."

The problem of the only child, to which reference has already been made, is pertinent here. Ambition is concentrated on the one ewe lamb, and if there is failure or disappointment, often of the slightest type, the love may turn to loathing. Parents nearly always fail to blame themselves for what has occurred. The lengths to which their disappointment will drive them are difficult of credence. A minister of my acquaintance, whose daughter was expelled from college, compelled her on her return home to rise in the congregation and confess her fault to the whole community. I know of instances of disinheritance merely for the holding of private opinions different from family tradition.

Prejudice against professional work is still found in families who yet send daughters to college. In my judgment no father should send his daughter to college who is not willing to face a prospect of her entrance into legal or medical practice. Teaching, nursing, and other professions more or less pre-empted by women are seldom objected to, but law and politics are stumbling blocks that have caused more than a few estrangements.

Akin to the "only child" obsession is the sacrifice of the first-born. It often seems as though parents had exhausted their disciplinary powers upon the eldest child, letting the others bring themselves up. The result is an eldest child, self-depreciating, timid, and silent, quite certain that an independent judgment is sure to be wrong. Such students are much more difficult to develop than is the

"spoiled youngest" to divert into useful activity.

The effects of such maladjustments in the family are the closing of free access to inner thought and feeling and the development of an emotional strain often beyond the power of young people to control. I have been present at interviews between mother and daughter where under the most perfect code of courtesy one felt the clash of steel. In one case a young woman jumped up and rushed from the room, unwilling to concede the loss in self-control which contact with her mother nearly always produced.

V

Such cases verge upon the psychoneurotic, and it is not the intention of the writer to trespass on this field, about which too much has already been written by amateurs. The psychiatrist alone can be trusted here. He is already well aware that parental repression is a most frequent violation of mental hygiene. The nursery school with its resultant training classes for parents is a direct outcome of psychiatry. But the need for such training of parents does not cease with the infancy of children. It may be true, as we are so often told, that a child's character is formed, for good or ill, by five years of age; but there is something to be done at eighteen and twenty-one, if this deponent may be credited.

The writer looks forward, indeed, to the time when mental hygiene shall be the most popular course in men's and women's colleges alike; and when the elements of social ethics shall be grounded, as they should be, on the strong basis of physiology and psychology. Shakespeare with all his myth and tradition has taught us sounder social history in "King Lear" than any Cambridge encyclopædia of fact. Wars result from wrong relations between individuals.

One curious result of late marriage is that parents put more than an average generation between themselves and their children. In these days of shifting codes, speech, and behavior this leads to the attitude, "What are we coming to?" An embarrassment results from this disparity of ages. Often, in surrender to this gap between the groups, parents give up any attempt to control social life. Yet it ought not to be difficult to keep the home abreast even of these times. The home has every advantage but novelty over any rival; and that it can supply.

"Family" stands to young people today for name, position, permanency of status. The throng at college makes for anonymity, group standing, adaptation. The American nickname is a reversion to barbarism, so far as family is concerned. Parents may follow the fashion and clap family names on their girls; the crowd will give Beauchamp the accolade of "Bugs." The shyness of young people is what leads them to prefer anonymity to family name and standing. If "family" could somehow connote more individual quality and less obligation to a name, its problems would be solved.

Most unwilling of all readjustments that parents must learn to make is the recognition of the atypical. I have seen again and again the attribution of moral delinquency to a mere physical variation. The tomboy and the softy meet scant favor from womanly mother and manly father. Such instances create bitterness sharper than the serpent's tooth of ingratitude. The effect is, usually, to intensify the abnormal element. No appeal is made so often to teachers as this, to correct what is frequently physiological at base and, therefore, not readily subject to change, except from maturity.

In former days this group was more numerous, especially in women's colleges; and early caricatures affected the mannish mode. That has gone now. The college woman is as near the norm of the American womanhood of similar economic, social, and racial condition as can be imagined, given some selection on the basis of mentality. The college man, thanks to competitive athletics, has

overstressed the masculine attributes, and concealed the fact that within his group are many less virile types. These, as Wyndham Lewis and André Gide point out, are more numerous than is suspected, probably more so in Europe than in America. Even in stereotyped America, however, the atypical in sensitiveness is not rare. It would be better for parents to ignore such problems altogether than to approach them merely from the moral side, as is so often the case. Science is only beginning to reveal personality, but already we are sure that emotions impel from sources deeper down than any current code.

To learn with one's children the lesson of starting life honestly, with the powers, capacities, tendencies which one has, seems to me the primary law of parenthood. A father came once to protest against his daughter's dismissal for failure in study. "You don't know her as I do," he said, in the language of salesmanship. "Let me sell her to you." And he tried, and tried well. But his daughter knew herself better than he did. "The teachers tell me I've taken it like a sport," she told him. "Now be a sport, and help me." The father obeyed the daughter's plea; the two tackled together the task of restudying her powers; and to-day this young student is triumphantly carrying by sheer grit one of the most difficult professional courses in the country. An unpromising mental equipment had been fully capitalized by a re-appraisal of all the facts.

On the other hand, parents frequently know helpful facts quite hidden from college authority. No lesson of school is more valuable than that of co-operation. Colleges are often expected to be omniscient. They are criticized for not acting on facts which sometimes are known only to parents. If fathers and mothers were more frank with their ounce of prevention, the pounds of cure would sometimes be less costly.

Yet, for a' that an' a' that, the family is an institution of extraordinary vitality. It has survived migrations, frontier conditions, industrial conditions, city life, poverty and prosperity, tyranny and freedom, communism and slavery. It will survive its present problems if only its heads recognize the need of adaptation to the new conditions.

This can be accomplished only when father and mother have heartily lived over again with their children the life of the new generation. And this is a hard thing to do when life, one's own life, is so very interesting and absorbing.

We live at a high nervous tension, we Americans; our hearts and nerves are not what they should be. We need the family as a haven of rest and emotional recuperation, not a place of divided interest and enforced obligation. Old and young need to maintain common thought and action, to talk the same language, to love with equal intensity the experience of beauty and of knowledge, to know one another. Older folks need to stay young, to play more and better, to enjoy more simply and intensely, to retain, in a word, the ways of youth. Young folks need to reflect, to analyze, to form strong purposes, and to prosecute them steadily. Any form of education that perpetuates or increases the present lines of cleavage in society must be modified to permit of retaining these ideals. The family must be taken into the school system.

I would pay tribute here to the hundreds of parents I have known who have recognized these principles and have illustrated them in their living. They neither minimize nor magnify their children's qualities. They think successful children more important than a successful business, and they do not expect such success to be mere imitation of themselves. They learn life with and from their children. From their friendship and that of their loyal sons and daughters I have learned the vital part that father and mother must play in building the self-reliant, self-controlled, creative personality in son and daughter which is the aim of all education.

SHADES OF GEORGE SAND!

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

IT was one of those April mornings when the sun lacquers yesterday's rain puddles with gold, and the meadow larks melodiously promise a month of blue weather with violets to match it. But all this fruitful fuss did not warm one apathetic drop of Matilda Gessler's young blood nor soften one scornful angle of her averted face.

Matilda was weighing sugar in her father's dingy little grocery in Crittenden, South Dakota, when she should have been dozing under ancestral lace in a château somewhere in France. If Mathilde Lantier, her paternal grandmother, hadn't lived with such unwise intensity that one moonlit hour in a certain French garden, and if old Franz Gessler hadn't been so conveniently eager to shoulder the consequences, and if . . . but then Matilda knew nothing of all this. But she knew enough. She knew what her mother's Methodist God had done to her. He had created her under a morally tight roof in Crittenden for the good of her soul when every Latin molecule of her belonged in one of those sophisticated centers of the earth where it's dinner in low-cut brocade at eight and philosophy before kissing.

And so Matilda, weighing sugar, sniffed at the plucky April trying to make a bright island on the muddy floor. What was the use of looking like a bayadere when it meant breaking her lithe back over flour bags, the contents of which were destined to nourish the grace of girls less graceful than she? She was doomed to make beans into bundles that others might be strengthened for flight. Only last week Hazel Amberton, the thick-ankled daughter of the jeweler, packed her gauzy traps and went forth to conquer Minneapolis.

Matilda shrugged her shoulders. It was a gesture inherited from Mathilde Lantier and worthy of Ninon de Lenclos herself, but there was no one to appreciate it except three tobacco-sodden farmers who tramped out, leaving her to resume her futile musing.

If ancestors would only stay where they belonged and live their lives in straight lines and leave the tangents to those who deserved them! Well, no good rebelling against anything as irrevocable as your grandmother's mistakes, your father's failures, or your mother's God. That left one thing to rebel against . . . the store.

The store was a place of odorous chiaroscuro. Smells fairly nudged one another and often knocked one another down. There was the fetidness of stale codfish, the acrid pungency of freshly ground coffee, the penetrating foulness of rancid butter, and the sickening tropical odor of decaying bananas. It wasn't worth looking at either . . . rows of tins whose faded labels betrayed the probable age of the victuals within; jars of moribund prunes and molasses-colored horehound drops, counters piled with coarse denim garments leaking threads, bolts of grotesquely sprigged calico. Even the dusty jumble of decorated china on the top shelf didn't look destined for anything but cooling

pork fat. And, if all this wasn't enough, they had to live over it. Four of them lived up there in the huddled stuffiness of a half-dozen rooms . . . horrible, uneasy rooms tenanted by lumpy pieces of golden-oak furniture whose sharp corners and glittering hostile surfaces constantly threatened one with eviction.

But there was one member of the family before whom the whole domineering conglomeration was powerless. That was Minnie Gessler, Matilda's fat unimaginative mother. Every rocker dreaded her relentless dimensions. There was but one place where she looked properly engulfed and that was under the steepled bulk of the red-brick church around the corner. She waddled there regularly. Matilda often puzzled over her mother's voluptuous devotion to something that couldn't be poked or eaten or wasn't her son Fred.

Matilda sighed resentfully when she thought of her brother. The dispatch with which he made his dreams come true was nothing short of indecent. He rarely came near the store except to eat and sleep over it. He made quick successful love to the dimpled daughters of the Crittenden gentry and bragged about it afterward in Lemke's Pool Room. He never kissed the mother who adored him, but he wheedled a Ford car out of her and went tearing up and down the long yellow road between Crittenden and a half-dozen towns, seeking other lips to conquer and getting them. Now Matilda dutifully kissed her mother every night but it had got her nothing. Minnie Gessler hadn't even allowed her daughter to have a French name in peace. It was 'Tilda she grumbled at and not Mathilde.

Matilda's father was shy and the only German thing about him was his name. There was a foreign gleam in his hazel eyes and the hair that fimbriated his bald head was black. He had not inherited Mathilde Lantier's fire—that fire which had made the submitting required of her a thing almost as prismatic as the unrealizable dreams of other people. But he hated the store. Matilda was the only one who suspected this and she knew it from the gingerly manner in which he handled grubby potatoes and the delicate way he turned up his nose over a slab of ancient cheese. Once Matilda caught him trying to carve the head of a Greek goddess out of a bar of American Family Soap, and after that she had a dim kind of respect for the thin man who shuffled uncomplainingly about the murky store at all hours.

This, then, was Matilda's family. It was no worse than the usual run of families, but Matilda thought she was uniquely cursed. The trouble was that Matilda's frustrations blinded her to everything but her own point of view. If only her French blood were given an opportunity to riot uncensored! But no opportunity had materialized . . . that is none which iridescently mattered. To be sure, she had taken a degree from the little sectarian college on the edge of Crittenden, but that experience had only enabled her to rebel against fate in terms of bad poetry.

Matilda deserted her sugar and went over and stood in the doorway. She glanced up and down the clapboarded vista of Main Street. Dora Todd, the blue-and-gold daughter of the banker, clicked by on her new red heels. Envious tears smarted Matilda's eyelids. She did not envy Dora because the wind tossed her curls flaxenly nor did she covet eyes made of azure china, but those heels were another matter. They typified Dora's power to dress herself up. Matilda adored her own dark obliqueness and she would have liked to keep it in the style to which it deserved to be accustomed. Those heels now—they might have been those of her ancestress, young Mathilde Lantier, setting Paris boulevards to music! Matilda shook herself impatiently. Why couldn't her grandmother stay out of it? She even appropriated the heels of that silly cream-colored girl who didn't know Balzac from buttons! And that wasn't

the worst of it. Pretty soon that other woman would take command of her resentment—that irritatingly brilliant woman who had flooded the world with printed proofs that she had lived the fullest life of her generation and who had given Mathilde Lantier such vivid advice one afternoon in her drawing-room at Nohant. Sometimes Matilda wished that her grandmother had kept that memory to herself, for the bright taint of it simmered through her blood like some high and mighty poison.

This was what had happened.

It was the summer Matilda was twelve. Mathilde Lantier Gessler had come to Crittenden from Baltimore to see her son once more before she died. Grandmother Gessler was tall and every inch of her was swarthy. Her eyes were as black as bottomless water and as imperishable as diamonds. There was a tuft of hair on her jutting chin, and it was proudly apparent that her lips had curved once. She came and stayed three days. Before she left she took Matilda aside.

"*Ma petite*," she whispered harshly, "I am content that it is the *père* you resemble and not that fat *other*."

"Why?" asked Matilda, perversely delighted at this allusion to her mother's size.

"Because, *ma cherie*, it is the dark and slender ones of the earth that know how to suffer and yet keep their joy."

"Oh, grandma," exclaimed the child, "you are happy then!"

"Of course," the old woman assured her gallantly, "and a great number of tears I might have shed and did not. I laughed sixteen hours out of the twenty-four and smiled in my sleep the other eight. The dreams I had under the crimson canopy of that ancient bed across the sea! But that was before it was decided that I marry Franz Gessler, the merchant, and make an end in Baltimore."

"Merchant?" queried Matilda. "Is that why papa keeps a store?"

Mathilde shrugged her aristocratic old shoulders.

"God punished us. I was young and dark and it made trouble. Franz Gessler was fat and yellow and he dropped dead of it."

"Is that why we are so poor and the store smells so awful?"

And then it had seemed to Matilda that her grandmother peered down at her for the first time. "Ah, yes," she sighed, stroking the braided silk of her granddaughter's hair, "Ah, yes!"

"Tell me more," begged Matilda. "Tell me everything."

But the old woman had suddenly grown stubborn or weary. She sat there and kept quiet about the walled gardens in which she had strolled; the suitors she had tormented over sundials; the mistake she made that night the moon shone with such Hellenic tenderness; the tearful morning they packed her into the eager arms of the old German merchant and hurried them both off to Baltimore. But she did rouse from her romantic napping long enough to say:

"*Ma petite fille*, there was a thing or two I had from a woman who knew how to love beyond bounds and suffer with triumph. One summer afternoon I saw her at Nohant. There were books on the floor, an unfinished letter to Flaubert on the writing table, and Dumas sitting in a corner. She deserted everything to talk to me. Her eyes were wisdom, her hands were comforting, and her smile contagious. I left, but before that she gave me these," and the old woman drew up a yellowed package from the capacious pocket of her gown.

"They are for you." And she smiled a wise and curious smile.

The package contained a picture and a book, and very old they both looked.

"The original," explained the grandmother holding up the picture, "was painted by Delacroix."

"It's a man," observed the child ruefully, taking in the long aquiline face

framed by short thick hair above a tightly buttoned waistcoat.

Mathilde Lantier snorted. "You have only to observe how the mouth is of a sympathy and the bosom of a tenderness to know!"

"Oh," said Matilda, "excuse me!"

"And this," continued the woman, "is just one of the so many books she wrote. Ah, *ce roman dépeint une existence malheureuse d'artiste!*"

"C-o-n-s-u-e-l-o," spelled Matilda bending over the tattered cover.

"*C'est ça, ma cherie.*"

"You talk funny, Grandma."

The grandmother pointed to a line of faded script on the fly-leaf. A long bony finger caressed each word as the foreign staccato of it sharpened the air like thin music: "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

There was a silence in which the stately reveries and tingling regrets of an old coquette mingled with the timid wonder of a child.

"She said truly," sighed the withered woman at last, "too truly for peace."

"Peace?" asked the little girl, "and what is that, Grandma?"

"A thing a woman longs for but does not want, *ma petite fille.*"

Mathilde Gessler returned to Baltimore. A week later a telegram came announcing her very sudden death. But she hadn't quite died. A goodly fraction of her alternately dreamed and despaired under the olive-tinted skin of her granddaughter, and her granddaughter thought at times she would die of it. And that wasn't all. There was that unholy booty from Nohant. Matilda longed to achieve the expression which illumined the experienced features of the woman Delacroix painted, and the unintelligible copy of *Consuelo* with the scribbled sentence on the fly-leaf finally drove her to the little college just outside of Crittenden. It had been rumored that French was taught there.

Doctor Pusey, professor of Romance languages, was a retired Presbyterian. He threw up his hands at mention of the lady's name. His attitude, combined with her dead grandmother's enthusiasm, put Matilda into a palpitation that drove her to the little college library ransacking for information. One short paragraph in the encyclopedia rewarded her:

> Sand, George (1804–1876), the pseudonym of Madame Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, *née* Dupin, the most prolific authoress in the history of literature and unapproached among women novelists of France. Her life was as strange and adventurous as any of her novels, which for the most part are idealized versions of the multifarious incidents of her life.

Matilda fumed at the inadequacy of it. It gave no clue as to why the college curriculum had been cleansed of her. Of course there was that reference to an adventurous life, but that might mean anything from tea parties with kings to lions in Africa. And Delacroix had made her look like a clever Madonna masquerading as a nobleman up to nothing more damnable than courageous benevolences.

There came a day, thanks to old Pusey's French exercises, when she could spell her way through *Consuelo* and make what was scrawled on the fly-leaf her own. That sentence tormented Matilda like music which must be experienced to be appreciated: "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

No wonder old Mathilde had looked a bit wan over that sentiment! But before a woman could look wan like that she would have lived some intoxicating moments in ballroom corners and rose arbors. Love . . . it would be slow and silken and happen in a far place. How fiercely and, at times, almost resentfully Matilda envied this George Sand who could be so flip about the love of God! She had more or less ceased envying Mathilde Lantier. After all, that lady had in some subtle fashion wound up in Crittenden.

Crittenden . . . every harsh tight

syllable of it made Matilda feel manacled. Her history had run a quarter of a century and here she still was loitering in the doorway of her father's store while another girl's red heels made the minutes flash and click on Main Street. Of course before the sun shortened April another hour a thing would have happened to her too, but Matilda was not aware of this. She just stood there in the doorway shifting her unhappy weight from one miserable foot to the other and thought bitterly of all the drawing-rooms she could make historic if God would only stop being a Methodist.

Matilda snatched up a hat faded by last summer's sun and walked down a street paved with clay, past houses whose eaves were dripping with sunlight to where a wet yellow road cut uncertainly through the pastures. She walked until a rickety wooden bridge spanned Sandy Creek. Matilda liked Sandy Creek. The willows that bent to it reminded her of churchyards filled with people who had died loving one another. A cottonwood or two dropped white fluff and it floated on the sluggish water like tufts of foam. But the water wasn't so sluggish this morning. Last night's rain made it behave like the brooks one read about. Matilda leaned over the rachitic railing and looked at it.

If one had the nerve one could start being adventurous from this very spot. All one would have to do would be to follow Sandy Creek as it flowed through three great rivers and sprayed into a gulf on the brink of which was a French town where dark men lurked passionately under iron balconies.

Just then Matilda noticed something which disfigured the sandy smoothness of the creek bank. Her fingers tightened resentfully on the railing. It was so like any one of those people back there in Crittenden to sacrifice beauty to the easiest way by dumping worn-out shoes, broken bottles, and old papers off the only bridge within ten miles! And there was something almost shamelessly revelatory about such rubbish. Matilda leaned over and peered down at it. Well of all things! Somebody had tossed away his library, for edging the heap were a half-dozen books, their backs broken and their tattered leaves flapping hysterically in the wind. Matilda scrambled down and turned over the mass with a stick. Her lip curled. They were well thrown away—nothing but a lurid copy or two of the adventures of Nick Carter and the pale experiences of Elsie Dinsmore. Just as she was about to abandon the pile a name caught her eye. She snatched up the volume and rubbed the black lettering with an unconvinced finger. It wasn't merely a coincidence. It was probably Providence warning her, or the shade of the mad mistress of Nohant mockingly reminding her that the road to a salon is paved with something more definite than intentions.

A man named Francis Gribble had been so intrigued by those daring feet which had blazed the way to a high banned place that he had written a volume about George Sand and Her Lovers and somebody in this town had bought it—a woman, perhaps, who had glimpsed it in a window in a city and to whom it had appealed as a Baedeker to romance intoxicatingly beyond the stilted prelude to a husband and a family of children. And she had tossed it away. . . .

Matilda hurried home. And it was only the excessive brightness of the sun that prevented her seeing a waistcoated shade striding gallantly along beside her.

Once home, she locked the door of her room so she could have her mythical headache in peace. She threw herself flat on the bed and was oblivious to everything but a certain world compressed between those two brown covers. One paragraph of the preface gave everything away.

"Living in an extravagant age, George Sand gloried in her own contributions to its extravagance. She not

only lived her own life but boldly asserted her right to do so. Her feeling was that when she loved she was making history."

A pretty brazen creed for the timorous daughter of a sad little grocer in a prairie town, but we must not forget that Matilda had inherited a way of dreaming. That was why these words burned slogan-wise in her brain after every other page was devoured and why at six o'clock the following evening she was able to seize her opportunity by something more than the tenuous tail of it as it whisked over her dazzled head.

The whole point about George Sand was that she would have got nowhere if she had been content to be a home girl. The fact that she was a descendant of kings and that a grisette gave birth to her in an alcove adjoining a ballroom wouldn't have availed her much had she not answered when Paris called. She could have stayed down in the country, being a dutiful wife to Casimir Dudevant until kingdom come and that would have been all there was to it—no Latin Quarter to be free in, no salons to dominate, no editors to cajole, no poet to be adored by—and what woman doesn't dream of being adored by one of the shallow ethereal creatures? Then, too, George Sand had a sense of values. It would be more interesting to coddle Chopin on an island than to keep Maurice and Solange tidy at Nohant; so she up and had the courage of her romantic convictions.

Just as the dawn was turning the blurred square of her window to rose Matilda decided what she would do. She would go to a city, Chicago, perhaps; change her name to Mathilde Lantier, and open a salon. She might even write when she had lived long enough to have a viewpoint about her lovers. In the meantime she would make a collection of bon mots. To hear her one would think that opening a salon in Chicago was as simple as setting up a millinery shop on Main Street at home.

The next day Matilda went about the detested store in a daze of intrepid graciousness, and so hypnotized was she by her borrowed boldness that she verily believed she was bringing something to pass.

When the school children trooped in at noon she tossed lemon-drops across the counter as if they were largesse. She sold farm-hand overalls with the charming condescension of a princess. A notoriously stingy old fellow who "batched it" in a tumbledown cottage across the tracks came in and bought china recklessly because Matilda's way among the chipped dusty cups was that of a hostess tendering a senator tea.

At six o'clock that evening it was her father who swung open the door she dreamed of.

The four of them were at supper. The fat, hairy mother headed the board like a pink general whose idea of relaxation is being as plump as possible in a flowered wrapper. Her handsome son Fred sat there glorying sullenly in a prowess which enabled him to juggle night into day and make sibyls, sheriffs, virgins, and hoboes stand in awe of him or succumb, as the case might be. There was Matilda herself, hollow-eyed, brooding, with a heritage in her breast clamoring to be aired and a book upstairs which was making her poignantly sure that at last she had found a way up the hill. At the foot of everything sat Franz, the grocer, who clung to the tangled faded ends of dreams with the same kind of shamefaced pride that he clung to the last faint fringe of his hair. He was gumptionless and meant too well for his own good, but it was he who spoke.

"I'm thinkin' of puttin' in a line of fancy glassware and some electrical stuff. We gotta be more modern."

"A fool notion," grunted Minnie Gessler.

"Go to it, dad," said Fred. "When you get the place fixed up maybe I'll clerk for you."

"Where you plannin' to get the truck?" asked Minnie, Fred's interest making her visibly weaken in favor of the proposition.

"Chicago," confessed poor Franz, hanging his head.

"Well, you're not goin' traipsin' off there and leave the store. Runnin' up and down those stairs would jest kill me . . . my corns . . ."

"Fred'll go," decided her husband, growing sallower and stringier than ever under her accusation and his own disappointment.

"And I'm going with him," announced Matilda, clutching the tablecloth between her knees with hands that tingled and trembled.

"For the land's sakes, what for?"

"To buy hats," said Franz, going white with inspiration. "I'm thinkin' o' puttin' in a line o' women's hats."

"Hats," snorted Minnie, "in a grocery store!"

"It's a general store," he reminded her courageously and his eyes sought help from his daughter. But Matilda was silent. Gratitude and pity choked her.

"I won't have 'Tilda tagging me to Chicago," objected Fred sourly.

Minnie Gessler became as alert as her bulk would permit. Suspicion twitched at her features. It was one thing to give this beloved son the trip he wanted but jeopardizing his purity might be another. Chicago was sheer Babylon.

"Go 'long with him, 'Tildy," she said, "and keep your eye on him."

The train shuttled noisily through the windy dust of two states and finally deposited them on the station platform in Chicago. A terrifying kaleidoscope this platform. Was it possible for a city to be big enough to supply destinations for all those people? Matilda clung to the arm of her brother and was in despair about theirs. Fred hailed a taxi and gave the chauffeur a number out on North Dearborn Street.

"What's that?" asked Matilda timorously.

"Boarding house run by Old Lady Campbell. Clyde Eggers, the drummer, told me about it. Said just to give his name and she'd treat us white."

"How nice!" agreed Matilda meekly. Where had this uncouth brother of hers kept all this unsuspected savoir faire? He didn't know George Sand from Adam, and yet he was the one who was brave and unabashed. Matilda leaned back in the taxi, which was very swift and very yellow. Time enough to check up on her own courage after the cinders were washed off and she knew where she was.

They were dropped in front of a high narrow brown-stone house. Flora Campbell met them. She was a large imposing woman with coarse black curly hair which she wore in a high chignon. A tight black-satin gown accentuated the amplitude of her bust and the grotesque narrowness of her hips. There was something innately gaudy about her which her clothes barely hinted at. Notwithstanding her advanced ideas about adventure, Matilda would have been shocked had she even so much as suspected what her prospective landlady had been through. Carl Eggers, the drummer, knew by what perilous unconventional steps Flora Campbell had finally arrived at this boarding house—the genteel goal of her dreams. And, in spite of the flagrant past of its mistress, it had turned out to be the most respectable of boarding houses. The only off-color thing about the establishment was the violent toilettes of the owner herself, but she was complacently confident that she dressed as all dignified matrons must eventually dress.

She eyed Matilda and Fred proprietarily.

"So you're friends o' Clyde's from Crittenden! Glad to take care o' you. I have only the nicest people. People like Mr. Goodwillie who is at Field's, Mrs. Kelsey whose daughter paints, and Mr. Eugene Walter who writes."

"Writes?" asked Matilda hypnotized by Mrs. Campbell's tone.

"Yes," answered Flora importantly, "books in his room."

Matilda turned to Fred. "We'll stay, won't we?" she asked timidly.

"'Spose so," grunted Fred. He didn't much care where he slept.

They stayed a week. Matilda helped Fred with his buying and spent the rest of her time poking purposelessly in and out of the stores on State Street and gazing despairingly at the flashing modishness of the boulevard. She could fairly feel herself shrinking under the expensively turned out gayety of the city, so impersonally musical and so inexorably full of motion!

The boarding house hadn't been a success either. Mr. Goodwillie turned out to be an amiable old bore with a manner which was a courtly hang-over from his floorwalking days. Mrs. Kelsey was a plump gray woman whose only claim to distinction was a lorgnette on a silver chain studded with amethysts, and a daughter who studied at the Art Institute. Enid Kelsey was a yellow-haired, green-eyed, freckled little creature with a large shapely mouth full of white teeth. She and the young man who wrote books in his room seemed to have a great deal in common.

Eugene Walter was tall, lank, and mouse-haired. He had an Adam's apple and blue eyes that twinkled behind horn-rimmed glasses. He seemed to have unlimited leisure. Matilda wondered when he wrote his books, but the mere fact that it had been said that he wrote them was glamorous enough. Mr. Walter was anything but an Apollo; but even the irresistible George Sand had had to make a choice between beauty and genius. There had been that lover of hers, Michel de Bourges. He must have been queer enough with his shrunken body and his unwieldy head several sizes too large for him. And yet in spite of Matilda's willingness to overlook his lack of pulchritude, Mr. Walter continued to ignore her. The only person in the house who noticed Matilda was a Miss Slattery who taught English somewhere and she was acidly superior to everything but hot water and the Elizabethans. The week wore on. Fred was out every night. Matilda smelled whiskey on his breath and once she surprised him amorously counting a roll of dirty greenbacks. Had he gambled and won? He apparently had. Matilda sighed. Fred, as usual, was making his dreams come true.

It was Monday evening. Matilda and Fred were due to start back to Crittenden in the morning. They were sitting in the parlor. Enid was playing the piano, and Eugene Walter was hanging loosely over her. Matilda watched them narrowly and bitterly. That giggling little blonde was monopolizing the only male in the room worth talking to, while she, Matilda Gessler, the granddaughter of a certain not inconsiderable French coquette, was forced to sit moping beside a brother whose mind was busy with exploits which he meant to turn into cash or kisses.

Why hadn't Eugene Walter noticed her? God knows, it only needed one warm word or a bent look to make all her stifled vividness leap into flower. She could be ten times more arresting than that stupid flaxen-topped creature who used her gleaming teeth to make up for her lack of brains. What was the matter?

And then a strip of iridescent silk slipping from a white shoulder made her divine the truth with devastating thoroughness. It was the clothes. She leaned forward, studying her rival from a purely sartorial angle. She *was* effective in spite of her freckled skin and turned-up nose. The green gown emphasized the emerald lights in her eyes. Gold banded her hips, and a large cornelian made a splash of flame against her breast. Matilda looked down and fingered her own brown serge disgustedly. Why had she been so blind? She gritted her teeth. Then her hot rage cooled into a resolve. She wouldn't let her French blood go to waste. She would warm it yet or know the reason why. There was a woman once who charmed a romantic doctor out of Venice by the velvet eccentricity of her attire.

"I'm not going back to Crittenden," announced Matilda with soft suddenness.

"Gee!" he whistled; "What's the big idea?"

"I'm going to stay here and be an authoress."

"Like fun you are."

"Yes," said Matilda and wondered why more people didn't lie for the sheer intoxication of it. It could miraculously commit one to anything. "Yes," continued Matilda, "Dad will miss me. Mother won't like it, but you must lend me two hundred dollars." She held out her hand.

Fred shifted his gum from one cheek to the other. He chewed peppermint gum so that his sister would not detect the odor of liquor on his breath.

"I ain't got any money," he said sullenly.

"Yes, you have. I saw you pull a roll of it out of your pocket. You must lend it to me. If you don't I'll write the folks what you've been up to. Mother'd be furious if she knew you drank and gambled. She'd take the car away from you."

Poor Fred looked shaken. Life in Crittenden without that Ford would be awful. They had sent Matilda to Chicago to spy on him and this was the result.

"Two hundred," insisted Matilda ominously.

He squirmed miserably as he counted the money into her palm.

The next afternoon Matilda's locks made a dark swirling island on the floor of a State Street barber shop. Then a department store claimed her. She could imitate George Sand's hair cut but the waistcoat was another matter. Something intuitive counseled her that if she didn't dare be mannish she must be as feminine as possible. So she bought a dinner gown of flame-colored crêpe de chine. To this she added a long swathing kind of cape and a pair of black-satin pumps buckled in gold.

She spent a whole hour before dinner nerving herself to the point of slipping that sheath of ignescent silk over her cropped head. She finally surveyed herself in the mirror and was panic stricken at what she saw. She was too lithe, almost colubrine, and every inch of her from shoulder to knee cap looked on fire. She cooled herself at a window and then returned to the mirror practicing nonchalance. How broad and white her back was! But would George Sand have hesitated knowing that she was probably beautiful? Matilda shuddered and snatched up a long black motor veil from a hook. It would do duty as a scarf. She would let her shoulders slide out by inches.

Matilda slipped into her seat at table and nervously attacked her soup. She did not raise her head. She felt that the least motion on her part would ignite a neighbor. Mr. Goodwillie coughed, and Miss Slattery sniffed. It was over the last spoonful of bread pudding that she caught Eugene Walter's eyes fixed upon her. Flora Campbell gave the signal to rise. Mr. Goodwillie ceremoniously escorted her into the parlor.

"Very tasty . . . that frock. Going to the theater?"

"No," she answered, "I just [illegible] tired wearing that stuffy serge."

"One does," agreed Mr. Go[illegible]willie stiltedly, seating her on the sofa.

Enid floated to her place at th[illegible]iano, where she postured and shook h[illegible] flaxen halo in vain. Mr. Walter was [illegible]t disposed to lean over her to-night. He sat gazing at a herd of fluffy [illegible]eep framed in hard gold which wa[illegible] suspended over Matilda's head. Miss Slattery glared at her over the flapping pages of a woman's magazine. Mrs. Kelsey inspected her through her lorgnette. They both left the room. After strumming fruitlessly on the piano for awhile, Enid whirled and murmured something about being bored and drifted out, leaving a faint odor of lilies of the valley.

Matilda sank into a silence so absolute that even the brooklike garrulity of the loquacious Goodwillie could not weather it and so he, too, rose and left.

It was nine-thirty.

She and Eugene Walter avoided looking at each other. It was as if they wordlessly conspired to rid themselves of the others and now that they were alone it was meet and proper they should sit there in a moment's decent silence and not gloat. He advanced finally and stood in front of her, his eyes still on the white animals huddled under a white storm.

"I wonder," and he did not succeed in making his voice casual, "why artists paint sheep? Inane things."

"Isn't that the trouble with everything?" asked Matilda heavily.

"That gown isn't inane. It's gorgeous." And he gave her a direct look.

"I was so sick of that old serge," she said weakly, drawing the veil about her shoulders a shade more tightly.

He sat down beside her and gave the veil a little pull which exposed one shoulder. It glistened in the light like marble and made her feel like a Diana submitting to the brazen teasing of a satyr. "You've no right . . ." she murmured.

"You've no right to cover up such eburnean loveliness," he whispered.

Eburnean? What was that? Her whole being wondered what it meant and it thrilled her because she did not know.

"Take that funereal rag off," he said pettishly twitching the veil.

"I feel funereal," she said, despondent once more at his touch.

"Why?" he asked, his hand barely touching her knee.

"Because I've been in Chicago a whole week and nothing has happened."

"Doesn't eating dinner in the presence of a novelist thrill you?"

"It did at first," she admitted ruefully.

"Well, you thrill me in that gown. You're epical."

Matilda gasped. He talked like a book. She became suddenly oblivious to Eugene Walter's Adam's apple, his pasty pallor, and the clamminess of his fingers as they caressed her elbow. She glowed under his elaborate infatuation and told him everything. More than everything.

She told him about her French grandmother who had jilted a title to follow an adventurous lover to Baltimore; how she herself lived in a copy of a French château surrounded by a vast western garden; about her father who sat all day in his tapestried library, reading Balzac. She told him about her majestic mother who sceptered it over everybody and dispensed formidable charity to a grateful countryside. But she did not dare refer to the one thing that would have impressed Eugene Walter more than all her guilty exaggerations. She did not dare refer to her grandmother's momentous interview with the famous chatelaine of Nohant; for to have brought Madame Sand into it would have in some subtle fashion given her own secret away. Therefore, there was nothing for it but to gild everything else.

At midnight Eugene Walter stooped and gallantly kissed her hand.

"Good night, Egeria," he whispered and his eyes were two promises lighting her up the darkened stairs.

Matilda tottered happily to her room. She had been flattered for over two hours in words five syllables long, and her adroit fictions had enabled her to measure up to the flame of her gown. And he had called her Egeria. That sounded involved and classical. Just who was this divinity? Some goddess, perhaps, who had turned Mount Olympus upside down by appearing on it attired in a crimson tunic.

Matilda hung her own bright gown caressingly away in the closet and tumbled into bed too stirred for sleep. This was it. This was the beginning. George Sand herself had probably hung around Paris a week or two before Sandeau noticed her. And hadn't Eugene promised to introduce her to his crowd and dedicate his novel to *Mathilde* Gessler? And out there among those powerful, literary friends of his perhaps

there was a poet whose hands were not moist and who looked like Byron.

Matilda Gessler and Eugene Walter stole out every night after dinner. She descended Flora Campbell's stairs in scarlet silk with the long dark cape wrapped romantically about her. They wandered along the shore of the Lake, and while the spray misted the sidewalk with pearl, he concealed the thinness of his soul under trappings borrowed from Oscar Wilde. Occasionally he stepped back and allowed Swinburne to make love to Matilda. And Matilda was satisfied.

Once when a scimitar-shaped moon cut the wet purple clouds with silver, Eugene wound his long arms about Matilda and kissed her on the mouth. His lips were thin and cold and savored in some ridiculous fashion of bitter tea. She very nearly cried out against she knew not what, but ten minutes later the old complacency came surging back when he murmured in her ear, "*Ma Mathilde . . . Ma belle . . . Ma princesse adorée.*"

French! How many generations of dark heads in France had dropped to catch the flattering music of those very words! Just so De Musset must have apostrophized George Sand. . . .

Every night it was the same. Once she hinted that it was time to invade that literary circle of his, but he passionately flouted the idea. He must keep her to himself awhile, for all too soon the clamoring world would claim her. This made Matilda prey to conflicting emotions. She wanted above everything to feel the world under her feet, but the only way of getting it there seemed to be via somebody's arms—somebody whose head was above the horizon. Ah, yes, she would marry Eugene when he asked her and then slip from one pair of arms to another until . . .

And so it was that they strolled every night by poetic water, and when she wearied of the interminable contacts that got nowhere he would lure her back by a quotation.

It was two o'clock in the morning. Eugene had preceded her up the damp stairs. Matilda had taken off her shoes so that she could steal up in noiseless security. Just as she was turning to tip-toe down to her room, she felt a soft plump hand on her shoulder. She turned sharply, suppressing a scream. It was Flora Campbell in a sky-blue kimono latticed with yellow roses. "Come into my room," she hissed, the gold in her teeth gleaming.

Matilda mutely allowed herself to be propelled into a tiny alcove garishly ruffled in pink cretonne and stuffed with bird's-eye maple.

"Sit down, Miss," ordered Flora, shoving a low stool toward her.

Matilda took it heavily although she had no intention of doing so. Flora remained standing, her two hands ruthlessly crushing the blossoms on her hips.

"I ran a decent house until you came, Miss," she accused shrilly. "I've had complaints."

"Complaints," hazarded poor Matilda, "what are those?"

"Do you mean to sit down there and tell me that you can dress yourself up in flashy low-necks and sit in my parlor and make eyes at my best-paying boarder and philander on park benches with him until two in the morning and then pretend you don't know what I mean when I say I've had complaints?"

"I don't," answered Matilda, her lips trembling childishly. Oh, it was dreadful being pushed into this horrible pink place minus the dignity of shoes and to be hissed at by this awful harpy in a terrible wrapper!

"You can't put over any of that big-eyed innocent stuff on me. I ain't lived fifty-seven years for nothing. I'll give you until to-morrow to pack and find a new place."

"Who—who complained about me?" quavered Matilda.

"Everybody," replied Flora cryptically. "There's that sweet little Enid

Kelsey. What kind of an example are you for her, I'd like to know? And Miss Slattery can't bear the sight of that red dress and she's been with me five years."

"But," objected Matilda faintly, "there's Mr. Walter. He was out, too."

"He's a man. I never interfere with what they do. Besides he was friendly with that Kelsey kid and going to bed at ten until you came along. Why should I turn him out?"

Why, indeed? Matilda rose. "Good night," she said succinctly and opened the door.

"If I was you," warned Flora, "I'd reform. Men don't marry light women."

Matilda did not reply to this excellent advice. It was doubtful if she heard it. Her head hummed and something in her throat whirred. Once in her room, she threw herself full length across the bed and sobbed. She didn't weep because she felt guilty. She wept because the vulgar words of that coarse woman had pounded her brilliant conception of herself into the dust. It was like seeing a beloved rose go worm-eaten—to have her dream go like that. She wasn't in love with Eugene. It was more tragic than that. She was still in her Crittenden cage. A bar would have to be broken, and she had counted on Eugene's ardor. He represented her only way out. Once out, there would be countless hands to help her up. And now she was about to be driven into the street like the scarlet-lettered women one read about. How had George Sand managed things? How would she have managed an irate landlady? Well, she was done for . . . done for . . . Then a ray of hope filtered through the gloom. She had one more night.

She would put Eugene to the test. He adored her. He had said so over and over until her ears ached with it. Confronted with the possibility of losing her, he would make something happen—something that would make it radiantly unnecessary to return to Crittenden.

Matilda slept finally—slept across her bed in wrinkled crêpe de chine while a noisy gas jet drew the hot yellow walls together. . . .

When she awoke it was past noon. Her temples throbbed and her gown was a wreck, but that didn't matter. Eugene would be glad to take her, headache and all, in her old serge; for deep down inside Matilda Gessler there was an inherited technic which up until now she had not been stirred enough to use. She would use it now. She would return Eugene's kisses. Perhaps she would find herself in love with Eugene if she returned one of his kisses, and then she, too, would be entitled to feel that, "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

Matilda hummed under her breath as she crammed her dingy wardrobe into a wicker suitcase.

At six o'clock Matilda stole out and ate a hasty sandwich in the little white-tiled lunch room around the corner. She would have died rather than face the polite hostility in Flora Campbell's dining room. At six-thirty she slipped back into the front hall. Uncertainty assailed her and made her cheeks tingle with something not unlike shame. If only Eugene would appear and they could unobtrusively slip out together! She smiled as she visualized his probable uneasiness about her non-appearance at dinner. He might even omit pudding and rush out.

She wavered there at the foot of the stairs, her breath shortening and thickening in her throat.

Then the portières between the parlor and the hall parted. Enid appeared muffled to the chin in a green-velvet cape edged with soft gray fur. Over the top of her spiralling mop of hair towered Eugene Walter. Matilda gasped and her despair sharpened. It was wretchedly evident that in the glow of Enid's pride in being re-appropriated by him and under the unbearable intensity of her own need of him, Eugene Walter had taken on some of the remote perfection of an Adonis and the poetic dignity of a

Galahad. He paused in front of the rack and took down his hat—the very hat that had lain crushed between them last night on that bench by the Lake when he had all but promised her the Mediterranean. Matilda made a brown blot against the wall and somehow managed to ascend three steps.

"If there isn't Miss Gessler!" lilted Enid, nudging Eugene. Matilda turned and looked unseeingly down into their faces. She felt curiously like a person who had died and after a fitting funeral had had the bad taste to come back to life.

"We thought you'd gone," said Enid, balancing her fairy proportions against her escort.

"I'm going," apologized Matilda dully, "in the morning."

"How distressing!" exclaimed Eugene nervously, twirling his hat.

"How funny!" chanted Enid, laying her white fingers on his sleeve.

"Is there anything I can do?" he said with that cool, impersonal courtesy which is not meant to be taken advantage of.

"No, thank you," answered Matilda mechanically, heavily mounting another step.

"Good-by then, *Mathilde* . . . and good luck!" he called up to her, feigning a casualness he clearly did not feel. He made a forward motion as if to take her hand, but Enid with birdlike deftness fluttered in front of him and sank gracefully down on the bottom step.

"My slipper's unfastened," she murmured.

He knelt and took the slender golden foot in his hand.

Matilda gained the upper hall. Just as she turned to enter her room she glimpsed Flora's colored bulk in close communion with Mrs. Kelsey's gray dumpiness. Matilda clenched her fists. How fast they must have tossed her name about at dinner and with what eager celerity they must have sprayed it with venom! And there was Eugene. How easily he was filling the gap between dessert and bedtime with the fluffy green and gold that was Enid! And yet if those two hens had held their tongues she might have . . .

Matilda sank down in the darkness beside her window and leaned her forehead against the sooty glass. Paint peeling from clapboards, pork fat congealing on thick china, dust sifting through the vulgar meshes of coarse lace curtains, smells crowding one another through the damp tumult of the store, bolts of cross-barred gingham stuffily waiting to become high-necked dresses, two books and a picture under a pile of cotton chemises reminding one of freedoms taken in silk . . . this was what she was doomed to return to. Matilda writhed there beside the window on the other side of which a city went adventuring without her. She even cried out to her mother's Methodist God.

Then something seemed to materialize close beside her—something that laid a cool shadowy hand upon her shoulder and brushed its dark velvet waistcoat against her cheek. For one ghostly moment she believed that she was her grandmother being comforted at Nohant. Then she looked up. It was as if she were aware of eyes . . . mocking at first and then softly united with hers.

They sat there for hours grimly enjoying an old disillusionment together.

WHY I QUIT BUSINESS

ANONYMOUS

THE summer of my senior year at college found me through fortuitous circumstances in the employ of Y. and Company, silk merchants in New York. Until then I had thought I possessed a sort of temperamental inaptitude for business and that I disliked it. Facts proved otherwise: I became a huge success and liked business immensely, so much so that I remained with the Company for five years, until 1921, when with $17,000 in savings and plenty of youthful determination and enthusiasm I opened my own silk house in Chicago. The year 1924 saw me realize a net profit of about $20,000; it was exactly doubled in 1925, and 1926 would have seen me earn well over $50,000. But I stopped right there.

When about a year ago I told my friends that I was thinking of retiring from business the more thoughtful among them smiled and assured me that it was impossible. I was too young, I was just really getting started, I had accomplished too much, was too much in love with business to let it go, they said. The others simply laughed in my face. Business has got into your blood—they were sure of it. But, thank God! I have disappointed them all. The first of the year I packed up my hat and quit.

Why did I do it? Because I was too much in love with it. Business is all right and does no harm provided one is not too successful.

II

One becomes aware of this only gradually. It took me nearly three years before I could say definitely, "There, look at yourself, you are beginning to think outside the office in the same characteristic fashion as at your desk; you are beginning to behave as if you were doing business *all* the time, whether in or out of the office. Something has happened inside you."

One is thus bound in time to discover that one has become a business man in a very real sense—a homogeneous, compact, thoroughly specialized intelligence, functioning according to certain definite laws and requirements. And these laws and requirements are the laws and requirements of one's business. They are the elementary principles to which a man soon learns to attribute, consciously or unconsciously, the largest measure of his success.

No individual wholly succeeds in confining his job to the office. The mental adjustment which any work requires follows us home. We carry our job under our hat. But my trouble was that the intellectual demands made upon me by my occupation were few, and those of a very specialized nature. They did not contain the elements of the broader, fuller, and more varied life of the world without; they reflected merely the peculiar needs and conditions of my own work-a-day world. What is more, the few simple formulæ to which my whole intellectual activity was reduced were hard masters. They demanded my unqualified allegiance; to deviate from them was to interfere with my success or, more familiarly, to lose in efficiency. It seemed that as my thought-life fell more and more under their influence, my gen-

eral point of view narrowed and hardened, declining in adaptive power and response to the larger world beyond my office, and identifying itself more and more completely with the characteristic orientation of the man at the desk.

This was brought home to me in all sorts of ways. For instance, I found myself estimating a landscape in such wise: "What a good place for a silk mill . . . land can't cost so much . . . and not far from Chicago, too." . . . Or my appreciation of Miss N. at a dinner party ran as follows: "What address and poise! The very woman for our new sales department." . . . At first glance, these experiences may not seem perhaps so significant, but they are characteristic of the way this business "slant" on things began to influence all my mental reactions.

A no less significant fact was that, with growing absorption in my work, I was steadily losing contact with other interests. My whole mental activity seemed to be pulled into an ever narrowing stream, and it became correspondingly difficult to deflect it to other channels. Nature, art, music, literature, men and women, my own inner world of emotion and thought—I stood outside them all, beyond their vital source of influence. At a picture exhibition I wondered whether the manufacture of canvas was a profitable business; and at a Philharmonic concert I was shocked at the horrible waste of man-power: were so many musicians really necessary in one orchestra? . . . There's the trouble with our sales department, I said.

It was with a feeling of profound sadness that I realized how unprofitable it was to reduce the inner man to such poverty, and I made several truly heroic efforts to develop other interests. For example, I tried to satisfy an early interest in applied psychology by assisting a psychiatrist in a work on psychotherapy. But I failed pitifully. Whatever satisfaction I derived from it was really due to the fact that when it was done I felt as though I had been relieved of a burden, and I turned to my business with greater avidity than ever. And, to be sure, during the brief breathing spells I managed to gain at the office for this presumably recreational activity no little cajoling was necessary to force myself into these new paths. However hard I sought to tone down this tremendous zest for business, there was always the opposite result: my business grew in fascination.

Perhaps my conviction that business success was due to nothing more than this unremitting application had something to do with my inability to turn to other interests. It's no accident, I used to think, that this fellow Smith or this man Brown will not get very far—they haven't all their teeth in business. I was convinced (and for that matter still am) that real financial success can come only by sheer fanatical persistence and concentration.

It's true, business in this respect makes the same demands upon the business man that art does upon the artist, but there is a tremendous difference. The one is in vital touch with all of life; the other is successful only to the degree in which he is able to maintain a permanently vital point of contact with one small part of it. The business man is really successful to the extent that he can forego the broadening and humanizing influences of other interests and still remain alert, virile, "alive" with respect to his own specialized interest. And there's the rub. His must be a sort of permanently sustained inspiration with regard to that one thing. I'll grant this is not easy. But because a healthy normal growth requires a more well-balanced diet than this unvarying, highly concentrated "business" fare, the truly successful business man of to-day seems to me to be a veritable freak of nature.

It is, of course, difficult for him to acknowledge the great sacrifice he has had to make. His vanity and the need for inner adjustment will force him to

deny it. He will point proudly to some of the distinctive work done by business men during their most productive periods in fields outside their own, as proof that he need not cut himself off from the larger world without. But this I consider only in the nature of a confession, a confession of an eleventh-hour attempt to escape the tyranny of a one all-absorbing, all-dominating interest, all the Latin scholars and antiquarians among our bankers and coal kings notwithstanding. I believe there is not a truly successful business man who, if he will only have the courage to search his heart, will not own the heavy price he has had to pay. From my own personal experience, and from carefully observing several oncoming men of the first order in the business world, I know that business is not a thing to be dabbled in; that it requires and, in the case of the successful business man, receives his whole and undivided attention, as business parlance has it. It is a most exacting master, but one whom he learns to love devotedly, passionately, despite himself.

There is only one type of business man who really succeeds in keeping himself above it, and that is the unsuccessful one. Business will never get this fellow for the simple reason that he isn't successful, and he isn't successful because he can't be: he hasn't the force, the initiative, the power. It's his incompetence that saves him. No danger of this fellow ever becoming a slave to the grind—and even if he did, what of it?

On the other hand, to ask the successful business man to content himself with partial success and a fuller, more satisfying life is to ask him to be something he is not. He wouldn't be what he is were it in him to go only half way or be satisfied with mediocre success.

But it is not enough to maintain a vital point of contact with all of life. To lay any claim to spiritual growth it is necessary for mind and heart to dwell inwardly on experience, as it were—to extract from it some underlying sense of unity, some essential principle of beauty or truth. And for this one must have leisure—lots of it. Time, however, was the last thing I could call my own. I kept on breathlessly chasing myself from the moment I pulled out of bed (the hardest part of my day's routine) to all late hours of the evening. And sometimes I was not even done when I was in bed: things always remained to be adjusted, if only in my mind. Business had a pernicious way of expanding, and that always meant more and more of my time. Everything else simply had to wait until I could catch a breath in this breathless routine.

More disheartening, however, than the lack of leisure was the fact that, when things slowed down somewhat at the office, and I had a little more time at my disposal, or when I managed to secure a well-earned vacation of a week or two, I could not bring myself, no matter how I tried, to enjoy my hard-won freedom. I was ashamed to acknowledge it at first. We hear nowadays a good deal of talk about the larger degree of leisure into which our working populations are rapidly coming and their inability to utilize it wholesomely. I think the problem is more serious with the men at the top. When I saw the ease with which my humblest office clerk adjusted himself to his "off-hours" I truly envied him. As for me, anything in the nature of "off-time" weighed so heavily that it fairly depressed me.

My last vacation in Nantucket is illustrative. The first two or three days passed fairly smoothly. But before the week was over I began to experience a peculiar uneasiness. I tried to pull myself together. I made every effort to get into the spirit of this quaint bit of old New England, so vaguely reminiscent of other days. But, no! New ideas of management, manufacture, control kept popping up in my head at almost every turn of the road. I threw up my hands finally in despair and acknowledged the job beyond me. My friend with me, a much sought-after corpora-

tion lawyer, fared no better than I under the strain of our self-imposed vacation—that much, at least, was reassuring! Before the next week was over the city saw both of us back again at our desks. Our associates in the office undoubtedly attributed our good humor and renewed zest to the wholesome effects of a well-deserved vacation; and I, for my part, did not take the trouble to correct them.

There was no use, then, to try to direct my serious attention to other fields. I could not devote either the time or the genuine interest necessary to derive any real value from them. And the less leisure I had the more difficult it was for me to know what to do with what little remained.

There was another significant factor to strengthen me in my decision. My physical and purely material demands were increasing by leaps and bounds, and their gratification resulted simply in throwing new and thicker walls round my real self, so that it became increasingly difficult for me to reach what I regarded as my real inner sources of power and freedom. It seemed that with each increase in earning power there was a quicker and more eager response to new material wants, and with each new material acquisition or gratification life was rendered only more complex, more disconnected, more fragmentary. I managed to succeed simply in moving outward all the time toward a larger and larger enhancement of the material side of my nature. One or two homely but none the less pertinent examples: formerly my delightful little four-room apartment and Alsatian maid were sufficient; now our housekeeper, maid, and Scotch cook were constantly getting into one another's way. There was so little room, my wife complained, in our apartment of eight rooms! Formerly one bathroom was quite enough for the needs of the entire family; now, as I was so pressed for time, I said I had to have one exclusively for myself.

What consolation was there in the fact that my material demands could not keep pace indefinitely with my earning power? Sooner or later they would be glutted, to be sure, but by that time, the damage will have been done. Then I should be so utterly dependent upon these external factors for my happiness and well-being that there would be no going back, presuming I should want to return to a life of high thinking and plain living.

Again: as my material demands increased and were satisfied, my spiritual needs grew less—they were in inverse proportion. Here is a concrete instance: formerly I had been able to derive genuine pleasure and recreation from an evening spent at home in the company of a good book; now the "tired business man" had to run off to see some cheap revue or third-rate play. Formerly I had found real fun and recreation in a quiet walk alone; now I had to kill time in an eight-cylinder car. But the worst of it was that I was not happy. I was simply distracted.

Finally, and with this my confession ends, I began to experience a curious uneasiness amounting almost to a morbid fear every time I allowed myself to look into the future. I saw clearly what was ahead. No doubt the time would come when I should have to quit. Age would drive me out. And what a job to form new habits or cultivate new interests then! That's why, I said to myself, these gray, half-tragic gentlemen go all to pieces the moment they step off the office mat. They have waited too long. No, the moment to act is now, while there's still plenty of time. I have, perhaps, already much more than is good for me. . . . To go on—to continue piling up wealth simply because one cannot stop, but must go on—that's failure in the truest sense of the word.

III

I should not be surprised if there were many others in our great country to-day who find themselves in as singular a pass.

These, I am convinced, have a unique opportunity to render an inestimable service to our national and cultural life if they will only stop early enough, before they have laid down their splendid manhood in the pursuit of an ideal of success which can end only in disappointment; for it is an ideal which fails to take account of man's spiritual needs and aspirations. For what our country lacks to-day is a class of men who have been through the brunt of the battle and, having emerged stronger and more self-assured for the experience, can now help us shape a larger ideal of life's intrinsic dignity and worth—men who through their larger experience and daring and leisure (we must not forget the last) can create for us out of the turmoil and bewilderment into which we have fallen some semblance, at least, of a spiritual life, a spiritual consciousness. And the men who are best fitted for this task, who are representative of the initiative and enterprise of America and have the instinct and native enthusiasm to put their capabilities to work on something besides business—these men do not come forward. Instead, they remain each in his narrow sphere, grinding to dust all of the inner man in the accumulation of wealth for which they can possibly have no further use, and which cannot possibly make them happy.

A concerted, well-directed effort on the part of our successful business men in the late thirties and forties to retire early, when their creative energies are still at full tide, will do more to discover America to itself, to bring to the surface its latent spiritual resources, and to save our national life from the permanent confusion and materialism with which it is threatened than all the school-men, bench-moralists, and closet-philosophers put together. For above all, it's the quickening influence emanating from men of demonstrated vision, courage, and energy, as they practice these day by day, which gives a civilization its spiritual character and significance. And if these men have lost their inner freedom in their mad rush for material gain, the task necessarily falls on the shoulders of our parlor-reformers and intellectuals.

No one should seriously object to early retirement on the ground that it will curtail the beneficence of our more public-spirited men of wealth. If more modest fortunes mean less philanthropy, they also mean more elbow-room and a more equal chance to our oncoming younger men, who are now held down by the accumulation of too much power in comparatively few hands.

But if the above considerations of social welfare are of small consequence, the personal factor looms large. Sooner or later the successful business man will want to retire. It's simply a question of when. I am convinced that the earlier he retires the larger will be his chances for enjoying his material independence and rounding out a fuller and more useful life. To keep on putting it off is to wait for the day when to retire means something more than what one prefers to understand by that term.

A SPECIALIST IN HUMAN BEINGS

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

DOCTOR William Alanson White has one of those wise, skeptical, perspicacious faces that holds something ever in reserve. It is the glance of the eyes—extraordinarily bright brown eyes, shining out through gold-bowed spectacles—that makes his look arresting. If you went to consult him at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington about some trouble of the human mind which filled you, as a "normal" layman, with fear or bewilderment—about a shell-shocked veteran, or a nurse who had threatened suicide, or a relative who imagined himself Napoleon—you might be surprised to find, in an ordinary executive office in this United States Government Hospital for the "Insane" a middle-aged, middle-sized, middle-weight, matter-of-fact doctor of sober, scholarly, yet somehow inscrutable mien, taking note with his secretary of some detail of hospital management, such as backdoor cleanliness or overcrowding in the wards. This would be White, the administrator, who functions very ably on the practical plane, above that deeper and more philosophic level where he really lives.

The Superintendent would listen to your story as calmly as a general practitioner listens to the story of a digestive upset, grasping with a mind swift and alert its full significance from its symptoms, and expressing, possibly, more interest than sympathy. But before you had said many words you would realize that you were talking to a doctor who holds, under his baldish crown fringed with soft gray hair and his high, domed forehead, a vast and tolerant understanding of human beings and their vagaries. Here is a physician who is a thinker. It would come to you, in a flash of insight, as he talked, that the cave where the mind of man is located is not so dark and fearsome and unexplored a place as you had imagined. Doctor White would conjure up for you a cavern with well-laid-out paths, signboards, milestones, electric lights, and other marks of civilized exploration. Why not go in, he might inquire, and learn about your intensely practical problem by understanding how primitive man lived? The mentally ill are primitives in their way. Psychopathologies are no different from any other illnesses: like the pathology of the liver, the pathology of mind is just the reverse of health. Doctor White, as he expounds these truths, which are at once so trite and so new, has the aspect of a watcher on a tower. Though he looks squarely at you, his look comes from within and searches a horizon beyond you.

Is his the detachment of the scientist, the detachment of the confessor? Sometimes it seems to me that his bald spot is a symbolic tonsure. He has the priestly aloofness—the priestly quietness which releases itself in the vivid and eloquent exposition of inward thought. The White of the lecture room or the medical congress or the criminal courtroom is eloquent, and yet a well-poised speaker, reasonable as a lawyer, cautious as a Romanist. It is almost startling that such an apparently conservative personality should be dealing with matters which the average medical man would hold radical. Any radical is sub-

ject to attack; when this happens the doctor's mouth—full and red in the drab of his skin—shows emotion, and the bristling black eyebrows grow unruly and provocative. But a hovering humor is there on guard, casting now a light and now a shadow of awareness. This flicker of alchemy—of something that you cannot quite put your fingers on—is, I suspect, what has made Doctor White eminent and kept him, though clearly a man of peace, on the firing line in the most modern of medical fields.

The modern psychiatrist, he likes to say, is pursued by three Furies—Ignorance, Superstition, and Fear. These wild-eyed creatures, so much more destructive, for all their bourgeois dress, than his most excited patients, have periodically to be met in the guise of investigating congressmen by a doctor who is also an official of the Department of the Interior. The Superintendent of St. Elizabeth's was asked, during one of the recent flurries, whether he doped his patients at the full of the moon. I am sure White's reply was cool and patient. He has written that the mind which surveys the world knows more of the world than of itself, and he does not expect much knowledge of mental illness, even from doctors—yet. Modern psychiatry is scarcely fifteen years old. The elder of his neurological brethren are still recalcitrant to the Freudian doctrine and method. I once heard White—rising from beside his stout and Rabelaisian friend and literary collaborator of many years, Doctor Smith Ely Jelliffe the neurologist—address a group of specialists in nervous and mental diseases on The Language of Schizophrenia (dementia præcox).

"The spoken word," he said in his rich, deep voice, and his phrase was terse and effective, "is an ingenious dexterity. Individual experience is largely unique and incommunicable. Yet the world as we see it is communicated by language. The whole interpretation of the psychoses might be thought of in terms of translating the language of the psychotic. We are just beginning to understand its archaic modes of expression, its unconscious symbolism." (Here the old guard of doctors began to bristle. That sentence had a suspicious sound.) "These were formerly considered a mark of mental deterioration. They are better thought of as of a different order of abstraction, an infantile and primitive, rather than an adult order. The truth is *our patients have been telling us what was the matter with them for hundreds of years.* It is we who have lacked the patience and humbleness to listen and understand."

Only a champion of the methods of scientific psychiatry would consider the "ravings" of the so-called insane person worth listening to. Only a champion of the psychoanalytical method would read in his talk the whole history of the race. Doctor White is such a champion. A society that had progressed farther than ours in the study of the mind would not allow him to be an executive; it would hold him mobilized for the sole exploration of those fascinating problems of research into the unconscious springs of conduct in which he is so absorbed. He pursues a new idea with the passion of an arctic explorer. But psychiatry has some of the harsh as well as the rewarding aspects of arctic exploration. When Doctor White entered this branch of medicine some thirty-odd years ago it was a genuinely unexplored field, and his whole professional life—which has been largely coincident with his long direction of St. Elizabeth's—may be thought of as a combat with the elements. This explains why he has always been found at those points where the winds of opposition blow most strong and keen.

II

It was William Alanson White, for instance, who, under the vicious attack of the "old guard" of psychiatrists, won the day in 1914 for the acceptance of the revolutionary method of psychoanalysis at the congress of the Medical-Psy-

chological Association, now the American Psychiatric Association. Word had been given out that those who supported the theories of Freud were to be baited and punctured once for all. The adverse clans had gathered for the fun. White made the chief defense and did it in so pregnant and measured a fashion that the confidence of the younger generation was completely gained—for the method and for White, who was later elected President of the Association. This was a definite victory, which has had lasting results.

Another epoch in psychiatric history was marked by White's remarkable testimony in the Loeb and Leopold case. Here the doctor had a unique opportunity first to make a complete and adequate study of the boys—with his collaborators, Healy and Glueck, he spent several continuous weeks in examining them—then, by bringing the results of the psychoanalytic clinic into the courtroom, an equally unique chance to "tell a psychiatric story" to the public. Doctor White testified for seven hours without interruption—an unheard of thing in his experience, for the rules of evidence generally stand in the way. Because of the melodramatic nature of popular feeling, because of the violent fears and hatreds aroused by the murder of the Franks boy, he was able to put into general circulation ideas that had before belonged only to the enlightened minority. The man in the street repudiated most of them. But many people hitherto unawakened to "unconscious" tendencies must have begun to ask themselves whether there is not a definite connection between the prevention of crime and the understanding and cure of mental difficulties, and whether both do not depend more on the basic illumination of families and teachers than on the intervention, after the fact, of doctors and judges.

III

Doctor White's method of relating his life story—which is, in its own fashion, the story of a pioneer—has the impersonality of science. He has none of the artist's romantic interest in his own destiny: his importance lies in his association with the development of a great medical specialty. The doctor likes to say that he has been "privileged" to live through the whole constructive period of American psychiatry. When he began the study of mental disease, "insanity"—a term now recognized as no more descriptive than "fever" or "cough," and never used by the initiate—had a vague and opprobrious meaning. The "insane" were pariahs, shut up in "asylums" to live and die under restraint, and the American specialist in this field was seeking the explanation of mental illness solely in the cortex of the brain, or by the methods of internal medicine. But gradually White has seen these asylums transformed into humane and truly scientific hospitals, where the object and the frequent result of treatment is cure. He has seen the interest of the psychiatric specialist, under the influence of the great European thinkers, transfer itself from physiological to psychological mechanisms, acting without the awareness of the patient.

Kraepelin was the first great modernist: a descriptive psychiatrist, he approached the symptoms of the mentally ill like a sort of observing naturalist. The intimations of Charcot and Janet were enormously suggestive, but they, in turn, gave ground before the psychoanalytical school. The *Psychoanalytical Review*, started in 1914 by White and Jelliffe, marks the first concerted attack in print of the new psychological ideas upon American practitioners in the mental field. White, by his writings and his work at St. Elizabeth's has perhaps done more than any other single doctor to get the principles of the new theory into general circulation. And gradually, psychiatry, this Cinderella of medicine, to borrow Doctor Thomas W. Salmon's phrase, has become accredited, even distinguished; taken its

place "on all fours," as White puts it, with other medical specialties. "Psychiatry," he says succinctly in his monograph in the Osler Memorial Volume, "is to my mind the first medical specialty which at all adequately approaches the problem of the whole individual, and I may say that that epitomizes its contribution to general medicine."

With this history in mind, White's life, which appears to have no spectacular features, is seen to have a drama of its own. People sometimes ask why he has stayed so long at St. Elizabeth's, a government institution, when he could have made so much more money and fame, and been in many ways more free in private practice. I wonder if it is not really because he would rather live in a hospital than anywhere else, and finds it his best laboratory. The romantic interest of his early years was centered in the Long Island Cottage Hospital in Brooklyn, to which he had the entrée through a childhood friendship with the son of a surgeon. His great delight was to spend his time in the operating rooms, and he can scarcely remember when he did not intend to be a doctor. A surgeon it was to be, then. His circumstances were meager, but he had a drive, an intelligence, an ability, and a quiet determination that no circumstances could inhibit. His talent for teaching and scholarly work, now so marked, developed in these very early years: in the high school he began to assist the professor of chemistry, as later on, at Cornell, winning a scholarship, he became a teacher of anatomy; and again later, at the Long Island Medical College, he earned his way by small teaching jobs such as demonstrations in obstetrics.

Doctor White's approach to medicine to-day is synthetic, as distinguished from the analytical approach of the ordinary specialist, who studies one part of the body as if it had very little connection with any other. White is a *specialist in the organism as a whole.* "Mental reactions are total reactions." "The mind is as old as the body." "The psyche is as old as the soma." These are some of his aphorisms. He is above all an assimilator and organizer of ideas, and it is illuminating to follow back to a very early identification with the philosophical and biological and psychological approach to life his strong tendency to see human beings as wholes; to conceive psychic and physical energy not as two separate streams but as manifestations of the same force; to take account, in appraising a psychiatric situation, of the whole past of the organism, including the past of the psyche. This boy, at the age of thirteen, was deep in Herbert Spencer—perhaps the greatest scientific "influence" of his life—and he soon caught up with the British scientist and waited eagerly for the later books as they came out.

Doctor White often quotes, in speeches, a Spencerian sentence that ties up with his adolescence, his year as ambulance surgeon, his interneship in a Brooklyn hospital, where social contacts were mixed and gregarious and he discovered young his human tolerance and his human curiosity: "Not only is there 'a soul of good in things evil' but 'a soul of truth in things erroneous.'" Here you have the germ of the psychoanalytical approach to the patient, an approach that rids itself of all human and moral judgment.

Where did White get his bent for specializing, as he began to do in college, in nervous and mental disorders? Perhaps, if he had not been born into the Spencerian age, it would have taken a religious form—the doctor tells me that he was in adolescence a faithful attendant at the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. In any case, his absorption not only in the minds, but in the unconscious tendencies of men was definitely revealed long before the age of Freud. The doctor is not a very communicative man, but his secretary produced a letter from his mother, written to another member of the family while White was still a student, which speaks of "Billy"

as "taking a private patient with strange falling fits" (epilepsy). The next sentence is revelatory, considering its early date: "He sits up all night by the patient's bed and writes down the things he says in his sleep."

A year after his graduation White went to the mental institution at Binghamton and stayed there until his appointment by Theodore Roosevelt, at the age of thirty-three, as superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, where he still remains. During the earlier professional years he worked with Boris Sidis on disassociation, and conceived the idea of following a word or an association back to its source, with most illuminating results. "When Freud came along, I was already for him, I had no resistance to his theories, which I think are as fundamental to psychology as Darwin's to biology." It has been said, by old-line neurologists, that only those American doctors who came under the personal influence of Freud have accepted the psychoanalytical technic. White has never met Freud, much less studied with him; but he inevitably accepted the method, as developed not only by Freud, but by Jung, Adler, and the rest, and then proceeded broadly and tolerantly to synthesize it for his own use in his institution.

The method is the most thorough, individualized, and time-consuming in medicine, and has so far been largely the privilege of those who could pay for many full hours of the doctor's time. Yet White has been able to use it with destitute and seriously ill people in a public hospital. A poor old negress, who calls herself a "firewoman" is just as worth the listening of the great specialist as the epileptic was worth the sleep of the eager young student. Through this absorbed interest, which White feels and passes on, like some precious serum, to the able young scientists whom he has known how to gather about him, he has made a bureau of our government not only a place where the mentally ill are cared for and often cured, but a remarkable laboratory of mental knowledge; certainly one of the leading mental institutions in the country. Kraepelin, himself hostile to psychoanalysis, even to the extent that it is practiced in this big laboratory, where it is, of course, only one of the therapeutic agencies employed by the doctors, used stronger terms after spending two weeks at St. Elizabeth's. "The father of modern psychiatry" called it the foremost mental institution in the world.

IV

St. Elizabeth's Hospital stands in a fine, high country site, a few miles from the center of Washington. The grounds are vast; though they contain a sort of hospital city, housing six thousand souls, of whom about forty-five hundred are patients, they are still studded with old trees, and bordered with ravines and sloping fields.

When White assumed the direction of the hospital in 1903, it was a thoroughly old-fashioned institution, known as the Government Hospital for the Insane. Now, with Doctor White's new and more humane name—one that will not bring terror or disgrace to the anxious relatives of the Army and Navy patients, to whom so many thousands of letters go out every year on stamped hospital paper; there are nine hundred veterans of the World War alone—it is a modern institution, seriously overcrowded, to be sure, for the government appropriations do not keep up with the influx of patients from the Services and from the District of Columbia, but well staffed with physicians and nurses to provide individual care. In addition to the mental wards, one finds everything that modern science requires—a pathological laboratory, a medical and surgical hospital, a contagious hospital, cottages for the tuberculous—and, besides, everything that a self-sufficing city would need for the amusement and the sustainment of its inhabitants—a moving-picture theater, workrooms for educational therapy, a bakery, a

dairy, and the like. At one edge of the grounds, surrounded by a wall, is a prison for the so-called "criminal insane," which also lies within the Superintendent's jurisdiction.

In an apartment in the oldest building, an ivy-grown brick edifice in the English architectural style, Doctor White has had his home all these years—the janitor of the institution, as he humorously laments, as well as the Superintendent. His study, where Herbert Spencer's works and Frazer's *Golden Bough* are conspicuous on the shelves, is bathed in a deep, rather shadowy quietude. After a taxing morning of work-visits to the wards and hours of dictation and conference in his executive office, the doctor, coming home for lunch with his wife, makes a bee line for this study, sits down with bent head at his desk, and writes for twenty minutes or half an hour on his book—whatever it may be at the moment. The person who intruded upon that brief pause of concentration and synthesis in the life of a very accessible man would have much to answer for. A scientist who, below his many practical duties and almost tragic responsibilities, lives in a world of discovering thought would scarcely survive, I think, if he did not have this retreat and someone to guard his solitude—as essential to him as to any other writer.

I think, therefore, of White's life as divided into two parts: the inner life of the apartment, which is very like that of a scholar or an artist, unsensational, sober, reflective, creative, and sustained by a central emotion, and the outer life of St. Elizabeth's, which calls on every gift, not only of the physician and scientist, but of the well-rounded and resourceful man of action who has to "know a little"—indeed, a good deal—"about everything"; not only how a great group of sick people should be succored, and how a staff of forty doctors should be guided, and a large administrative staff taught to deal wisely with mental illness, but how a great plant should be run with economy and efficiency, how anxious and complaining families should be soothed and cheered, how critical politicians, bureaucrats, visiting scientists, Washingtonians needing help in trouble, Army and Navy officials wanting instruction should have their claims and interests composed. The doctor told me, for instance, of a public official, more abusive than intelligent, whose feelings had been hurt because one of the patients had called him names as he passed by. In this institution, Doctor White explained quietly, we use no repressive methods; patients are allowed to relieve their feelings by saying what they like so long as it does not disturb the other patients. Where, if not here, can they be "crazy"?

One of White's outstanding contributions is his synthesis of hospital routine, in which he manages so to centralize and decentralize that the specialists in any field, be it administration or research, are free to function at their best, with all the facilities they need. As a result he galvanizes his doctors into intense creative activity and really original scientific work. Doctor White maintains a steady flow of young men through the hospital, who give and receive ideas; and, unlike most administrators, he never stands in the way of the advancement of his ablest men, but sends them out as apostles of the new wisdom. His influence is to be felt through his disciples in every part of our country.

So the picture that one brings away from St. Elizabeth's is painted in the clear colors of hope rather than in the black tones of despair. I have never had so great a sense of the power of the mind as in this hospital where mind is clouded. In the wards, in the grounds, these droves of rather featureless human beings, wandering in their various mazes of thought that has gone astray; but flowing all about them, an electric current of humane interest, hard intellectual and scientific concentration, and robust youth. The staff of St. Elizabeth's does not hold the patients lost and miserable souls but human beings like you

and me, who can be helped, if not altogether cured, whose strange ideas and language have a coherence of their own, like some hieroglyphics which need only the interpretation of the scholar and which have a vital bearing on all normal human life. (One doctor, I remember, was telling the librarian of a thrilling discovery of a likeness between the symbols of the Hopi Indians and those of the schizophrenic.) At St. Elizabeth's the distinctions between mind and body, disease and health, normality and abnormality mean little. They are, as White would say, "pseudo-problems." Doctor White does not love his patients less than the old-fashioned doctor, but he is in addition fascinated by them; indulgent to them, in the sense of not exercising moral judgments, even about a man who has murdered his wife; ready to listen to "nonsense" because of what it will reveal.

After several days with White I decided that his true mission in life was the diffusion of veracious knowledge about ourselves. A talk with him makes the average physician seem as secretive as the Indian medicine man. White has as much to offer the layman as the scientist. He is no more interested in the poor woman who is nagged by her buried self, or the paranoid patient who believes himself to be a famous character, or the hysterical child who breaks all her fingers to attract attention to a shame she cannot voice, than in the eminent lawyer who cannot take a subway train because of his fear of crowds, the banker who in spite of superior brains feels inferior to his business associates, the lovelorn bachelor who somehow or other cannot marry. Such impediments to dynamic happiness and accomplishment are symptoms of universal conflicts which lie below the level of consciousness, difficulties accepted as inevitable until the new psychiatry came into being.

Psychopathology is highly pertinent to modern life because it recognizes man as a social animal, and mental disturbance as dislocation of man as a member of the herd. We can be as crazy as we like on a desert island and almost as crazy as we like on a lonely farm, but in New York or Chicago we must adjust ourselves to the complex civilization we have made or go under altogether. Therefore, White disdains no outlet for his ideas that leads into community life. The tuberculosis expert, the judge, the social worker, the vocational adviser, the teacher, the policeman have even more to learn from him than the mental expert. He has defectives and delinquents always under his eye, and believes that the greater proportion of the people in prisons are mental defectives. The criminal should be regarded as an individual of the primitive or childish order, whose actions are an anachronism on the adult level, not as a scapegoat to be punished to satisfy the unconscious fears and the vengeance motive of the mob. The criminal needs understanding and often medical care. In the prison, but not more so than in the whole institution, the doctor sees the catastrophic end of those troubles of social maladjustment in which an ounce of prevention years earlier—protection for a defective intelligence, understanding on the part of teacher or parent of the needs of a wayward boy or girl—would have been worth all the pounds of cure he can give to-day. "The awakening consciousness of man in himself is a new instrument of civilization, a new tool for fashioning human destiny."

Certainly if the knowledge already possessed by St. Elizabeth's of the springs of human lives—and any doctor of this school would tell you that it is a mere fragment of what will be available in twenty years—were really capitalized in the American community to-day, a goodly proportion of the ills that bring people to St. Elizabeth's would be done away with.

We might think of the life of the institution as a combination of crisis and routine. Without crisis, there would be no revelation of the depths; routine is the means of adjustment. I saw an

efficient girl who directs the cutting out of two thousand dresses a year in the receiving pavilion; she was, before she came there, a wild little bandit who enticed men into her car and then allowed them to be robbed on a country road. I saw a pretty young girl who seemed to be the right hand of the nurses; she had been a defective prostitute, hauled out of a "nigger den." I saw a brutal-looking negro keeping the hospital floors in a marvellous state of polish; he has the mentality of a child of three, but at this work he is one hundred per cent efficient. White's object is to find for everybody the right social level, however restricted. Some of his patients will always need a measure of protection; others will go out into the world again, but infinitely better armed than before.

V

This, you might say, is the portrait of an institution, not the portrait of a man. William Alanson White is inseparable from his institution, his patients, his ideas about them. Doctor Brill once said that the prime requisite for a psycho-analyst was an inexhaustible interest in human nature. White uses a phrase that a novelist might be equally glad to claim: the psychiatrist is a man who can "feel himself into" another's ways of thinking and feeling. But the novelist can choose his paths of human interest, and the psychiatrist's imagination and his humane charity must be ready to occupy itself with objects that frequently seem unworthy, or repugnant.

The doctor makes no pretensions to being a great original thinker. But he has the genius, as he sits in that shaded study, to draw all the threads of his daily life into a synthesis and to hand them out again woven into an intelligible and speculative pattern. If he is a great man, it is as a popularizer. When he is a teacher—and he is professor of psychiatry in four colleges in the city of Washington: the Jesuit University of Georgetown, George Washington University, and notably, the Army and Navy Medical Schools—when he is a writer—and the bibliography of his works shows that he has been prolific both in a strictly scientific and a relatively popular vein—when he goes into the courtroom to testify, it is always to carry into the greater world ideas that seem to him fundamental to the progress of man's knowledge of himself. White's influence upon our Army, though little known to the layman, has been of great importance. Through his teaching, the regular officer in the late World War was far more able than the ordinary physician from civil life to deal adequately and humanely with the mental derangements due to war stress. As to his writings,—he does not belong to the "miraculous" school; he does not draw his illustrations predominantly from sex; for all his alchemist's head, he does not go in for magic cures. But he employs speculation deliberately to provoke response and criticism. We have to fashion new tools, he says, to penetrate he unknown.

Sir William Osler was a great man in the medicine of his time because, by his combination of rich human qualities and advanced scientific vision, he stood midway between the old empirical doctor and the "testubian." So William Alanson White, a much less picturesque figure—a shortish, stoutish, middle-aged man, with a flicker of fire in his impassive, inscrutable face—in another generation and another field of medicine, seems to take his place as a sort of midway man between the psychiatrist of the past and the future. On his left is the isolated specialist of twenty years ago, marooned with his "insane" patients on a bleak island inaccessible to medical science; on his right the still shadowy figure of the mental expert of the future, who will, if Doctor White and his kind prevail over the "three Furies," take his place with the internist at the bedside of many a patient and be as welcome in court-room, schoolroom, university, or factory as in his own psychiatric clinic.

AMATEUR

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE was no doubt that Vivian had temperament. Too much to be able to slake it with vanity or self-satisfaction. Not enough to drive her to achievement. She lived in that half-world slung between the amateur and the professional ones, in which the great preoccupation is discontent. The concentrated, intensive purpose of the artist was lacking in her, but there were lacking too most of the poses and conceits of the dilettante. Anyone who saw her doing that swift, delicate solo dance on the night of the Junior League entertainment in the formal gardens of the Gailors could not fail to feel the difference between her and the rest of the handsome girls who took their part in the performance without ever forgetting their important surnames or the personnel of their audience.

Vivian did not care at all about her surname. She was without one for the minute, exquisitely individual, happy with the quick, clear music which she herself had chosen for her dance. The audience pleased her because it was lost in the shadows of the garden and was mysterious and strange instead of being a group of friends. David was not the husband who had brought her other slippers and would take her home, but a lover lingering for favors. Music and dance and beauty isolated her, and after the dance was over she wanted to run away and not fall quickly back into suburbanism. But she did not have quite temperament enough for that unconventionality, so she stood about with the others of the cast and listened to flattery.

It was always that way. She could dance in the marquee later with Jim Berkeley, feel the tenseness of his arms, and be quite shamelessly glad that he cared so much. She cared for Jim too, temporarily, in spite of being married to David, along with her love for David. But when it came to the point of Jim's almost angry demands, here was not enough temperament to satisfy those. So it ran. Too much temperament to allow her thoroughly to enjoy being the mother of two small, affectionate but grubby boys. Not enough temperament to neglect them. Enough, quite enough for discontent.

David Shevlin knew, of course. There was nothing much about Vivian that he did not know by this time. For some time he had been aware of Jim Berkeley's state of mind and was rather concerned and ashamed about it. He knew that there was nothing in it for Berkeley except ragged nerves and disappointment and he always felt vaguely responsible when Vivian stirred people up, men or women. But he himself did not bother with jealousy any more. Too many Jim Berkeleys had come along in the last six years, during his married life; and the jealousy which the first of them had aroused had faded and blurred into acceptance by this time. Vivian always told him more or less about these emotional encounters, and the stories did not vary much.

They got along very well, on the whole.

As everyone said, it was a perfect marriage because David took such an interest in everything Vivian did. Tonight at the Junior League benefit he stayed reasonably close to her, joining in the praises showered upon her, agreeing endlessly that he should be proud of his wife. She had worn a beautiful mask as she danced, and now as she held the mask against her breast as if to court comparison of it with her face, David recognized the artistic perfection of her attitude. She had it in her, he thought vaguely, without defining too closely what he meant by that. Too bad that she was twenty-nine and that life would probably torture her with its withheld possibilities for ten years longer. Vivian was always so cruelly tempted by the things she was not doing.

People came between them, and he moved back, for he was careful not to be too officiously the husband. Vivian hated that. He lighted a cigar and looked the crowd over and, as he did so, noticed the young girl who was watching his wife. She was an exceedingly young girl, not more than nineteen or twenty, dressed with a kind of dash that hadn't quite come off, in a vivid, orange-colored dress. The absorption with which she looked at Vivian was what held David's half-amused attention. He wondered what she was thinking and decided to speak to her. One knew all these young girls more or less, or was supposed to.

"Good show, wasn't it?" he suggested amiably, moving over to where she stood by herself. The girl looked up and answered with the bluntness of the very young, who consider judgment so serious that they will not temporize with it for a moment.

"She was good," she answered, nodding at Vivian; "the rest was what you might expect."

"What might you expect?"

"Nothing very much. Did you?"

"I expected to see a lot of pretty girls. And I'm not asking for my money back."

She shrugged their prettiness aside.

"Pretty enough. But when they dance, when they try to be rakish and alluring and think they're getting a chorus-girl effect, I think they're terrible!"

"You've had a bad evening."

"Oh, no," she said with the same directness, "I only came along to see Mrs. Shevlin. I've heard she was good but I'd never seen her before."

"You liked her?"

"Yes." Her criticism changed into enthusiasm and she was suddenly charming. "She really can dance. Isn't it too bad she's married to all this?"

"Now in that," said David, "I will not join you. I'm her husband."

The girl laughed with no embarrassment.

"Are you? Well, I stick to it. It's a pity she has a husband."

"Why?"

"She'd be on the stage if she weren't married, wouldn't she?"

"Would she?" he tossed the question back irritatingly.

"Why not? She's almost professional as it is and she has more beauty and temperament than nine-tenths of the people you see on the stage."

"Do you know my wife?"

"No."

"Come along and meet her." He took the girl's arm in an easy, friendly grasp and noticed how very thin it was. "You might tell me your name as we go along. Whose daughter are you?"

"My name is Mary Heath."

He couldn't place the name Heath, and evidently Vivian could not either, for she was rather uninterested at first in the introduction. As his wife stood beside Mary Heath, David saw that the girl's dress was worse than he had thought and that her intensity bordered on bad manners. She went straight to the point with Vivian.

"You dance like Joy Lefevre," she said bluntly.

"You've seen Joy Lefevre?"

"I've been in her ballet school."

"Isn't that interesting? And you liked my dance?"

"The first half was wonderful," said Mary Heath.

Vivian had felt that, and David knew it. Vivian had told him impatiently that toward the end the dance slackened in spite of her. Her answer would have surprised him if he hadn't known Vivian so well.

"I liked the last part rather better myself," she said coldly.

"But—"

Vivian laughed in the cool distant way that put people off and said that none of it was much good. And Jim Berkeley came up just then, nodding to David without quite looking at him, and asked Vivian to dance. They went away together and David forgot his temporary protégé in wondering if it would do any good to tell Vivian to lay off Jim. Probably not.

"Did she really like that last part of her dance or was she just trying to snub me?" asked Mary Heath, reflectively.

David told the truth.

"I think you hurt her. She never was satisfied with the end of it."

"I suppose it wasn't the thing to say."

"You have a very delightful way of lifting out the top thing in your mind," he commented. "I enjoy it myself; but I should think it might occasionally get you in rather wrong. Suppose I had been the husband of one of the dancers you didn't approve of."

She gave him a companionable smile and he saw more of that charm which seemed to be stored in her and to break through her stiff young surfaces now and then.

"Well, you picked me up. It's your fault. That's the answer to that, isn't it?"

"So it is. Let's go amuse ourselves. Do you want some of this food we have to buy for the benefit of something, or do you want to dance?"

"Food," she said, "not this kind of dancing. Too junky and I won't have people on my feet."

He took her to one of the little tables set out on the lawn and bought supper for them both. She had, he noticed, a thoroughly healthy appetite and no fear of fattening food. Youth, he thought again.

"So you're in a ballet school?" he asked her over their supper.

"No. I've been in one."

"And what happens next?"

"Rehearsals, I hope. I've been promised a little part in the new thing Ned Freeman's putting on."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"It's a start," she said, and her voice lifted into her hopes so sweetly and proudly that David felt a resentment of what the future was probably holding out on her. He had grown wary of futures, himself.

"Anyway you're not going to make a bad break like getting married, are you?" he asked jocularly.

They were feeling very friendly by this time. Mary Heath looked again at the handsome, very-much-at-ease man across from her and let him laugh at her.

"Nobody like you, who'd keep me off the stage."

"Why do you think I should?"

"Because of your wife, of course."

"Maybe she kept herself off."

"With that much talent?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, perhaps it is my fault that her name isn't in electric lights somewhere. But I've never objected."

"Objected to what?"

"To anything my wife wanted to do," he said; and again his mind abandoned the girl with him and went off by itself, reflecting on the many things Vivian had wanted to do. She had wanted to be married and she had wanted the children and the house and the social setting and the flirtations. Yet she had wanted the stage, too. And at first he had expected that she would go on with her dancing. When he had married her he had known of her talent and had a grave respect for it. Whatever she wanted to do would be all right with him, he had promised.

They would adjust their living to that bargain.

"Possibly you're right," he said reflectively; "it may be just as well for you to keep away from marriage. I suspect there's something stultifying in it no matter how one goes at it. But I really should have been glad to see Vivian on the stage if it was the thing she wanted most. What you'd better do, Miss Heath, is to trust no man's protestations that he won't alter your career."

He was speaking somewhat humorously, but she refused to take it like that. Again she spoke with that clean lack of reserve that was strangely not offensive.

"I don't think it was your fault your wife didn't keep on. Not if you talk like that."

She had pushed her plate away now and sat with her chin dropped in the hollow of her palms. He was beginning to find her very pretty, in spite of the failure of her clothes, and he was sure she worked very hard. There was a look of training and action about her.

"Anyway, I'm going to come and see your show in New York."

"I'll be such a fragment you'll never notice me."

"I'll hunt you out in the program. Do you use your own name?"

"It's as good as another one. A name isn't any better than what you can do for it."

"I have a notion that you are going to provide pretty generously for yours," he said.

After a little he realized that it was time to hunt up Vivian again and see if she wanted anything, and he managed to suggest that to Mary Heath, who seemed willing to stay at the table indefinitely, her thoughts brooding on her future. But she took the hint and left him, though he had a suspicion that no one was waiting for her. Queer, driving child, he thought, and found Vivian, who had been hard pressed enough by Jim Berkeley to welcome her husband as a natural check. Jim's feelings were becoming obvious and noisy. Vivian was through with him for the evening.

"Where did you pick up the scarlet child?" she asked David after they were home.

"I saw her rapt in admiration of you and went over to talk to her. She's rather unusual."

"I wonder if she's a clever dancer. Must be to get in Lefevre's ballet school. Is she going on the stage?"

"Almost immediately."

Vivian's eyes grew covetous.

"Who is she anyway? I asked Jim, and he said the only Heath he knew was a none too praiseworthy cousin of the Lowes. I suppose that's where she comes in. Probably visiting at the Lowes. She dresses like a forest fire."

"She's pretty though when you look at her, and she has all the drive in the world."

He saw he was blundering. Discontent began to drift across Vivian's face.

"You were beautiful to-night, Vivian. I've never seen you dance so well."

"The last part was a mess. Even that girl noticed it."

"It wasn't a mess, and it doesn't matter what she noticed." He had to defend Vivian now against the shutting in of her mood, the reaction from her pleasure during the evening. She was sorry now that she had danced at all. She was only a silly, middle-aged amateur, she said, and felt it bitterly. David could see her hate herself and everything she was and did.

"I should have kept on years ago, instead of letting go."

"But you didn't want to then, Vivian."

She looked at him somberly and said that she was a wretch and gave him no peace. For she had no more mercy on herself than on him. Everything around hurt her and had to be hurt in return. When he said good-night she was standing by a window in her room, restlessly looking out at an over-calm, over-hushed night. He was sorry to leave her so and lay awake thinking of her and pitying her. Into his mind once or twice

came the memory of Mary Heath but it seemed entirely irrelevant.

He was surprised when Vivian took the girl up. She had made inquiries about her and found her a guest at the Lowes, who were an old couple and paid little attention to her except to accord her houseroom for a few weeks. Nobody paid much attention to Mary Heath until Vivian did. She was too badly dressed for the younger set, too eager and fundamental in her talk to please young men. Besides, nothing interested her very greatly except her work, and of that she could not get enough. Vivian found Mary one morning in the midst of her exercises and came home hating herself because she no longer could treat her own body with the steady, unremitting discipline which Mary Heath never relaxed. The girl's body was under her control every minute, was her tool, her instrument, her beautifully trained gift.

Vivian had her at the house in the afternoon once or twice, and they talked music and dancing and interpretation and of Lefevre and Pavlowa and Lada.

"She isn't good for you, Vivian," said David. "Why do you let that crazy child upset you?"

He spoke of her with deliberate disapproval because he saw what a whip the girl was to Vivian's ambitions and that Vivian was deliberately scourging herself. Yet when Mary Heath, who had no idea of balance or restraint in friendship, and would have spent all her time at their house if she had been asked, came for dinner, he was very glad to have her there. He told himself at first that it was because she and Vivian had interests in common and then, when that excuse broke down, that the girl amused him. But amusement did not account for the way her face lingered in his mind.

They were four at dinner one night, he and Vivian and Jim Berkeley and Mary Heath. It was one of Vivian's stubborn, willful parties, planned in defiance of people's feelings, as if the brew of them could not be strong enough to suit her. Until the time they had coffee she was perversely domestic in her conversation, talking of plans for the boys and the funny things they said and of cooks and various kinds of salads. And then, over the coffee and cordials, she abandoned all that and fell into a mood of silence, and poor Jim Berkeley tried not to watch her brooding beauty but could not help himself. When they left the table she went to the piano and played for a long time, tempting Berkeley, interesting Mary, and worrying David because he was not sure of how she felt.

"I should think," said Mary to David softly while the music was going on, "that you'd try to get her to go on with her dancing professionally. Or else her music. She'd be a lot happier, you know."

She spoke of Vivian, but David felt as if she had spoken of his own happiness. There was something in her voice that was different from anything he had heard in it before, something that rested him and yet stung.

"I told you I have no objection, but you can't tell your wife to leave your house and go on the stage, can you?" he asked, trying to be funny about it.

"She ought not to tear at herself so," said the girl slowly; "it's like a gesture toward destruction. Not a complete gesture. I mean you can dance destruction. Or live it, I suppose. But you can't dance thwarting, or live it."

David listened to her but he did not answer. He was not really listening to what she said. He was thinking of her clear, courageous young mind, so staunchly driving through obstacles and urging other people to do the same, and he was watching her face and seeing it as many men saw it later, mysterious and desirable. He knew what was happening to him then and was determined that it should go no farther. He had seen too many of the men who hung around Vivian to find any lure in unlawful passion. But he had caught himself a little late, for as he stood up and sug-

gested to Vivian that they play a few rubbers of bridge his arm was trembling.

The bridge was uncomfortable for them all. Mary Heath played abominably, with every possible thoughtless blunder, and Jim Berkeley had no patience with her. They were all irritated. Vivian's brew of feelings that night had stood too long and became bitter. It was the last night they were to see Mary, who was returning to New York in the morning, to go into rehearsals for the small part that was to wedge her into fame. Berkeley took her home at midnight, and David felt he had not had a chance to say good-by to her. It made him impatient with Vivian's sigh after the guests were gone.

"That's what I should have done, years ago," she said. "I should have gone to New York and fought it out like that girl."

"Why don't you do it now?" he asked coldly.

"Now? Because I'm nearly thirty. I'm too old. Besides, I can't. What would happen here?"

"You could leave that to me. I'd manage with the children. Go ahead. Get it out of your system. Get out of the amateur class."

"It's easy to talk," she said, "but you know it's impossible."

"I don't see why, if you don't like the way you're living. Try some other way."

"Maybe I will," she answered darkly, but he felt the thin quality of her purpose.

"And by the way, is it impossible to call it a day with Jim Berkeley?" he added.

"He's not doing any harm. It's stimulating. You want me to live like all the heavyweight suburbans, David. I can't do it."

"I hate to see him making a fool of himself around my house," said David angrily.

"You haven't much patience with people's feelings, David. They can't be run by machinery."

David knew well enough by this time. That was why he was so savage.

Later in the night he woke and heard Vivian sobbing. Things had gone black on her again, the way they did sometimes. He tried to harden his heart and not hear her, but he could not. So he got up and went to comfort her. She needed him at times like this.

"If it weren't for you, David," she said, before she at last drifted off to sleep, with her tangled thoughts straightened out, "I don't know what I'd do. And I know how miserable I make you. I hate myself most of all for that. That's my worst failure."

It was such moments that usually made him tender with her, ready to forgive the next revolt, or indiscretion, or indulgence. He had hoped for ten years that one of them would mark a turning toward peace. But to-night he had no such illusion. He saw himself going on indefinitely from mood to mood, from scene to scene in an endless circle. It made him resentful because outside the circle there were things he wanted now. And through his denial he knew it.

Mary Heath's part in the Ned Freeman production was as inconspicuous as she had told David it would be. He saw her once in the first few weeks, a slim girl, usually on the end, with a marvellously graceful body, who danced with delightful abandon. To David it seemed very clear that she was far better than any of the others in the group. He had come without Vivian, and later he went back of the stage to find Mary.

He told himself that when he saw her again this foolish infatuation would probably disappear like a pricked bubble. He would find it had been imagination. But at the sight of her his heart grew warm, and he cherished the warmth. She seemed older, better dressed, although it was only two months since he had seen her.

"You found me, didn't you?"

"I'll always find you," he said quietly,

"I'm going to be in many of your audiences, Mary."

"Did Vivian come?"

"No. It's only an overnight trip for me. Will you come and have supper with me?"

She hung on his arm and told him everything that had happened. That even now she was being rehearsed for a short solo dance and was understudying one of the leads. Together they plunged on foot through the theater crowds and were extremely happy looking for a satisfactory place to eat. They found what they wanted, and David ordered a supper that took some time in preparation, for he wanted to prolong his hours with her. Everything on the top of Mary's mind tumbled out and then the things underneath. But the strangest thing of all came when he was saying good-night to her in the empty hallway of the little hotel where she was living.

"Do you know I'm in love with you?" asked Mary, suddenly.

He felt his heart pound heavily.

"Don't make fun of me. You know that's nonsense. I'm an old married man who likes to buy you suppers. That's all."

"It isn't all. I'm in love with you. I know. I think of you when I wake up in the morning. I think of you—"

"Hush," he said imploringly, "please don't, Mary. It's just a foolish fancy of yours, that's all."

"Do you really think that?" she asked with her terrible directness.

"I've got to think it," said David. But he lifted her hands to his lips with a swift irresistible movement and then bent for a second to her face, to her sweet, fresh lips that were so willing.

The career of Mary Heath is part of theatrical history. It was not only the swiftness of her success but the sureness with which she caught and held public favor that marked it. One season she was unknown. The next year she was rising on the wave, being asked to indorse brands of cold cream, to sign contracts, to be photographed in many poses for many magazines. Some of the portraits of her in that early period accent the childishness of her face and some hint at the mystery of her beauty, which was never a matter of feature only but of some mysterious composition of outline and spirit, an indefatigable spirit, sure of its aim, confident and fearless. She worked very hard. The money she earned never tempted her to relax her discipline over her body or to shorten those hours of rigorous work she planned for herself.

The Shevlins came in from Bellclair for the opening night of the revue which starred Mary Heath. David had not wanted to come. He had objected on various grounds. Business had interfered, and David would have found it impossible to get away if Vivian had not absolutely insisted. She said she must see Mary on that opening night. And she had angrily torn up an invitation to dance at a benefit for the orphanage, and hurled it in the wastebasket. They had gone to New York. Vivian said nothing during Mary's act. She had seen and listened, understood the charming music, watched the grace of Mary's beautiful body in its splendor of costume, heard the delight in the applause around her. She, too, had applauded generously.

"She's wonderful, really, David," said Vivian.

David did not say anything, and Vivian thought that as usual he was thinking of the business which he had wanted to stay home and attend to. He was studying his program with a slight frown.

"Don't you think she's remarkable?" she urged.

"Very."

"Sometimes, David, I think you never appreciate anything."

He did not answer.

"I must look her up to-morrow," said Vivian, worrying at herself.

She had taken the success of the revue gracefully. Vivian never let cheaper forms of jealousy ride her. Only when

they went out of the theater and were waiting for a cab beneath the winking, flashing electric lights which spelled the name of Mary Heath she had looked up at them suddenly, and for a moment they seemed to blind her. She put her hand up to her eyes.

"That," she said to David, "is where I should have put my name!"

He patted her arm affectionately and hurried her to the cab.

"Your name is all right just where it is, darling. Everybody doesn't have to be in electric lights."

"No, and you can't get there if you're like me. You've got to be ruthless, to sacrifice everyone to your own interests. That's what I couldn't do."

He turned. Through the window the name of Mary Heath flashed back and forth on the street.

"Ruthless?"

"The reason that girl has got on is because she's thought of no one but herself."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I could have done the same if I'd been a little different. Only—"

"Only you were greedy," he said unexpectedly, "you wanted everything, Vivian. You wanted all the things Mary has but you wanted all the things she hasn't too. And you didn't want to work very hard. That's why you stayed amateur. You couldn't pick the one thing you wanted and go after it. If Mary Heath had chosen the things you have, she would have stuck by them."

"She wouldn't want the things I have, you may be sure."

"Wouldn't she?" he asked; "I suppose not. I wonder."

"You needn't wonder. You may be sure she wouldn't. She wants her public and her electric lights, her success."

Vivian held her bitterness close to her. Once she could possibly have done what Mary Heath did to-night. But it was too late now, and she knew it and hated herself and for the time hated the alternate choice she felt she had made, David, himself.

That was one reason why she was so cordial to Jim Berkeley, meeting him in the lobby of the hotel where she and David were staying. David was not cordial. He did not like Vivian to be made conspicuous by a certain hangdog, ever hopeful look in Berkeley's eyes, and he was ashamed that his wife had made Berkeley look like that until people laughed at him. Jim asked them both to come down to the grill for a supper and dance a little.

"Love to," said Vivian.

"I'll get a table," Jim said and hurried away.

David turned to Vivian.

"I thought you were through with that," he said abruptly.

"What?"

"Leading Berkeley around by the nose. Why don't you tell him to get out? He's been making a fool of himself for two years now—turning up here in New York."

"It shows fidelity, doesn't it?"

"Did he know we were to be here to-night?"

"Was it a secret?"

"You're not fair, Vivian. I wish you'd tell him when he comes back that you're tired. Let's cut it out. It hurts a man to be treated like that."

She looked at him like a very scornful statue.

"David—just because you don't understand how anyone can't want anything he doesn't possess, don't try to get everyone else fitted into your own limitation."

"I don't know what you mean."

"There's no reason why I shouldn't see anyone I please, no reason why a man shouldn't like—love—me if he wants to."

"I think there is."

"You're disagreeable, David. If you ever were in love yourself or let your fancy stray for a foot or so, you'd be more sympathetic. I wish you would. Here comes Jim."

David turned away.

"You have supper with him alone

then, Vivian. I'm tired of playing chaperon. There are things I'd rather do."

He went out. But Vivian knew he would be back again. It rather amused her to strike a spark of jealousy in David. He had been too careless about her admirers lately until for some reason Jim Berkeley had begun to annoy him. After all, thought Vivian, if a woman gives up a career for a man, it's almost enough. That career she had given up was vivid to-night. It was in electric lights, accomplished. Sacrificed to David. Let him walk his temper off.

He walked very swiftly, if she could have seen him, and he had a directed air as if he knew exactly where he was going. When he turned off Fifth Avenue six blocks away into a quiet and fashionable street, he went into an apartment house. The boy at the desk knew him.

"Is Miss Heath in?"

"Just came in."

It was luck he had not expected.

"Ring her apartment and see if I may go up."

She met him at the door, and she was evidently alone. She had not allowed herself many friends. She was wearing a dress of heavy cream silk with a red girdle and she looked like an actress but also like a child. He stared down at her for a minute and then took her in his arms, her head against his shoulder, gently cradled there.

"Ruthless—" he said softly, "ruthless!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing, dear. I was just thinking of the things you weren't."

He let her go at length and sat down with her on a little brocaded sofa.

"It's a great show," he said. "You're wonderful."

"Am I?"

"More wonderful than ever."

She shook her head dolorously.

"I can't get the thrill out of it. Oh, I do it all right, I know. I'll keep working. But there's no more thrill."

"Why not?"

"It isn't enough. I want something else."

"What do you want?"

She hesitated and for the first time her frankness halted.

"I want you," she said at length, with a child's heartache sigh; "I want what Vivian has. What your wife has. I'm jealous of her. I want just you and nothing else. It grows on me horribly."

He looked at her, his face tense, and then shook his head.

"You'd hate it, Mary. Don't be jealous of Vivian. She's too unhappy."

"Why should she be unhappy? Oh I know what you'll say. I know I didn't see it at first. But I didn't realize what it might mean to be your wife, and now I know."

He was about to say something bitter and stopped. Some memory of Vivian in one of her hundreds of moments of regret and pity for him may have stopped him. Some loyalty. Some fear of the youth of the girl who was so candidly in love with him.

"Don't talk of that. Talk of why you shouldn't be jealous of anyone. Think of what you have ahead of you now, Mary. More future than you can use! Successes, traveling, beautiful things—men loving you—too many of them—a husband perhaps some day, if you want one."

She shook her head impatiently.

"Don't talk like that. I hate it, I tell you. I hate it."

"I won't. I only came up to say good-night. I'm going home early to-morrow."

"Must you?" she asked, and again was a little girl denied what she wanted.

David nodded. He was looking at her now as if he would never see her again. And he knew he would never see her like this. After this he must keep that row of footlights between them, always.

"You must work hard," he said, with his hands on her shoulders, "work hard and then everything will be all right. You're a professional. You've got something that makes you independent

of everyone in the world and every happening. That's why I have no fear for you. No fear—and no pity."

He walked for hours, away from the hotel and then at length back again. All the way he could feel her arms clinging about his neck.

The great lounges of the hotel were deserted. They were strange and unfamiliar and waiting. He went upstairs to his room and softly opened the door. From the far corner of the room he heard a hushed sobbing. Vivian was finding life hopeless again. Berkeley had been too insistent or not insistent enough and her name was not in electric lights.

For a moment David hesitated with his hand still on the door. He saw the years of moods like this unwinding before him, crystallizing slowly into petulance and resentment against him. Still, after all, Vivian had very little. It was the sense of what she no longer had that made him close the door and approach to bring her what comfort he could.

OLD BATTLEFIELDS

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

THERE, where before no master action struck
The grim Fate in the face, and cried, "What now?"
Where gain and commonplace lay in their ruck,
And pulled the beetroots, milked the muddy cow,
Heard the world's rumors, wished themselves good luck,
And slept, and rose, and lived and died somehow—

A light is striking keen as angel spears,
Brightness outwelling, cool as roses, there;
From every crossroad majesty appears,
Each cottage gleams like Athens on the air;
Ghosts by broad daylight, answered not by fears,
But bliss unwordable, are walking there.

Who thirsts, or aches, or gropes as going blind?
O, drink with me at these fair-foliaged wells,
Or on the bruised life lay this unction kind,
Or mark this light that lives in lily-bells;
There rests, and always shall, the wandering mind,
Those clumsy farms to-day grow miracles:

Since past each wall and every common mark,
Field path and wooden bridge, there once went by
The flower of manhood, daring the huge dark,
The famished cold, the roaring in the sky;
They died in splendor, for they claimed no spark
Of glory save the light in a friend's eye.

WHY EUROPE DISLIKES THE JEW

BY JOSEF BARD

A CERTAIN amount of bad feeling against the Jew seems inherent in the normal attitude of the European. Hence the definition, "An anti-semite is a person who dislikes the Jews more than they deserve." Illustrious Europeans usually manifest the "normal" amount of dislike even when they are as cultured and tolerant as Goethe or as skeptical and destructive as Voltaire. Voltaire—with the unpleasant memory of some money-lender in the back of his mind—said such hard things about the Jews in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* that he had to modify some of his *obiter dicta* after receiving protesting letters from six rabbis whom he answered, rather mildly but flippantly, in a short writing called, "Six Jews against one Christian"—a title which expresses the impressionistic rather than the numerical truth about the relations between Jews and Gentiles.

But even Jews, in the degree to which they become Europeanized, assume a certain degree of anti-semitism which, beginning with the condemnation of outward characteristics, increases to such a repudiation as that of Heine: "The Jews . . . are long since condemned and drag their torments of condemnation through thousands of years. Oh, that Egypt! Her products defy time; her pyramids still stand unshattered; her mummies are still indestructible, and just as imperishable is that mummy of a people which still wanders about upon the earth . . . an ossified bit of world history, a ghost, dealing in bills and old trousers for a maintenance." No Gentile can say more than that.

Anti-semitism goes back to the very beginnings of European civilization and is even older when world history is considered. Josephus Flavius, the Romanized revolutionary hero of Jewry, finds it necessary to defend his compatriots against anti-semitic exaggeration. Interrupted by abnormal outbreaks, normal anti-semitism goes continuously through the history of Europe, and appears to us to-day a stronger current of popular feeling than it has ever been before.

What is the root of such a constant antagonism—an antagonism which seems to have its tide and ebb determined by periods of change in European civilization and character? Studies into the reasons for anti-semitism record a bewildering array of causes, ranging from the charge that Jews have unpleasant personal habits to the accusation that all Jews are bolsheviks. From a historic collection of caricatures on the Jews I learn that, whereas in earliest times the strange Jewish ritual was mocked, from the sixteenth century onwards the Jew is satirized as the blood-sucking money-lender; in the industrial era of the nineteenth century he develops into the hard-hearted capitalist and, finally, in the twentieth, he is represented as a socialist leader and communist dictator working against the nationalist state and the law and order based upon it. But this is not the whole gamut of charges. There is a charge which began with the legend that the Jews had crucified Jesus of Nazareth. It is significant to record that slowly Europeans have changed this charge against the Jews and, from holding them respon-

sible for the death of the Saviour, begin to hold them responsible for making Christianity and forcing it upon a resentful Europe. What Nietszche openly expresses is implicit in the attitude of many other writers.

Anti-semitism is deeply implanted in the European mind; its history is sufficient evidence of this fact. But it is impossible that all of the alleged causes should be genuine. Most of them appear to be painfully sought-for justifications for a feeling, the origin of which is covered by ignorance or inhibitions. I am convinced that an analysis of the deep-lying causes of anti-semitism and an investigation into those critical outbreaks of anti-semitism which occur from time to time will help to an understanding of the European mind itself.

There is a Jewish problem in Europe to-day. The period of liberalism accompanying the opening of the industrial era, in which peasant and laborer rose from an animal status into the lowest degree of citizenship in the scale of the European social organization, also opened the Ghetto, because men believed in equal treatment for the entire mob which had hitherto stood outside legalized society. All the Ghettos of Europe were not opened at the same time. In some East-European countries they were never opened at all. But even where they were opened, they were in a few years re-established in another, less obvious form. Those Jews who failed to emancipate themselves before the sixties of the last century lost almost their only chance ever to become assimilated in Europe. Slowly new discriminations were built up against the Jews; no simple yellow spot or district of domicile debarred them, but subtler barricades of social discrimination; and now, since the Great War, voices have become loud which demand the actual re-establishment of Ghetto conditions. Hilaire Belloc and his supporters in England, pan-German neopagans, awakening Magyars preach the isolation of the Jewish population, and would limit their rights, establishing a second- or third-class citizenship for Jews. Not since the days of the emancipation, when for a brief time Europe seemed opened to them, have the Jews stood before such a crisis.

II

An attempt to analyze the many plausible-sounding justifications of anti-semitism, and to determine which are real and which are only ratiocinations, leads us beyond the symptomatic aspects of anti-Jewish feeling, and makes necessary a comparative historical and cultural analysis to determine where and how the Jewish mind becomes an irritation for the European mind.

For there is a Jewish mind-type which only occasionally, and for brief periods, has been in harmony with the dominant European mind-type, and which, most of the time, has been in profound conflict with it; and this fact lies at the root of all anti-semitism, despite the hundreds of more superficial explanations.

I am inclined to dismiss as ratiocination all reference to the physical aspects of Jewry. Where Jews do not set themselves apart from the rest of the population by self-imposed marks, kaftans, and corkscrew curls, as in some East-European countries, the physical differences cannot account for the discrimination against Jews. As a matter of fact, mimicry is so strong a quality in the Jew that he tends to take on the outer aspect of the nation among whom he lives. Anyone who has seen an international Jewish conference must have been impressed by this. An ardent racialist who made skull measurements on all the deputies of the Hungarian parliament to ascertain the number of pure Turanian skulls found a single "satisfactory" head, and its owner was the President of the Jewish community in Budapest. Professor Marczali, the well-known Hungarian historian, a Jew, was chosen to sit as model for the statue of the great national poet Petöfi, who was a South-Slav by origin. No people as a whole has

exclusively pleasant physical qualities, as a walk through the suburbs of London, Paris, or Berlin shows; and I do not believe that the Jewish population contains a smaller number of attractive men and women than that of other peoples. Nor is there any evidence that eugenically the Jews are inferior to Europeans. Not only do they produce a large percentage of capable human beings, but they are also long lived and, when mated with Gentiles—leaving out of account the mental complications of such marriages—the eugenic result appears to be satisfactory.

One of the strongest proofs of what an artificial and insincere justification of anti-semitism the physical aspect of the Jews is, is furnished by the fact that when someone who at first sight is not taken for a Jew, is discovered, by his own confession perhaps, to be one, the mental attitude of the Gentile usually automatically changes toward him, and approaches the European "normal" contempt.

It is argued that European "races" should be kept immune from further Jewish intermixture in the interest of race "purity." But this question is one of the most debated and dubious in anthropology. If one is asked what is a race, what is a pure race, what are the laws regulating successful racial combinations, and how far racial characteristics are responsible for cultural qualities, one can quote an equal number of first-class authorities pro and contra. When such a scientifically uncertain problem receives a definite political formulation then we may be sure that the physical aspect is not the real reason, but one of the many after-justifications of an existing hostility. We learn or suspect that someone is a Jew, and with this knowledge we begin to be uncertain in our attitude toward him; we look for discriminating physical characteristics in the color of eyes, the quality of hair, the length of legs; and with a bewildering number of logical jumpings make these constitutional elements the responsible agents for our own attitude toward an irritating and foreign mentality.

III

One gets much closer to the real origins of hostility when one considers other charges than those of physical inferiority, charges which imply an acknowledgment of a different mentality in Jew and Gentile.

The charge that the Jews lack physical courage is more serious than it appears to be. To this charge it is no answer to prepare a registry list of the Jews who fell in the World War, nor is the argument settled by reference to the moral courage of Jews, who from the days of the Roman conquest to our own times have provided martyrs ready to die for religion or starve in the interest of scientific progress. What the European feels in the Jew is an attitude toward suffering and death fundamentally different from his own, which is the product of Valhalla epics, romanticism, chivalry, and the gentleman tradition and code. That the Jewish fear of suffering and terror of death as the horror of all horrors is much closer to the realities of nature does not reconcile the European to it; on the contrary, his own attitude being much more ambitious, he fears being conquered by the "lower" conception of the Jew. He finds himself, furthermore, in conflict with the Jewish protest against physical force in settling disputes and differences. The idea of the beauty and value of physical force is one which Europeans cherish despite their Christianity; it is embodied in their myths and legends, and some of their most modern philosophers exalt it. It is part of their complicated and unharmonized mentality. Even European pacifists try to work against war and at the same time to keep intact the idea of physical force as power and glory. They talk of "new wars for old," of sport as a substitute for fighting, and their most potent argument against war is that it no longer provides an outlet for individual competition, since it

has become so mechanized and such a mass affair. The European pacifist distrusts the Jewish pacifist, whose pacifism is so much simpler a thing since it is quite simply founded on a distrust of force in any form and a preference for competition with other weapons where his advantages are greater.

Another frequent justification of anti-semitism lies in the spurious national spirit of the Jew, in his international connections, in the suspicion of an international conspiracy of Jewry to rule over Europeans. None of the copious proofs that Jews can be and are good patriots will do away with the European's intuitive conviction that the Jew bows the knee to the national ideal merely from opportunism or from a sense of justice, and not from inner conviction. The Gentile has an ideal of the amalgamation of God, State, and Nation into some all-powerful force; this ideal, initiated in the Reformation and planted deep in the mind of the European, particularly in Protestant countries, seems incapable of penetrating more than the skin of the Jew. The Jew's ethics are universalistic, his units are the family and mankind. He may die for one nation, but the national ideal does not fill him to the conviction "Right or wrong, my country," nor can it become for him a religion. He has not, like the European, had many creeds, but one, and this is a messianic dogma which leads him to hope for a world organization of all mankind, to hope to see the national states of Europe as but bubbles on the surface of an eternal stream. The evident international connections which the Jew has, his history—often a personal one—of wandering and of living among various peoples, his knowledge of many languages, his relatives in other countries—all tend to weaken the nationalism which is imposed upon him from without and has no roots within. Whether as capitalist or as socialist intellectual, he is a born mediator; and as he brought Asia into Europe through the Bible, and Greece into Europe through the translations of Aristotle, so he continues to negate clan separation.

Although the accusation that the Jews have a world organization working for the domination of mankind can easily be exploded, the apprehension of danger from this internationally minded people cannot be removed so easily. The European feels that as the competitive struggle for existence leaves the realm of force and enters rational and economic fields, the highly intellectualized, rational Jew is likely to rise rapidly unless he is forcibly held down. History shows that the economic rise of the Jew is coincidental with the rise of the rational spirit in Europe. The spirit of knighthood, the romantic spirit, was a force impeding the rise of the Jew when it was active; to-day it acts in his favor, for although it is no longer the ruling spirit to which he as a citizen of Europe must conform, it is still operative in the inner persons of the Gentile population; they still must carry with them, seeking to harmonize it with the rational ideals of an industrial world, the romanticism of a past day, the vestiges of a one-time mentality. They must be business men and still gentlemen; act rationally in their own interests and still be Christians; trade on an international market and still be good patriots. No wonder these European Gentiles rebel against a mentality which is rational to-day and which was rational yesterday, untouched by romanticism, limiting its sentimentality to the family.

This leads us to the heart of the problem of anti-semitism.

IV

It is charged against the Jews that they are dangerous and unfair competitors. Anyone who has visited schools in East-European countries and seen that the five or six best students are almost invariably Jews, or witnessed the numerically and influentially dominating position of the Jews in the learned professions, will certainly affirm that for the

neglected, retrograde masses of East-Europe the Jew is a dangerous competitor. Yet, in most countries we find a special group of Gentiles, almost a clan, holding all the responsible offices in the state, running the administration, without finding a similar resentment against them or a legislative attempt to bar them. The new Jugoslavia is almost entirely run by people from the so-called Sumadia, Hungary by a few counts and Magyarized Germans; the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was in the hands of Czech aristocrats; even in England the political role of Welshmen and Scotchmen is prominent. In competition it is usually accepted that the best force a nation has should be brought to the foreground. When practicing for the Olympic games, teams like to match their capability against the best teams of the world and not the worst or the mediocre. So when he protests against the unfairness of Jewish competition, the European, where he is not manifestly acting from base self-interest, does not mean that the Jew has a greater capability, but that he finds in competition with him a handicap resulting from a different mental constitution.

The European feels that the Jew carries less weight than he does, and that love for mankind may actually involve less responsibility than love for a city or a nation. The European feels an unfairness in the conditions of the competitive struggle; he feels heavier, more bound and pinched than the Jew. The implication in the charge against unfair Jewish competition is to a great extent a protest against a one-colored attitude which the Jew so easily assumes; he may be thus easily thoroughly economic, capitalistic, or intellectually radical without the inner pressure to be loyal to so many other ideals, above all the ideal of nationalism, which the Gentile has. Sometimes this very subtle contrast becomes only too visible, as when in wartime Jewish business men were almost lynched because they were thoroughly business men and worked for profit. The European feels that the Jew has fewer rules in the game, and that this Jewish simplification in the number of loyalties amounts to a great advantage in competition.

The European protests against the advantage which the Jew has in that he can do business with a good conscience, with an almost religious enthusiasm. The Old Testament, full of the spirit of haggling, is certainly more in accordance with the business spirit than the New Testament, which records in several versions how the Saviour drove out the representatives of business in Jerusalem from the Temple. For a man brought up in the perusal of how Abraham haggled with God about the saving of Sodom and Gomorrah, and with what a pleased mien the Deity regarded the shrewd proposition of the patriarch, business transactions have a much happier taste in the mouth than for the man who, brought up properly on the New Testament and the tradition of feudalism, unconsciously waits for the whip of a punishing angel when he makes money on the Exchange. The European, on the whole, is never a thorough-going economic creature. The highest code of the European business world is the code of the gentleman, which is only a modernized and democratized code of knighthood with many respects and loyalties to other standards than that of money-making and profit. The spirit of a sublime but hard justice, much closer to the power of nature than to the weakness of man, pulsates in the Jew—the unhellenized and intensified grim fatality of the Old Testament.

V

Leaving aside charges like bad manners, unscrupulousness, ingratitude, smugness, self-satisfaction, exhibition of wealth, and the like, as of minor importance and characteristic not of Jews only, we find another serious reason advanced for the feeling against the Jews—their responsibility in making Christianity and forcing it on the Gentile world. It is

probable that very early in the history of Christianity, before such a "blasphemy" could be expressed aloud without an anathema following immediately from the Church, the resentment of the European against Christianity was among the strongest unconscious motives for his hatred of the Jews. The spiritual violation involved in making the Old Testament the holy book of Europe, superimposing the imagination, the history, and the ethical principles of an Oriental people on a population differently constituted mentally and historically, always disturbed the European from the pagan revolts onward—long before the problem whether Christianity was, on the whole, advantageous or injurious to the mind of Europe received the thundering Nietzschean answer. How out of an exclusively sectarian Jewish feud in Jerusalem there grew in a few decades a worldwide movement is not yet completely clear, but the more that is known about the role played by the agent of the Christian Church, St. Paul—without whom, according to Dean Inge, it is doubtful whether there would be a Christian Church—the more the European feels confirmed in his suspicion that a "Jewish trick has been played upon the world."

Not only is the Old Testament the most widespread book in the Western world, influencing children's minds in formation from one end of Europe to the other, but it is the anchor of Christianity, the New Testament being only what amendments are to a constitution. In his relation to a people which framed the constitution and accept it fully but refuse to accept the amendment, the European must feel irritated and embarrassed, the more so because by his creed he is being forced to feel gratitude and admiration for the chosen people, while by his conviction he feels less and less grateful and would most willingly get rid of both Testaments, the Jews and Christianity together.

The revolt against Christianity is one of the strongest causes for the antipathy of the European against the Jew, and it is none the less strong because it is largely unconscious. The European feels it unfair that the Jews started a movement and then stood aside without participating in it, like some business men who prepare goods for their own use and export a cheaper quality abroad. A very intelligent friend of mine who fifteen years ago had great influence over writers and artists in Austria insisted that his Jewish friends should become Roman Catholics. He is responsible for the conversion of Peter Altenberg, Karl Kraus, and many others. He made his point in this manner: "My forefathers gave up their beautiful and satisfactory religion for your Jewish concoction. Now it is only fair that you should get it back and see how it feels and give up that arrogant isolation!"

The examination of what is symptomatic in the present strong current of anti-semitism has revealed to us a decay of the liberal philosophy so classically formulated by Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and J. S. Mill, while an analysis of the charges against the Jews has shown us that Europe protests against a mentality which is differently constructed from its own, which carries less responsibility especially in national ideals, which has different values with regard to physical and intellectual excellence, and which has an unfair advantage due to its eternal stability, its simpler heritage of idealogies and, finally, to its refusal to accept a religion which Judaism itself invented and imposed upon Europe. These are the mental sources of anti-semitism. They are strongest in those countries where military and aristocratic tendencies are strongest, and where the anti-Christian elementally pagan influences are most renascent. Admitting this, we see that the sources of anti-semitism lie as deep as the European mind itself is rooted.

VI

When the skeptical barbarian Frederick the Great teased his chaplain to

show him a miracle, the man of God solemnly answered, "Your Majesty, look at the Jews!" The existence of a people who alone—the Chinese, perhaps, excepted—preserved an ethic and cultural continuity when Babylonians, Sumerians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other distinguished nations of antiquity disappeared, has an element of the miraculous, particularly in view of the fact that for centuries this people has had no home. A people which still celebrates national festivities commemorating events which occurred before Tutankhamen, and chants and wails over the Babylonian Captivity and the wicked Nebuchadnezzar, which considers the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem as a quite modern disaster, and fanatically believes in the New Zion and the coming of the Messiah, a people with a mentality that has remained stationary for almost two thousand years, has something awe-inspiring about it.

Compare the mental history of the Jew with that of the European; consider the catastrophe in which the European mind was made, the frequent crises it underwent, the continuous production of types since the fall of the Roman empire: types which have included hermits, saints, apostles, knights, renaissance men, humanists, reformers, enlightened skeptics, Jacobins, romantics, bourgeois, gentlemen, proletarians—each phase producing a new "European" mentality. Clearly there must be something essentially stable about the Jewish mind which has undergone all of Europe's social and economic changes without adopting her progressive mentalities, and something essentially unstable in the European. What is there in a mental type which gives it duration through thousands of years while other mentalities disappear, perhaps after a dazzling display of brilliance, in a few generations or centuries? Why do a few nations endure under the most adverse circumstances while others, which seem born under beneficent stars, perish suddenly?

Often the explanation is offered that a sudden decrease in the birthrate is responsible for a nation's death. It is true that in Greece and Rome, long before the ultimate national catastrophe, appeals had to be issued to the population to have more children, and legislative measures were taken to enforce an increase of population. But a slowly declining population cannot explain the suddenness with which a people as a cultural entity is wiped out or absorbed by conquerors.

In the case of Sumeria, Babylonia, Assyria, and perhaps also Persia, an essential similarity in conquerors and conquered made it easy to adopt immediately the only slightly differing culture of the conqueror, just as in Bismarckian Germany the conglomerate Germanic States became rapidly Prussianized. But in the case of Greece and the Roman Empire we have to look for another explanation.

To begin with, this seems clear: Aristocratic cultures, where only a thin stratum of the population goes through the cultural process which produces a national mentality, perish much more easily than cultures where the wide masses are imbued with the characteristic life-philosophy and life-regulation in the form of easily accessible moral codes, holy books, or epical poems. In the old empires of the Orient a handful of very cultured, highly individualized aristocrats ruled over big masses of culturally colorless, primitive people, and when that minority died out in wars and internecine intrigues there was no resistance to the dominance of another cultural type. The population could not reproduce its peculiar mentality when its few artists, architects, philosophers, generals, and statesmen were removed. How very different it is with the Jews! With them the cultural type is democratized. Each Jew is put in possession of the racial wisdom, the philosophy and religion which produce that type. Repeatedly after great masses of Jews have perished a small minority has reconstructed Jewry in all its essentials, as did

the broken remnants of the Babylonian captives led home by Cyrus.

Most populations fight vehemently for admission into the mentality of their culture; after long struggles the Romans wrung the law out of the hands of the Pontifex Maximus and made it a common mental bondage in the formation of the Roman citizen. Still, the type of mind which results from this process is essentially different from that type of mind which is fundamentally democratic, made for the entire population from the very beginnings—as the Jewish mind is and the Chinese has been since the days of Confucius. It is characteristic of such democratizable mentalities that they grow in an anthropomorphic and rational religion and have easily understandable codes.

It is also evident that a mental type which is essentially moral, everyone being able to carry in himself the whole structure of rules and beliefs, is much less likely to perish than a mental type which, through its idealization of beauty, its striving for a certain grandeur in the standards of living, and its reverence for death is dependent on statues, temples, shrines, plays, olympiads, pyramids, and a thousand other outward anchors of cultural existence.

But all this merely goes to show why certain types of mind worked out by certain groups of people wear better than others, why some seem to be fragile, and others hardy, weatherproof. The various mental types which develop out of the struggle of mankind for existence are similar to zoölogical formations; some types seem to go through ages hardly changing while others die out or transform into something quite different. The fly in my amber ring could have seen the tropic forests on the north coast of Germany, the mammoth, and some of the big reptiles, and the fly is almost the same fly which to-day sees the birds, those very different descendants of the reptiles; the Jew who to-day observes fascism is essentially the same as the Jew who once saw the Roman warrior. There are hardy and there are delicate group-mind forms. The Jew is evidently one of the most hardy, while the Greek was one of the most delicate, perishing quickly in the life-struggle. Delicate group-mentalities subject the individual to long training before he is chiselled into form. It was only after eighteen that a Greek boy was considered of age, and Europeans are not of legal age until they are twenty-one and are considered mature only at twenty-four; but the Jewish boy is taken into the bosom of Abraham and considered ready to be a member of the community when he is thirteen.

The original ideals of nations likewise determine their durability. There is something very symbolical in the mythology in which nations have commemorated their choice of ideals. In the story of Paris, the son of King Priam, we find it corroborated that the Greek gave the golden apple of preference to Beauty above all other things; it may be that at historically the same time Solomon, when all the glories of the world were offered to him by God, chose world wisdom. The result was that Paris, all his kinsmen and his city, after a long heroic warfare with many noble incidents, were annihilated, and two sublime epic poems sprang up in Greece; while Solomon flourished, had a thousand wives, wrote a number of proverbs and one fine love-song, and perpetuated his nation and their ideal to this day.

The European mind, as a cultural successor of the Greek, belongs to the family of the delicate and fragile types. Its ideals are taken from Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and West-Europe. These ideals are always in a conflict, never completely harmonized. If the European is religious he is hampered in his scientific and national pursuits; if he is scientific he cannot be religious. And close to him, in his very midst, lives the heir to the hardiest of all mentalities, the Jew who can be religious and at the same time be a scientist, or can be a socialist agitator or a capitalistic dictator without

suffering from such anguish and inner conflict as torture the European. The strongest conflict which tortures the Jew is the sex conflict, diagnosed and cured by psychoanalysis, whose author is a Jew. Wherever the sex conflict has been touched by Gentiles as doctors or patients it has had to be widened to other conflicts—to conflicts with religion, with a life-philosophy, with the responsibilities a man has as a citizen of a state and of the world. It is worth while to note that the first man to extend psychoanalysis outside the region of sex alone was the first Gentile to be prominent in the movement, the Swiss physician Doctor Jung.

The anthropomorphic rationalism of the Jew, constructed around a religion which is merely a sublimation of the family, with God as a severe but just Father, and accompanied with an ethic pragmatically constructed with full regard to the nature of man, full of common sense—the whole ethic and religion integrated and of a piece, one from the beginning—must be irritating and disturbing to a pantheistic, mystical, romantic mentality constructed synthetically from various cultures and brought to temporary balance with so much artistry, as the European mind is. It is the friction of a hardy, almost eternal type of mind with a delicate, fragile and more ambitious formation, and the fear of the more fragile that it will be exterminated by the hardier type which is the profoundest reason for anti-semitism in Europe. In the clear hammering arguments of rationalism the European dreads the force which may compel him to simplification, to the giving up of some of his ideals and traditions. The fear of "Americanization" so widespread amongst the truest representatives of Europeanism is precisely the same fear. But the Jewish "peril" is closer. The European shrinks before Israel, the eternal; for he knows subconsciously that Israel will exist when the European with his many conflicting souls has disappeared. It is the fear of the Jewish mind as one of those most favorably formed for the struggle for life that the Gentile expresses with his dark apprehension that Judea will rule the world.

I make these statements not to show my preference for one type or the other, but simply to bring out clearly the roots of anti-semitism. The Jewish mind may be considered as a successfully constructed machine, working with and against a more delicately constructed machine of different material and different use, destined to wear out much sooner than the other. If machines had feelings, the second machine would dislike the first.

Anti-semitism is the resentment of a delicately formed mind with romantic ambitions, striving to be godlike in power and beauty, against a hardy mind limiting the ambitions and ideals of existence with sound common sense, and this resentment is due to the inner fear that the common-sense type will outlive the heroically ambitious and restless type. It is the imminent disturbance of a composite, constantly shifting mind brought into opposition with a highly unified mind which, wherever it comes into contact with the other, pushes towards unification, simplification, oneness in structure. Whether in economics or politics or morals or philosophy, we find that the Jew continuously presses for a one-colored mentality, for the abolition of conflicts in life-philosophy, whereas the European clings to his conflicts and their temporary compromise. It is for this reason that the Jewish problem is continuous and insoluble, and always exists wherever that hardy mind comes into contact with the fragile mind of the European. In this eternal struggle we find a rivalry between different mental types, and a presentiment of the doom which seems to linger in the trail of man's ambition when he defies the limits of common sense and rationalism.

THE GO-GETTER ABROAD

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

SOME months ago Lord Beaverbrook's London newspaper, the *Daily Express*, presented a none too cheerful résumé of the business situation in Great Britain as reflected in the annual report of the British Board of Trade. The report dealt with unemployment, the slack conditions in shipping, the practical shutdown of many industries; and there was comment on the more happy condition existing in the United States. Yet in one matter the *Daily Express* was able to strike a more optimistic note. British and American Government figures were quoted as showing the overseas trade of the two countries, and appended was this statement: "Thus British overseas trade exceeded that of the United States by no less than £448,000,000, or 25 per cent."

Doubtless, this statement will come as an amazing surprise to many Americans who have taken it for granted that our country leads the world in every business activity. During recent years the United States has expended more money and effort than any other country in promoting overseas business. The Government maintains at Washington a vastly efficient agency known as the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that offers every assistance to manufacturers who wish to dispose of a portion of their products abroad. There are a number of well-financed export associations and many publications devoted to foreign commerce. Practically all of the great universities now feature instruction in business matters that bear on international selling. Columbia University offers courses in Psychology of Salesmanship, Sales Letter Writing, Motor Vehicle Salesmanship. New York University has a School of Retailing, a Department of Business English, and at the present writing finances a round-the-world voyage for students interested in export trade. The University of Pennsylvania lists "Preparation for Foreign Trade Service." One finds in the Catalogue of Yale a course described in this oddly constructed sentence, "Foreign Trade: A study of the mechanism by which international exchange of goods is effected, foreign exchange, ocean transportation, marine insurance, with particular reference to the foreign commerce of the United States."

Certainly it is not from lack of effort that the overseas business of the United States with a population of more than one hundred millions falls behind that of Great Britain with forty-odd millions. It is certain also that the American business man is as enterprising as his European counterpart, and there is no lack of capital to prevent the exploitation of foreign markets. American manufacturing plants are conceded to be more efficiently equipped than those of any foreign nation. We have, moreover, the most pressing need for foreign sales as a preventative of recurring panics. In a recent number of the *Magazine of Wall Street* Mr. Ethelbert Stewart, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is quoted as follows:

"I have an idea that the full time productive capacity of the manufacturing industries of America, with but little increase of employment, is already forty

per cent larger than the present market."

It requires no special business knowledge to comprehend the meaning of this Government official's statement. American factories make more things than American citizens buy. Unless a large portion can be sold abroad there will be recurring periods when factories must shut down for want of sales and citizens of all classes suffer. The last serious crisis of this sort took place in 1921, when four million people were said to be out of employment. It is to prevent such crises that the Government, the export associations, and the universities make intensive efforts to promote overseas business.

II

Surprisingly, a new theory of business has lately gained currency in the United States that we may prosper without an export trade. This may be described as the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship and comprises, briefly, the following features: massed factory production, high wages to workers, salesmanship of such intensity that the workers are incited promptly to spend their money, which at once finds its way back to the factories and is used to produce more goods and thus provide more wages.

One need only quote from the published statements of eminent business men and economists to show how widespread is the belief in the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship. In a recent interview Mr. Henry Ford is made to say:

"A man should like his work and not work long hours. He should work as few hours as possible. That gives him a chance to go out and spend the money he earns and contribute to prosperity."

No less an authority than Mr. Herbert Hoover makes this statement:

"The United States is the only nation in the world with unique resources and circumstances to permit complete independence with a high standard of living."

Another important Government official is quoted:

"The understanding is spreading, I believe, that prosperity is largely a matter of the rapidity with which capital is turned. High wages mean higher consuming capacity, and, in turn, provide for larger production."

Where there exists a school of thought which holds salesmanship to be a cure for all business ills it is quite natural that strong selling methods should come into being. There is, for example, a device known as the "sales quota," that is unknown in Great Britain and Continental industrial countries, but now much employed by the large corporations of the United States. For the benefit of those unacquainted with business terms it may be explained that the "sales quota" is, briefly, this: The manufacturer, let us say, of wash boilers estimates that his plant is capable of turning out one million boilers per year; or, roughly, one boiler for each one hundred of population. The manufacturer then consults Government statistics and sets a "quota" for each separate unit of the country. Should the State of South Carolina, for example, show a population of one million people, the manufacturer issues orders to his sales force that ten thousand boilers must be sold in South Carolina. If the manufacturer markets his product through local agents, each of these is required to contract for a certain number of boilers based on the population of his community. Should an agent fail to live up to his contract the agency is taken away from him and a more active seller appointed.

It requires little business acumen to realize how revolutionary is this practice. For the first time in any country it has come about that the producer of goods decides on the quantity of his goods that the public must buy. In every country save the United States the public decides what it wishes to buy, and the producer gauges his output accordingly.

Up to a certain point the theory of

Prosperity through Salesmanship works. Wages in the United States are vastly higher than elsewhere; and in the rapid flow of money from factory-to-worker-to-dealer-to-consumer and back again, there is opportunity for all to get a share. Yet there is this danger: Every normal human being is ambitious; and it follows easily that the manufacturer who successfully orders his sales force to market a million wash boilers this year, may set his "sales quota" at a million-and-a-half for next year. And if ten thousand other manufacturers order like increases, eventually the situation arrives where the public cannot legitimately absorb the amount demanded of it.

Already the selling problem is acute. There is now competition between entire industries. At the present writing more than thirty industries are raising "campaign" funds, each endeavoring to divert the public income toward the purchase of its particular product. The astonishing spread of installment selling, of which so much has been written, is the natural result of a condition where the forces of salesmanship have been so insistent that many people have exhausted their cash recources and must buy, if at all, through the mortgaging of future income. It is estimated that at the present time more than four billions of dollars are owing in the United States for installment purchases. In certain industries the installment plan is superseded by an even more radical departure, as, for example, the fur coat trade, where garments are regularly rented by the month or the season. It might be expected that the wage earner, whose income has vastly increased during recent years, would be satisfied; yet James Lynch, President of the International Typographical Union, thus speaks gloomily for his craft:

"The wage earner has been driven into debt. What chance has he against an army of smart professionals who lie awake nights figuring out scientific ways to break down his 'sales resistance'? Resisting salesmen is not the worker's chief business, but selling is the life work of the sales manager and salesman."

III

It becomes increasingly apparent that a greater export trade is necessary to relieve the present terrific pressure on the home market. But in this we have so far fallen short of success in spite of the efforts of the Government, the manufacturers' export associations, and the great universities that feature instruction in export matters. Great Britain, with little more than a third of our population, exceeds us in overseas trade. How does it come about that we are so efficient in selling at home yet, apparently, lack efficiency abroad?

Let us see if the trouble may not lie somewhat in the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship. High-powered selling is a necessary part of that theory. But citizens of other countries do not submit to high-powered selling from their own business men, and certainly cannot be expected to submit to it from foreigners. No intelligent American exporter, for instance, attempts to enforce a "sales quota" abroad, yet habits acquired at home are not readily shaken off when one crosses an international boundary.

Recently in the business publication, *Printers' Ink*, there appeared an article by Mr. John R. Robinson, a practical export executive, on the subject of choosing foreign representatives; and in the course of the article Mr. Robinson states:

"Along the Caribbean I met a chap who had graduated from the foreign trade course of one of our biggest Mid-West universities. He was selling motor trucks, and could take a truck apart, toss it into the air and put it together again. But he was a signal failure. He talked 'money, money' and 'God's country.' He just couldn't get over it, either. The Creator made him that way, and man could not change him. He is not traveling the territory now, as the sales man-

ager eventually found out what was the matter with the sales."

Certainly it is legitimate to search the reasons for such surprising actions on the part of a graduate of a university's foreign trade course. With all respect to Mr. Robinson's acumen, one can hardly accept his statement that the fault lay entirely with the salesman's Creator. It is fairer, one thinks, to believe the salesman was a victim of the high-powered business atmosphere in which he was raised; and that the chief blame should be placed upon the institution of learning which issued his diploma without instilling in him the primer rules of export salesmanship.

It is inevitable that a theory so revolutionary as that of Prosperity through Salesmanship with its accompaniment of high-powered selling should have far-reaching results. The most apparent, perhaps, is the increased assurance of those who sell. Readers whose memories go back to the beginning of the century, when American business was generally conducted along European lines, will recall how habitually deferential was the attitude of salespeople in retail stores and how each purchase called for formal thanks. One finds the same attitude in foreign countries today. Even in England, reputedly less polite than Continental Europe, the bus or tram conductor thanks the passenger for his fare; the girl at the post office thanks the purchaser of a postage stamp, and the newspaper vendor expresses gratitude for his penny sale. If one wishes to learn how far we in America have departed from such customs he may try for a week the experiment, in his ordinary contacts, of counting the number of times employees of department stores, drug stores, newsstands, and the like say "thank you" in acknowledgment of purchases. I have just completed such an experiment and out of some twenty-odd contacts have been thanked on five occasions, though it is only just to add that one of these occurred in a chain cigar store where the rules call for such amenities; and the effect was somewhat weakened by the fact that the attendant almost in the same breath demanded to know if I had yet tried a certain brand of cigarettes handled by the organization.

There is no reason to suppose the American salesperson who shoves the customer's package and change across the counter without polite acknowledgment is less amiable than his foreign counterpart. Indeed, for actual kindliness of heart and willingness to aid in times of distress the American character is generally beyond reproach; yet in ordinary business transactions the niceties of personal relations are often ignored, and for a reason easy to understand. Under the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship there is no reason why the seller should express gratitude, because in selling he performs merely a patriotic duty.

At home we understand these things; but the foreigner to whom we wish to sell our goods can judge only by outward appearances. A couple of years ago I chanced to attend a session of the Rotary Club of Paris; and among other Americans present was a member of the order from Texas, a hearty, well-meaning man, full of the Spirit of Service, who wished, evidently, to impress upon his French brethren the atmosphere of wide hospitality that characterizes his home community.

"You men of the Paris Club look like a lot of live wires," he said in his impromptu speech, "and I guess you all know about the big international advertising convention that is going to be held in Houston, Texas, next June. I hope you'll all come, and maybe when you get there you'll see something we can sell you!"

We Americans present understood these remarks to be merely an expression of good feeling, a willingness to allow his foreign confrères to promote prosperity. We understood, further, that whatever the Texan himself would sell to visitors would be well worth the purchase price.

The Frenchman who translated the remarks understood also, for he had lived in the United States; but the others did not; and one could see from the shocked faces and hitching of chairs that the well-meaning Rotarian had balked any desire for the products of Houston's manufacturing plants.

Few people not actually engaged in business realize the pressure that becomes necessary, without adequate overseas outlets, to force a domestic market for the products of American industry. Salesmen are cajoled, urged, frightened into the most strenuous effort. In a business journal of national circulation appears an article describing the efficient methods of the sales manager of a great oil company, and excerpts are printed from letters sent by this executive to the several hundred traveling salesmen constituting what is termed a "Sizzling Sales Force." One communication contains this:

"If a salesman lacks backbone, if he lacks the facts to justify his price, if he is without that confidence in his line that will put him and his line over, why doesn't he find another stream for his drifting? Sooner or later he will be sunk and if he blocks navigation he'll be damned."

And another:

"When Walter Camp brought out his Daily Dozen he may have been inspired by sincere desire for higher health standards. He was actuated, however, by the purse-swelling possibilities of Daily Dozen sales. Men do not get themselves attached to payrolls for health or patriotic reasons. And payrolls have a way of dropping men when their attachment is no longer profitable. There's a Long, Long Worry awaiting losers."

These are not pleasant developments of American industry, and not even sound business. Inevitably the thought occurs that the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship entails a loss of courtesy in business relations; and for the nation that aspires to sell its products in foreign countries such courtesy is a paramount necessity. The Go-getter has no place in international business.

It was somewhat startling, during a recent visit in Europe, to be told by an American consul that the American Express Company had issued an order forbidding the further employment of American young men in European agencies of the Corporation. According to my informant the order does not call for the discharge of those already employed; but as vacancies occur the positions are to be filled by young Englishmen.

I made inquiry of the American managers of several European agencies as to the reason for this astonishing policy; for it was hard to believe American travelers, who constitute such a large proportion of the American Express Company's foreign clients, should prefer to be waited upon by Englishmen rather than those of their own nationality. The replies to my question were varied. One official stated that the average American youth was not so trained in accuracy as his English cousin, and inclined to slanginess and offhandedness of manner when waiting on customers. Another that young Americans were impatient for promotion and inclined to lose interest in their work when faced with long periods in one position—a tendency which he believed was largely due to the over-optimistic tone of American "success" literature. The most businesslike reply was that of an official who fills one of the Corporation's important European posts after more than thirty years' service on both sides of the Atlantic. This man said in effect:

"The idea of an American company employing English salesmen may seem unusual, but we are only following the ordinary business policy of trying to please our customers. At home in America people have become used to a certain brusqueness in business manners, and put up with it. Over here they do not have to put up with it; and we must meet competition or lose business. It is an unfortunate condition and we regret

it; but first of all ours is a business concern, and we must consider the interests of our American stockholders."

A single example may give an idea of salesmanship requirements in English business circles. Recently the general manager of a chain of London clothing shops explained to me how each new assistant, before being allowed to wait on clients, is subjected to a period of training and taught just how much pressure he may use in effecting a sale. I quote the Londoner's precise words:

"An assistant may say to a client, 'This is a fine garment and I believe you would be pleased with it.' But the assistant must not say, 'This is a fine garment, *you ought to buy it.*' Such a speech as the latter would be cause for dismissal."

IV

Constantly, in conversation with American manufacturers who are making serious efforts to sell a portion of their products in foreign countries, one hears complaint that the high-powered salesmanship developed in the United States during recent years has made it increasingly difficult to find young men who can meet the requirements of foreign work. One business man, a large-scale operator in the electrical field, told me that recently in selecting a man to take charge of his sales in Mexico he had interviewed more than twenty applicants, all young Americans, with experience in electrical goods, and had rejected all in favor of a German who had been in America but four years, who was more than fifty years of age, and who "did not know a switch from a socket." Pressed as to his reasons for this surprising choice the executive said:

"The manufacturer who goes into a foreign country must put out of his mind the possibility of creating an overnight sale for his product. Any effort to 'rush a market' is worse than useless, because it is more than liable to antagonize those with whom one wishes to do business. In Mexico, for example, I do not look for profits inside of five years; the man I send must be content to travel the country regularly, gradually winning the good will of electrical dealers in various communities, until a demand for my goods is attained. The German I have engaged seems to have the qualifications necessary for this kind of work. The other applicants without exception impressed me as having been trained to believe salesmanship consists in getting a prospect to sign promptly on the dotted line."

The manufacturer showed me a copy of a Magazine of Salesmanship that one of the young applicants for the foreign post had left in the office after his interview. One of the features was a poem presented for its inspirational value and entitled, "When Doors Slam." The manufacturer had grimly marked the following lines:

> Yes, every door that slams on me
> Screws up my pep another key
> And puts me on my grain.
> It neither scares me out of wits
> Nor maddens me to catnip fits;
> It brings on growing pain.

Another manufacturer whom I interviewed had just returned from a hurried voyage to London, a visit made necessary by an indignant communication from the English distributing house which handles his pharmaceutical products and which threatened to discontinue business relations. It appeared that the manufacturer's representative, a young man recently engaged on his record as a salesman for a domestic house, had taken steamer from New York and landed in London. At the dock he telephoned the distributing house to ascertain if the managing director was in and, receiving an affirmative answer, immediately flung himself into a taxicab and went to make his sales call. The managing director's secretary inquired if the salesman had an appointment with his chief. The salesman replied he had not but that his business was urgent. Then he put into effect a bit of strategy which he had sometimes used successfully at home and

for which he had often been commended by his former sales manager. As the secretary went into the office of his chief the salesman followed closely upon his heels and, before the astounded Britishers realized what had happened, the salesman was seated upon a corner of the managing director's desk, explaining the merits of his sure-profit line of pharmaceuticals.

This story has a happy ending, for the New York manufacturer was able to retain the business of the London distributing house by making a personal visit and promising that he would send no more young men of go-getter methods. But another incident that concerns itself with the fortunes of an American hardware corporation ended less happily. In the city of Pernambuco, Brazil, this corporation has for some time enjoyed a considerable business with an important wholesale dealer who, in turn, sells the product to retailers throughout a wide territory. Somewhat more than a year ago the hardware corporation sent a new man, a graduate of the foreign-trade course of a well-known university, to represent it in South America. Arriving in Pernambuco, the representative called upon the wholesale dealer and the latter, an elderly and dignified Portugese, informed him courteously that he would have his assistants check the stock of American hardware and make out a list of requirements that would be ready the following day. The representative called at the appointed time, but there had been some delay and the order was not ready for him. There was a third visit, on which occasion the representative was accompanied by a friend he had met on the steamer. Possibly to impress this friend, or possibly from no reason other than impatience of South American ways, the representative remarked loudly in English:

"My boat sails to-morrow. If the old geezer hasn't got my order ready for me this time I'm going to leave him cold!"

It might have been a harmless explosion except for the unfortunate fact that the son of the merchant, a youth who had recently graduated from an English university, was standing near. With a Latin bow the son said in perfect English:

"My father will be desolated to know the gentleman is in so great a hurry. It will be unnecessary to wait, for we shall need none of the goods that the gentleman sells."

Up to the present time the American hardware corporation has been unable to find further market for its products in the Pernambuco territory.

Business men of those countries most successful in foreign commerce thoroughly understand the importance of delicate personal relationships. Immediately after the World War I chanced to encounter in Mexico a delegation of French manufacturing executives who were making a tour of the principal cities. The object of their visits was purely commercial. Yet they had no samples and made no attempt to sell. As they were careful to explain to their hosts, they merely wished to learn what changes might have taken place in Mexican needs during the war hiatus in order that they might arrange their manufacturing operations to suit.

The British, long experienced in selling their products to other peoples, overlook few points of salesmanship; and on a recent English visit I encountered a typical sample of the professional viewpoint. A London business man told me of the troubles he was having with the education of his sixteen-year-old son whom he had taken out of a certain school in mid-term; the boy had, it appeared, come home for the Christmas holidays with an inclination to slur over his vowels, and investigation showed he had acquired the habit from one of his instructors. At the time of our conversation the business man was about to start on a series of visits to various schools in order to select one where no such influence would obtain.

A fussy proceeding, perhaps, in the life of a boy who was destined only to go into his father's exporting business at maturity? Perhaps so. Upon my return to America I related the incident to the young department head of an Eastern university which features courses in export trade, and the response was a humorous comment on archaic English traditions and the prediction that in another twenty years American hustle and directness would monopolize the trade of the world.

But let us see. The English are a practical people and commercial reasons underlie most of their traditions. The Londoner's exporting business lies largely with South America, and we may imagine, for example, that Argentina will be the field for the boy's future work. In Argentina, as in all Latin countries, the important business men are usually of an educated type; many of them know English and speak it with especial correctness because they have learned it from highly cultivated instructors. Should the Londoner's son, placed in charge of his firm's offices in Buenos Aires, betray any carelessness of diction, he is at once set down as a socially inferior individual, and the deduction is drawn that his firm is not quite first class. But no such criticism can be directed against the Londoner's son, because at sixteen he was taken out of the school where an instructor's speech was faulty and placed in another institution where a purer English was the rule. Now let us suppose that in the course of events an important contract is to be let in which the young Englishman's competitor is an individual of another nation who knows his product equally well, but whose vowels may be faulty and whose conversation is "money, money," and "God's country." Prices being somewhat equal, is there a doubt as to which of the two sales representatives will secure the contract?

Numbers of manufacturers who are ambitious to extend their overseas business have expressed to me the hope that the export courses now featured by so many American universities may develop a body of young men uninfluenced by "success" literature or the harsh methods of the "sales quota," and from which desirable employees may be recruited for work in foreign countries. One executive informed me that, with this end in view, he had recently addressed a questionnaire to twelve leading universities. His foreign competitors are largely English firms and, recalling the meticulous care with which young Britishers are prepared for foreign selling, one of his queries concerned itself with speech. Did the university addressed, he inquired, endeavor to cultivate correctness of diction; did it insist upon a certain standard of pronunciation of the English language as a part of the instructors' equipment, as is generally the case in English schools?

The business man preserves twelve astonishing letters received in reply. Located in all parts of the United States, from Cambridge to Berkeley and from Chicago to New Orleans, no one of the institutions addressed considered correctness in spoken English of enough importance to require a certain standard from its corps of instructors. The Dean of the Department of English in one great seat of learning wrote:

"The task of inculcating careful habits of speech and of training our students in enunciation, pronunciation, and the proper use of words is a very difficult one in an age which, in the mad rush of affairs, places little emphasis on the niceties of life. *There are in the city one or two good teachers whom I could recommend and who could train the voice and develop careful, accurate habits of speech.*"

The balance of the business man's story I will relate in his own words.

"I was a little dashed at the evident disregard of what I believe an important qualification for overseas work; but the development of foreign trade is so vital to the interests of the country that I felt I should press my investigations further.

One of the universities to which I had written is located in my own city, and one day I sought an interview with the head of the business section who, in turn, introduced me to a gentleman who was giving a series of lectures on foreign trade. The gentleman was young—around thirty, perhaps—and knew no foreign language and had never been abroad, but seemed nevertheless to have some sound ideas on the subject of overseas business. He told me, for instance, that he tried constantly to impress upon his students that it is fatal to try to 'rush' foreign buyers, and that the amenities current in each country must be carefully observed. But then he let drop an unfortunate remark.

"'I always drive my points home,' he said earnestly, 'in language the students can understand. I use a lot of slang in my lectures.'

"I asked him why.

"'Because,' he said, 'you can put over your meaning quicker that way, and more forcibly!'

"I went away from there convinced that I would not be able to use any of the graduate students in my export department. I myself, for example, understand German; and I asked myself how I, as a buyer, might feel if some young German were to come into my office and make his sales talk in German colloquialisms learned from his professor of economics. Perhaps I might buy his merchandise; but if so, his prices would certainly have to be low enough to make it an object!"

In spite of our elaborate agencies for promoting export trade we fall behind Great Britain with barely a third of our population. A homely example of the futility of go-getting occurs in the report of a recent meeting of the Export Managers' Club of New York on an occasion when the members were addressed by one just returned from South America. The speaker said:

"Many of us are sending out sales helps—window trims, cards, and things of that kind. I know of an instance where at least a hundred dollars' worth of window material was sent to Buenos Aires to a very capable house in that great city. The letter of instructions which in this country is always sent out to the retailer—'Do so and so; do so and so'—was translated into Spanish and sent along. That stuff has been there for two years and it has never been used because the merchant took exception to being told what he must do with that window trim."

Here, certainly, is an incident calculated to arouse resentment in the heart of any earnest go-getter. Foreign business men are unduly sensitive, without doubt, and inclined to place stress on trifles that an American would ignore. Yet it is their own money that they are spending, and they have a right to spend it with those whose business manners they like best.

FROM TRUTH TO PROBABILITY

BY GEORGE BOAS

IT has often been asserted that human nature has not changed and that it cannot change. A good case, however, can be made out both for the fact that it has changed in the past and is changing at the present time. The change in human nature to which I am referring is not in superficial customs. Feminism, for instance, may be said to have changed our habits in that we now are no longer shocked that our wives should run gift shops or vote Socialist when we vote Republican. But that is not a profound change; it goes no deeper than our acceptance of the automobile instead of the buggy. Nor am I referring to changes in our religious attitude, to our humanitarianism, to our programs of education and hygiene, and the like. That we have more hospitals and schools than our ancestors is, of course, a change, but it is nothing more than an extension of something which has existed for centuries. I am thinking rather of a change in the most radical part of the human being—his method of thinking.

Here a certain misconception may arise. When I say that our methods of thinking have changed, I do not mean that we are thinking about different things than our forbears, that, whereas they thought the world was flat, we think it round, or that, whereas they thought the earth was the center of what we call the solar system, we think the sun is its center. Nor do I mean that the frontiers of science have expanded and that we have had to devise new laboratory technics to explore them. Nor do I mean that we have shifted from what some philosophers have called Reason to what some others call Intuition. All these changes, if they have occurred, are important, but they are still, with the possible exception of the last, relatively superficial. I am on the contrary asserting that the very logic we use nowadays is different from the logic our grandfathers used which they inherited from the Greeks.

Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci and Newton and Huxley, if not Darwin, could all have met in the same room and understood one another with no great difficulty. Their beliefs about many things would have been different but their methods of reasoning would have been about the same. If any of these men, however, were to sit down for a chat with Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Paul Valéry, and Stravinsky, in a room hung with the paintings of Matisse and Picasso, the amount of explaining which would be necessary before an *entente cordiale* could be established would probably be an effective bar to a satisfactory interchange of opinion. They would find that things were no longer either black or white but might be both; that there was no longer an absolute certainty about the future state of the universe but only a high degree of probability; that there were no longer any "standards" in works of art or in morals. These changes which they would have found difficult to accept calmly cause us few qualms; we look upon them, indeed, as blessings. To explain them simply is not easy, but they follow almost as a matter of course from the change to the kind of logic which is now prevalent.

II

There are, in general, two kinds of beliefs which we hold about things, observations and evaluations. We can, that is, state what a thing is, and we can state whether it is good or not. To say, "*Muslin* was written by George Moore," and "*Muslin* is a great novel," are two different and independent statements, though some of Mr. Moore's enthusiastic readers might maintain that one follows from the other. A man might believe the first statement without believing the second, or the second without believing the first, and so on without any logical inconsistency. The first is an observation, the second an evaluation or criticism. The truth of the first depends on its correspondence with fact; the truth of the second on certain standards of good and bad.

Our mental nature has so changed that we now have new notions of what facts are and of what standards are. If this is obscure, the following may clarify it.

The change of which I am writing is the shift which has been going on for some years from Aristotelian logic to statistics. The difference between the two logics rests fundamentally upon the difference between an Aristotelian "class" and a statistical "group." If you say, "All soldiers are brave," what do you mean? You mean, says Aristotelian logic, that there is a quality, "bravery," which appears incarnate in each and every soldier, if the statement is true. In so far as soldiers are members of the class of heroes, it would maintain, they are all alike, and the sociologist has only to scrutinize them under the proper conditions to see their bravery shine out of them like the color shining out of a rose. It means also that there is a quality called "not-bravery," or "cowardice," which no soldiers have. There is no scale of gradually diminishing degrees from the perfectly brave to the perfectly cowardly; there are simply two separate and distinct things, bravery and cowardice. If you have one you cannot have the other.

The same statement might be made to-day, "All soldiers are brave." But what would it mean in statistical logic? It would mean that if you arranged each and every soldier in order of bravery, assuming that bravery is something measurable, you would find a few who were always brave, foolishly, wildly, romantically brave, and a few who were never brave but who, scenting the acrid perfume of the artillery, scuttled off to Washington and got jobs in the Judge Advocate General's Department. You would find that in between the extremes of these two contrasting groups was an overwhelming mass of individuals whose differences were less and less noticeable, the so-called "average" doughboys, who neither courted danger nor shunned it and, that if you had to pick out a man for a dirty patrol, you might just as well take the first man who came along. For the odds would be that you would light upon a man of average bravery. "All soldiers are brave," then, would mean not that absolutely each and every soldier is brave and to the same degree brave, but that *on the whole* soldiers are brave.

Let me cite another and more accurate illustration of the difference between the two logics.

Suppose the question were raised, "How much is the dollar worth?" Aristotelian logic would say, "One hundred cents." All dollars are the same to Aristotelian logic. There is a quality, "dollarity," incorporate in each dollar which makes them all dollars. If a coin hasn't that quality it isn't a dollar.

But when a man asks, "How much is the dollar worth?" he doesn't mean "How many cents does it contain?" but, "How much will it buy compared to what it used to buy?" He is no longer thinking of the dollar as a member of a group of identical items, like a stack of blue poker chips, but as something fluctuating and unstable. There is no longer a question of *the* dollar, but of *a*

dollar; or, if you prefer, of the dollar of 1914, the dollar of 1915, the dollar of 1916, and so on. And the dollar of 1914 happens to be worth almost three times as much as the dollar of 1925.

Which dollar is the real dollar, the Aristotelian or the statistical? The former has absolute qualities, the latter relative. The former makes for clear simple additions which a child can perform, the latter for dark and complicated calculations which are secrets to all but the economist. If the Aristotelian dollar is real, then a man who had $1000 in 1925 was as rich as a man who had $1000 in 1914; if the statistical dollar is real, the man who bought a Liberty Bond in 1917 for $100 and sold it in 1925 for $102 lost money.

There is in a statistical class a certain order, as I have suggested. One of their number, the median, is in the center: it is a standard from which variations are measured. The individuals on the two extremes are those which vary most in both directions, plus and minus.

Let me give, if possible, a concrete picture of such a class. Soldiers when they are drawn up for drill are arranged in order of height from left to right, the tallest man on the left. If one were to draw a line along the top of their heads from the first man in the first squad to the last man in the last squad one would have a curve which would begin to descend fairly rapidly, would flatten out for a long distance throughout the middle squads, and which would begin to descend again near the last squad. Since the line would descend as the men grew shorter and flatten out as the men stayed about the same height, one can see that in the flattened portion of the curve one will find the soldiers of average height. Whenever one gets assembled a large number of natural objects selected without malice one finds such an arrangement. If now one marked out squares of equal dimensions on the ground and ordered the men who were within two inches of the same height to stand in the same squares, the squares which the very tall and the very short men would occupy would have room for many more individuals, whereas the squares occupied by the men in the middle squads of the company would be crowded. If you were in an aeroplane looking down on this formation, and far enough away, you would see a band of a certain width laid out along the ground, dark in the middle, where the men were crowded, light on the two ends where the men were few. Such would be a statistical formation.

But now suppose one had a crack company of soldiers such as Frederick the Great is said to have gathered together, all of whom were above six feet. Had Frederick made it a condition that they all be exactly six feet, no more nor less, then the line along their heads would be absolutely horizontal. It might be considered to be a symbol of the Aristotelian class. And if these men were put in a square and observed from our aeroplane, they would present an evenly darkened surface.

To go back to our dollars, there is one dollar, the "average," if you choose. Other dollars are either more or less valuable than it is. If we had enough facts we should find probably that most dollars hold pretty close to the average, though when money is scarce some will go above the average, and when it is plentiful they will go below. Their values would vary, but they would vary in a well-known manner, and if you had to guess at the value of a given dollar at a given time and *had no facts to guide you*, the proper guess would be the average value.

Nowadays it has been discovered that almost all measurable things fall into statistical rather than Aristotelian classes. The grades of students, the weights of mature men and women, the anatomy of animals and plants, learning ability, deaths and births, crime, even the behavior of atoms and the quanta of energy. The world seems to be composed not of groups of things identical

with one another, but of variant individuals with certain family resemblances.

III

So far, so good. What is the importance of it all?

Let us take a sample or two of Aristotelian and statistical thinking and see. Our first examples will be of observations or descriptions, statements of fact.

The best examples come, perhaps, from biology. The Greek, like the American fundamentalist, believed that all animals and plants fall into fixed and permanent groups called "species." Within any group the individuals are all alike. When the group characteristics are known, the characteristics of the individuals are automatically known. Thus as late as Buffon one finds descriptions of *The Camel, The Bear, The Humming Bird.* So in medicine physicians wrote books on the specific, *i.e.*, the class characteristics of the various diseases, three-day fever, biliousness, malaria. Every case of malaria was like every other case of malaria. Similarly in psychology appeared accounts of "the angry man," "the melancholy man," "the sanguine man." One had only to classify and all was done. For once an object was classified its nature was known.

What was done with exceptions? They were either called "accidental" if they were slight, or "monstrous" if they were great.

Nowadays who outside of the state of Tennessee would dream of classifying animals, plants, diseases, and temperaments and imagine that he was doing more than indicating a rough sort of grouping? A biological species was seen even in Huxley's day to be a great collection of individuals amongst which monsters find their natural place. *The Camel* is, so to speak, the "average" camel; if you had to bet on the characteristics of a camel chosen at random, you would put your money on him. The notion that all camels are alike is as absurd as the notion that all dollars are alike. So in psychology we have certain normal reactions; they are merely the reactions of the overwhelming number of people to a given stimulus. The individuals may range from the goiterous cretin of Switzerland to Einstein. Einstein, if his reputation is justified, is just as monstrous at one end of the scale as the poor cretin at the other. He varies almost as far from the median. He varies, however, in a good direction. There is no feeling that this is something either diabolical or divine. It is to be expected. In medicine again a disease has normal characteristics, but these cannot be expected to be present in every case of it. As Doctor Joseph Collins pointed out in this magazine recently, physicians are coming to recognize that a patient may have a very common disease in his own very personal way.

It is easy to see why in Aristotelian thinking the first question that popped into everyone's head was, "What is it? What class does it belong to?" For if these questions were answered all that is important is known. And if the individual failed to meet the requirements of his class he could be insulted or punished and the world deprecated for having produced him. Thus one still hears such discussions as, "Is cubism really art?" or "Is Christian Science really Christianity?" One might as well ask, "Is the mule really a horse or an ass?" In law such questions have become of tragic importance, for on the answer given the lives of human beings depend. "Did Aaron Burr really commit treason?" "Did So-and-so commit murder or manslaughter?" "Is such-and-such really a case of assault and battery?"

In the Seventeenth Century statistical descriptions were first discovered, I believe, to hold good of social phenomena. They were gradually extended, going into psychology and biology, until at the present day they are used even in physics. Clerk Maxwell, if I am not mistaken, is usually given the credit of introducing statistics into physics, but

to-day dynamics is full of it. Gilbert Lewis, whose authority as a scientist few would care to dispute, points out that one can calculate the probability of what would be called levitation in the case of large material bodies and indicates that we can even calculate the chances of freezing a kettle of water by putting it on the stove. To be sure, his words are not mine; they are exact whereas mine are pictorial. But they are not contradicted by what I have said. I should not advise ice-cream manufacturers to count on this chance event in their business, for it occurs so rarely as to be practically impossible. For further details let me refer the curious to Professor Lewis's book, *The Anatomy of Science*. Here we must be content with noting that it recognizes the world to be made up of *individual events*, no two of which are exactly alike, but any selected class of which acts with statistical regularity.

What is no doubt more interesting is the effect all this has had upon our evaluations, on our judgments of goodness and beauty. For we are supposed by some people to be living in an age of singular moral and æsthetic poverty. It was natural in classical thinking to seek the common character in things. The typical was important, the individual was trivial. Thus in the arts one looked for certain general properties which made, say, a piece of writing a tragedy or a comedy, and forgot those things which made it the unique expression of a certain moment or place or person. The same thing seems to have been true of sculpture and architecture. The ancients developed a few types of statue and building and stuck to them with beautiful if stubborn devotion. So in Seventeenth-Century France critics expected certain things of a play: those things were class characteristics. If a play didn't have them it might be interesting, moving, even beautiful, but it wasn't a play. One's spontaneous impulse is to say, "Well, what of it?" Just as when one reads to-day in a fashionable literary review, "Mr. Smith's book is very well written, but"— one can feel the supercilious curl of the lip— "it is not a novel." Again, what of it?

Nothing to us, but everything to an Aristotelian. For to be a novel is to be susceptible of logical treatment and to exemplify in particular form a universal idea. It is to permit a critic to perform this amazing bit of dialectic:

(1) All novels are something-or-other.
(2) This is a novel.
(3) Then this is something-or-other.
(4) But it isn't.
(5) Therefore, it's a bad novel.

The intricacies of such thinking are exquisite. But I shall not untangle them here. Imaginative readers are invited to ask themselves, "What is the evidence for statement number 2?"

Statistically considered, works of art will, of course, be found to have certain similarities, well enough indicated by the old terms, novel, portrait, symphony, and the like. But statistics in itself can tell nothing about an individual except its variation from the median. And so critics who pride themselves on being "modern"—which I admit is a disgusting adjective—spend more time pointing out variations from the type rather than conformity to it. And I suspect that whereas classical artists found a certain satisfaction in sticking to tradition and in repeating traditional styles, modern artists find their satisfaction in modifying it. We speak to-day with approval of an artist's "originality"; our ancestors would have called it "eccentricity."

IV

The same thing is true of morals. The *honnête homme* of the Seventeenth Century, like Castiglione's Courtier, did certain definite things because he was expected to exemplify certain class characters. To have departed from this ideal would have been as shocking to his contemporaries as being conventional is to ours. He wanted to do what everyone else of his class did;

we hate to. His poets stole other poets' ideas. We call it plagiarism; he called it classicism. We have all seen survivals of such notions. As a college teacher, I am perhaps unusually sensitive to them, moving, as I do, in a world of human beings who have succeeded in making themselves as uniform as bone buttons. My undergraduates believe firmly in the necessity of exemplifying Spartan soldiers who have emigrated to Corinth. They would, I believe, perish on the scaffold rather than be seen speaking to a member of the faculty, reading a book for pleasure, or getting more than seventy in any course. They feel that they must give every appearance of avoiding an education, no matter how keen their appetites for learning may be. (I can't say that I blame them much, considering what kind of education they are offered.) They would be the joy of an Aristotelian sociologist, for they afford such good evidence of an unvarying class.

At the same time there is springing up a certain so-called looseness in morals which is very encouraging. It is not that found among our youth who, though loose enough, are all of the same pattern of looseness. It is that found among their elder brothers and sisters who no longer set to with certain classic rules to measure off virtue by the yard, but who attempt to judge each case on its own merits. A man's life is a unique thing, varying more or less from the norm; one can determine its variation; one can decide about the good or evil of that variation later on. Moral standards must be disintegrated and made relative to individual needs and capacities. In the old days there were certain signs of morality, like going to church, chastity, holding a steady job; and in some places men can still be arrested for atheism, unchastity, and loafing. But on the whole we tend to assume that the virtue of the old school, while good enough for the people who formulated it, is the height of evil for many others. The crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty are nothing when compared with those committed in the name of virtue. The only reason why the race has survived morality is, I imagine, that few have seriously attempted to do more than make others practice it.

What I say, to be sure, implies that society is not organic but is a collection of atoms, human beings, moving in orbits not necessarily harmonious. Some of our most enlightened thinkers when they come to the question of society still argue as if we were in a state of feudalism. How anyone can believe so and notice the actual strife which animates the achievement of social ideals, is another tribute to our human ability to believe what we wish to believe irrespective of evidence to the contrary.

Perhaps the most impressive example of the shift of which I am writing is found in the courts. Our classic figure of Justice is a goddess blindfolded, treating all individuals absolutely alike, as instances of a general law. To the classic Justice there can be no extenuating circumstances. There can be no partiality. Lately Justice has been peeking from under the bandage which covers her eyes to distinguish between children and adults; sometimes she treats women differently from men, and some women differently from others. She will, of course, be blamed for this, since she is no longer impartial; but in time it will probably be the proud boast of her worshippers that she treats no two individuals alike. At that date her statues will show her not blindfolded but equipped with a high-power microscope. If she carries a balance, it will be not to weigh the criminal but the peculiar conditions which brought him forth.

Characteristic of the two kinds of "classes" are two kinds of properties. Aristotelian classes are fixed, permanent, unified, and unchanging. For reasons which are too technical to be elaborated here, they cannot be conceived of as ever coming into being or ever passing away. They divide the universe into a

number of immutable parallel tunnels, in some of which are smaller tunnels but between which there are no passageways. Curiously enough, the classic mind abstracted these properties and became enamored of unity and permanence, and looked upon time and change as evil. Statistical classes, on the other hand, are loosely organized, inherently multiple, changing as new facts are added to those already learned. The knowledge they give us of things stands always in need of correction. We can never stop and say that we have learned all there is to know on any subject, whereas our forefathers could and did. We, too, have made abstractions and ideals of these traits in the Twentieth Century and do as much superstitious worship unto Variety and Change as our fathers did to their opposites. The human mind is very strange about this matter. Very few philosophers have ever dreamed that the nature of the universe might be bad. Thus when it was believed to be One and Eternal, Unity and the Everlasting were criteria of value; when it was discovered to be Many and Changing, Variety and Progress became the slogan. We seem to like to have a harmony between our metaphysics and our ethics and we usually wind up in basing our theology on both. The God of our fathers was one and immutable; our gods have become many and changing. If Aristotle and Einstein would have had a hard time bringing about a common basis of discussion, can you imagine the dialogue which would ensue between Martin Luther and H. G. Wells?

Whether the shift in logic has been a gain to civilization, no man can as yet say. In what does a gain to civilization consist? We have, of course, gained enormously in tolerance, we have been stimulated to discovery, we have made life much more of an adventure than was possible in classic times. Our fathers would have sneered at all this, as some of their descendants do. Can we deny that we have lost in the power of discipline, in clarity of thinking and precision of statement, and in a sense of order? It is difficult to resist the charm of the Middle Ages, the coherence of their culture, the intelligibility of what they thought and did. They were not messy and chaotic and emotional as we seem to be, and one is tempted to wish that such a society could be built on modern foundations. One has a longing for authority, not merely in religious matters but in artistic and ethical matters. They had it, we have lost it.

Such longing is obviously childish, like the longing of a tired old man for his boyhood. The old man cannot recover his youth but he can profit by his age. And I confess for one that I should like to see a few more social critics stop berating us and wailing over us, and point out exactly how we can capitalize the raw material which we have. We obviously are not going to revive primitive Christianity, lovely as that might be; we are going to continue in the same path that we are treading, oblivious of our critics. It would be agreeable to see a forecast of where that path is leading us. But the forecast must be made by a scientist and not by a prophet.

The Lion's Mouth

A WHEEL ROLLING BY ITSELF

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

"THE child," said Nietzsche, "is a wheel rolling by itself." I am not sure that I know what Nietzsche meant by that, but the image is happily suggestive. A wheel becomes detached from some moving vehicle and goes rolling down the highway. There's freedom for you! The wheel ambling along, gay, irresponsible, unconcerned, going nowhere in particular, manifestly having no connection with the useful services of civilization. It is not doing its share of the world's work. It is not helping to produce anything or to transport anything. It is not taking life seriously. What a comment upon the important business of getting somewhere!

Children often affect me that way. I know it is rash to write about children. One is likely to become sentimental and to spoil things with the touch of a sticky paw. The child, like maternal love, religion, and beauty, is a subject that is perhaps best taken for granted. Nevertheless, I am going to take the risk, so I repeat, children often affect me that way.

For example. Early one morning last spring I was out walking in Edgewood Park. I had gone out to look for birds, but birds were scarce and, in fact, I was worrying about the day's tasks. I dare say I presented to the world the puckered brow of the average distracted citizen. And then as I followed the course of the sluggish stream I came suddenly upon four children, three boys and a girl, who had been hidden from me by the bank. They were poking with a long stick at something in the water. One of the boys clambered up the bank and without preliminaries addressed me. "Do you want to see a dead cat?"

With that I awoke and found myself in the real world. "Is it a good cat?" I asked.

"Not very. Phew, what a stench!"

His laugh was enough to disinfect any stench. Well, he was right about the cat, but whether she was to be described as good, bad, or indifferent is unimportant. I had been admitted to that world where poking at the bloated corpse of a cat was a proper and absorbing occupation for a spring morning. I ceased to worry. For the rest of my walk I looked for birds with a fine careless rapture.

And then there was the episode of the mechanical tractor last Christmas. The man in the toy department who sold it to me assured me that it was unusually powerful. I passed on this information to the boys to whom I gave it. On Christmas morning they submitted it to various tests—none of them apparently sufficiently searching, for in the afternoon they carried it off to a neighbor's where experimental conditions might be more adequate.

A few hours later I heard the hall door burst open and then a triumphant shout. "Mother! Mother! We've been over to Edward's and Edward has a Bible that weighs six pounds and the tractor dragged it all over the floor. Just *think!* Six pounds!"

Needless to say, we *did* think. We

thought (though we did not say) that this was hardly the way to treat a Bible, especially when the Bible, as we knew, happened to be a Family Bible, venerable with age and sacrosanct not only as the Word of God but as containing the record of births, deaths, and marriages for I know not how many generations. We thought too that it was rough on Edward's grandmother, for she was concerned about the gaps in Edward's religious education and for the fate of his immortal soul, and no doubt in giving Edward access to the Sacred Volume she had hoped thereby to promote in him the growth of some tender spiritual shoots. A serious business, you see, any way you look at it. And yet . . . Oh, well, fill in the dots for yourself.

ON OUR WAY TO THE DOGS

BY PHILIP WAGNER

"HELEN," said I, as I leaned over the sink and applied myself assiduously to the supper dishes, "the younger generation is going to the dogs."

"I know it," sighed my still-loved bride of a couple of years. And as she replied she dried the other plate and placed it in the cupboard.

I handed her one of the saucers. "The whole country is going to the dogs, you know, and especially the younger generation. Do you remember that article we read awhile ago, about our decaying morale, or something like that?"

"Yes," she said.

"And didn't it say that American youth is going to the dogs?"

"Of course. Everybody says that."

"So we are going to the dogs—aren't we, kid?"

"Yes, dear," replied my wife.

"We should have been more grateful to our parents when we were younger—don't you think?"

"Yes—I guess so, dear."

"Young people don't appreciate their advantages the way they used to—do they, dear?"

"I'm afraid not, Philip."

"And we shouldn't have gone to so many dances while we were in college."

"Oh, I know it! The books and magazines are blaming everything on dances."

"And you know, Helen, I think you should start to wear a corset. Don't you know it is immodest to go without one? You probably lured me into marriage by not wearing one."

Helen looked at me doubtfully. "I'll buy one if you think we can afford it, Philip. But I don't think I could breathe, or I'd probably get a stomach-ache, if I wore one."

I paused, lifted my hands from the suds, and turned toward her.

"Do you suppose," I cried, "that we did wrong to sneak off and be married while we were still in college?"

"Why, of course we did! Don't you know that we were selfish, and failed to consider others, and were needlessly romantic, and all sorts of things? I read about it only the other day—let me see, where was it?—no self-control in the younger generation, lack of restraint, no proper respect for the conventions."

I plunged gloomily into the suds again.

"We should have waited," I grumbled, "until I had made a mark in the world."

"I know it. Didn't Dad tell me that no young people should *think* of marriage until they had an income of fifty dollars a week? Everybody says young people need plenty of money these days. The magazines say we're being brought up too extravagantly, Philip. I shouldn't have had such a big allowance for clothes, dear, while I

was in college; and your father shouldn't have let you take the car so much. It gave us such expensive tastes, Philip."

"I know it," I sighed. "Here we've been married for two years and we aren't up to that fifty-dollar minimum yet. Haven't we been miserable! Not even a private bathroom."

"Yes, and all those expensive tastes, dear. Oh! do you suppose we can get a second-hand Ford in the spring? The country is so beautiful around here in the spring, Philip. And there isn't a decent swimming place within five miles."

"Well—maybe we can, if we go to the movies less. That dancing's too expensive, anyway. It was a dollar thirty-five counting the tip, last week."

The dishes done and put away, we went into the living room of our little apartment. In fairness to this box of a room I should say that it is also our vestibule, our library, our dining room, our bedroom, our music room, Helen's boudoir, and our drawing-room. For fifteen minutes we held consultation on plans for the evening. But our schedule had been arranged, at least in part, for us. Eight pairs of my socks, all containing holes, beckoned from their basket under the desk.

"Oh, I suppose I've got to do those damn socks," sighed my wife.

"Don't say 'damn,' kid! Suppose a magazine writer heard you! He'd just have another piece of evidence against the younger generation. However, here's a cigarette."

"Oh!" she laughed. "You mustn't give me cigarettes, Philip! Suppose a magazine writer saw you doing it!"

So we lighted cigarettes, and settled down, Helen to do my socks for me, I to read Anatole France aloud.

For an hour and a half we read in *La Reine Pédauque*, finding, as people will in these sinful days, much amusement in the Abbé Coignard's sly digs at his Church.

"I am afraid religion must be losing its hold on the younger generation," sighed Helen, drying the tears of laughter from her sinful young eyes.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "All the magazines say so, too."

Perhaps it was because the knowledge of our sinfulness lay heavy upon us, perhaps it was because Helen had finished the socks, thereby bringing a natural pause in the evening's quiet progress, that we decided to leave the fat old Abbé's company for the time being.

"Let's read a little more *Pickwick*," suggested Helen. "I'll read awhile, if your throat's tired."

So Helen read to me awhile, and our consciences were eased as we laughed (quite as hard as we had with the Abbé) at the Wellers, old and young.

When in the natural flowing on of time ten-thirty came along, we arose and looked out of the window. No cloud blurred the soft brilliance of the sky. A great round, white-gold moon gave a gentle beauty even to the telephone poles on our little side street. Up over the roofs, and far away, the stars blinked their eternal queer little pink and green and yellow blinks. All was quiet. Even the interminable come and go of noisy trolley cars seemed for the moment to have ceased. A sense of the vastness of space, and of our unimportance in the vast scheme compounded of time and space, came down upon us, and we did not speak.

Finally Helen slipped out from under my arm. "Let's go out for a little walk," she said. "It's a nice night."

When we returned there was cocoa left from supper, which only needed reheating, and some bread and butter and some jam which Helen had concocted in a moment of inspiration from strawberries and currants. We ate our late supper slowly.

"I should have enjoyed the walk if I had had a fur coat, and if we had been able to take it in a nice big roadster," said Helen—and grinned at me.

LIVING OFF THE LAND

BY ETHEL STURTEVANT

I HAVE just refused a cup of water to a thirsty wayfarer on a hot noonday. If anybody had told me last year, or even this spring, or indeed at any time in my life previous to the day on which the turnpike traffic was detoured over our secluded back road, that I should do such a thing I should have been not only incredulous but angry. I should have considered myself insulted by prognostication.

I saw him coming. He had turned his car into our lane, thereby blocking it very neatly for any exigency of our own. Meanwhile his female adjuncts, stout, drab-colored, and clad in the scant one-piece dresses with rat-tail belts which something has taught me to recognize as the national costume of the American Woman, were distributing themselves and their lunch along the fence.

I heard the clink of the front-gate latch, then a knock. I had already made up my mind. I was waiting. The warning helped me to steel my nerve. When I went to the door he met me with the air of a godlike stranger at my gates. He was bald and in his shirt sleeves. My heart quivered nervously. Confound the tyranny of folkways! But I did it! With my most ingratiating air I told him that we had decided not to accommodate people any more, that we could not run a free-service station, and that there was a nice little store just a quarter of a mile beyond where on a pleasant, breezy balcony over the river he could drink anything he might lawfully crave. He departed, looking surprised. Evidently he felt the force of folkways, too.

That was noon. Just a moment ago—it is a little after two and still hotter—a car drew up under the front fence, within the very sound of this typewriter. (We no longer expect to see someone we know.) Four people emerged, two men in their shirt sleeves, two women in the national costume. The women pulled down their dresses as they got out of the car and fixed each other's collar as if they were coming to call. I heard one of the men say, with the large relaxed air of a man about to be satisfied, that of course those ice cream sodas never did you any good; there was nothing like a drink of cool water. The women approached my window across the fence, they also, like the other, with the air of divine visitant. Could they have a drink of water? they asked confidently. I repeated my line. I had it all nicely by rote now, and my heart was less noticeable. When I painted the charms of the little store they said, Yes but those things don't quench your thirst, you know. I refrained from informing them that ice water keeps cold in a thermos bottle. Nor to their tentative assertion that the turnpike was sunny did I suggest that it was not my fault that they had gone driving on a hot afternoon. They had got out a lunch, but they went on presently.

Now the way to our well lies down a hot path through the garden. In weather like this I make sudden sallies, not more than three a day if I can help it. The bucket operates laboriously with a windlass. We can't let the visiting gods manage it themselves because in the first place our well, like any other worth having, is our refrigerator. The rope on the southeast corner carries a pail containing any meat or fish we have on hand. The rope on the northeast supports the cream. It requires a certain amount of skill to steer a bucket up without putting our precious water supply out of commission altogether. In the second place, these travelers never know how to treat a well. I have seen them take a sip out of a glass and throw the rest back down the well. They will wash their hands in the bucket if you don't stop them. They will drink out of

it and drop it down again. Some of them call for a pitcher and glasses, others for a pail to water the car, still others for all three. If there are any utensils lying about they take them without asking. They swarm all over the place, two carfuls at a time. That we have what some one has happily called "orchard plumbing" suggests to their minds that we operate a public comfort station. They simply spread out and make themselves at home. The last party I escorted down that burning path to the well felt so stimulated by the refreshment that they wandered into a neighbor's yard and blandly picked a large bouquet of her pink ramblers. It was then that I repudiated the whole Samaritan tradition!

What brings me to my conclusion is that these people are not in any way fitted to be objects of commiseration. Their cars are good, usually representing the Buick stage of prosperity. (I have not yet refreshed a Packard or a Rolls-Royce, although they constantly slip past the house with a soft rush of sound that has reconciled me to the unequal distribution of wealth.) Our nuisances provide themselves with generous lunches if one may judge by the amount and quality of the garbage we periodically remove from the front of our house. Nor can they plead a dearth of accommodations, for there are accessible railroad stations every twenty miles along the route, and our turnpike, no exception to the general character of such highways as featured in cartoons, stretches out a long "midway" of gas pumps, service stations of every kind, tea houses, road houses, restaurants, and soft-drink bars. Motorists say that garages do not charge for water. And if it is true that soft drinks fail to quench thirst, it is no less true that custom imposes free water with ice cream. Perhaps these are thrifty folk who prefer not to pay for the ice cream. Perhaps I ought to recognize a sincere compliment to my house whose elm-shaded door yard on a breezy hill does look tempting, I grant. Or the fact that our acquaintances along the turnpike itself do not suffer from these visitations may suggest a gentler reason. Perhaps even a half-mile detour bears the jaded turnpikers into regions so romantically alien as to make them feel that in permitting us to wait on them they are bringing some thrilling variety, some element of adventure into the monotonous lives of isolated country folk. Or it may be that they are the class-conscious missionaries of a higher culture. This explanation was indicated by a shrill tired voice which bore to my awakened ears one night from the crowd tinkering with a stranded car, "Say, how far are we from civilization?" And it would account for the air of conferring a favor which they do so inexplicably wear, every one of them! But the truth, I fear, is that folkways and Christian ethics, indistinguishable I suppose by this time, have made parasites of the race. They have taught us to sponge on Samaritanism.

If that is the case we ought immediately as social beings to convert ourselves to philosophical rationalism. I, therefore, propose that we subject our folkways to the cold scrutiny of reason and that we scrap all the Christian virtues and begin over again.

MURDER TRIALS AND ELECTIONS

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE other day, in a page of editorials, I found two crying evils which the editor was holding up under our noses, like babies, to look at. (To smell of it was more his idea. He said they smelled to heaven.) One evil was the apathy the public displays at elections. The other was the excessive interest this same public shows at a murder trial. The editor was angrily pointing out that this was deplorable,

and that he and his newspaper, therefore, felt bound to deplore it. He went even farther and said something ought to be done about it. But the only suggestion he could think of was that the public should change.

If this can be done it will solve the whole problem, of course. But in case that editor doesn't find it practicable to change human nature it might be a good idea to begin at the other end of the problem. My suggestion is, don't change the public; change our arrangements instead. They are the clothes, as it were, of the public, and they can sometimes be altered.

If we approach the problem from this other direction it becomes very simple. The proper solution would appear to be somewhat as follows: Murder trials should not be decided by a jury but by popular vote. And elections should not be decided by popular vote but by a jury.

Let us consider the reasons for suggesting this remedy. The editor described clearly and correctly what the situation is now. People are getting less and less interested in elections. They won't go to the polls. But they follow a great murder trial closely. Hence, they would all vote on that. Nobody would have to urge them to drop in their ballots when the trial closed—they would ask nothing better than to have a say about a good murder.

We won't read political speeches that run over a paragraph, but we eagerly read pages and pages of murder-trial testimony. We don't have strong opinions on politics; we do about killings. We argue about a murder even at breakfast. The first thing in the morning we are trying to figure out who is guilty and how much he should be punished. But who seeks a solution at breakfast of a political muddle? It is only our conscience that awakes us when political muddles confront us. But our interest in murder is spontaneous, not conscientious.

"Voting heavy on the Hall-Mills murder case," the papers would say. "Early returns indicate that Senator Simpson is guilty by a majority of 31,000,000." If there were a delay of twenty-four hours or so, while country districts were heard from, it would only prolong the suspense and make the occasion more thrilling. But delays in political elections—due to the popular vote—are exasperating.

And consider the great advantages of deciding an election by jury. The jury system is only a makeshift way of deciding a murder case, but as a method of settling elections it is simply ideal. Every year, instead of putting millions and millions of ears at the mercy of orators, twelve men would be chosen by lot to listen for all the electorate. These human sacrifices would be locked up in a lecture hall and kept there throughout the campaign, and every candidate would be given a key so that he could go in and make speeches to them. He wouldn't have to wear out his throat either, as he does now, making the same old speech over and over—unless he himself wished to. If he did, he should, of course, have that privilege. Give him plenty of rope. As a compensation to the jury for their hardships, they could be pensioned for life. Even with this expense added, a campaign would cost far less than at present.

Our jury system is a valuable heritage, our great jurists tell us; it is the most sound and dependable way of deciding things. Very well, let us use it. It would be quite as representative of the popular will as the vote. Each juryman would see every candidate as well as hear all his arguments. That would make the new custom more thorough. It would be democratic, yet dignified. And on Election Day, instead of thousands of polling places, voting machines, clerks, and watchers, and a long and elaborate count of a whole nation's ballots, the jury would merely retire for an hour or so and announce the result.

Editor's Easy Chair

"SUN SPOTS AND POLITICS"

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHILE the fundamentalists are fighting science the best they know how—which is not very well—the scientists seem to be turning considerably to religion. At the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which sat through the turn of the year at Philadelphia, some of the members gave their imaginations unusual scope, as when Director Curtis of Allegheny Observatory, lecturing with a lantern slide that showed the galaxies of stars, contributed the conviction that man's spirit is as immortal as the universe he inhabits. It is not a new thing for astronomers to have pious thoughts. All their studies lead them to that and, indeed, the most religious of all spectacles and the one that most binds the human spirit to the idea of God and the after life is the sight of the sky on a starlit night.

Maybe the newspapers gave disproportionate attention to the more spiritual suggestions of the scientists. They made a great deal, for example, of the paper of Professor Tchijevsky of Moscow, who anticipates great disturbance during the next two years in our terrestrial home as a consequence of intense sun-spot activity. That is not exactly a pious thought but at least it has to do with celestial influences. All great world-ructions, this Russian observer said, had followed these periods of sun-spot activity. The periods come in eleven-year cycles: three years of minimum excitability of human beings, two years of increasing excitability, three years of maximum excitability, and then three years of decline to the minimum that closes the cycle. This year and until 1929 the period of sun-spot activity now going on attains its maximum "with resulting human activity of the highest historical importance which may again change the political chart of the world." The more so, he says, because this maximum coincides with the maxima of two other periods of sixty and thirty-five years.

Mr. Tchijevsky's notion is that all human beings are creatures of the sun and its vast electrical power, and that they behave as they do, not for the reasons they imagine, but because the sun influences them. His studies, it seems, have been very extensive, and the mere digest of his theories runs to thirty pages, so that the newspapers gave comparatively little of them; but even that little is interesting. The world does get very crazy at times. Persons not yet killed by motor cars may recall the year 1912 when there was such a curious quiver of behavior and such an extraordinary craze for dancing. That may well have been one of the preliminary periods of the sun-spots cycle which introduced the Great War.

One would like to have some competent person investigate Mr. Tchijevsky's theory, except that anybody considered competent to investigate anything usually does not believe it. It is the incompetent who have belief, though it is

true that the competent are improving in that respect. The idea of the influence of the sun on human dispositions and behavior is really not so crazy. It is credible enough that sun spots are a part of the game in which we hold cards, and it is more credible in this decade than it used to be that there is some sense in astrology. Astrology undertakes to determine the influence of heavenly bodies upon human behavior. When one reads that in April Uranus and Saturn "will force changes by making old ways and ideas impossible," it does not sound quite so fantastic as it used to. We are so accustomed nowadays to the notion that the world is changing that we can even look with indulgence upon suggestions about the means by which the changes come to pass. Throughout the year, says a newspaper astrologer, "there will be reverberations of the gathering of the scientists interested in psychics held at Clark University in December, and prevailing materialistic conceptions will be abated. Don't imagine this suggests revolution, because mental changes of any kind move imperceptibly. You simply get up one morning with a different feeling about things to which formerly you were either antagonistic or favorable."

THE idea that force is exerted only by visible and physical means does not go so strong as it used to. We are getting more familiar with the idea of powerful and important forces that are imponderable, invisible, and very imperfectly understood. Rays are going strong in this generation. Sixty years ago people did not count much on rays, but this Russian informant's sun-spot theory—that's rays. Radio is rays. Magnetism is a kind of ray, and nobody seems to know enough about electricity to make it dangerous for anybody else to classify that as a ray. Healing is done increasingly by rays. The spirit doctors work with them—at least so one is told—and no incarnate doctor's shop is fully furnished nowadays without a ray machine of some sort.

Telepathy is almost accepted as a fact, which means that it is accepted by some people whose acceptance is respected. Gilbert Murray, the poet and professor, a particularly honored person whom Harvard University just at this writing has borrowed from Oxford, has himself experimented with it and seems to think well of it. Telepathy is the transfer of ideas from one mind to another without the use of visible, audible, or other known physical means. Doctor Murray, as reported in the papers some time ago, seemed persuaded that such a transfer of thought is made. Well if it is, what makes it? What is the process? Something must go from one mind to another. There you get rays again. The mind seems to give out a substance. We have to think in terms of substance. Light is a substance. Thought is a substance. Will is a substance. Spirit is a substance. Our learned brethren doubtless have other names for these things and doubtless better ones. But it does seem to be that these influences give out various kinds of rays made of something; that healing is done in that way; that the arts of great orators and great actors are connected with an ability to produce rays and shoot them out.

There is a lot to learn about these matters. We have got far enough to think that much. What an orator or an actor may do in producing emotion or affecting the feelings, a book, a picture, a piece of music will often do. Maybe books and pictures and written music are storage batteries. They certainly hold what is put into them in a fashion truly remarkable.

Mr. H. G. Wells seems to be of the opinion that more is going on than usual. He is putting out a line of newspaper articles about "The Way the World Is Going" and declares in his announcement of them that there is a biological revolution in progress of far profounder moment than any French or Russian Revolution that ever happened. He denies the unchangeableness of human life. The facts, he says:

come dripping in to us, here a paragraph in a newspaper, there a book, now a chance remark; we are busy about our personal affairs and rarely find time to sit back and consider the immense significance of the whole continuing process.

Mr. Wells is not an urgent supporter of the *status quo* in this world. No doubt he looks forward cheerfully to fundamental changes. One would rather trust him though as a forecaster of change than as an accurate estimator of what will finally be produced. The urgency of the Russian gentleman's sun spots will decline in two or three years; but while they are working, Mr. Wells is an excellent man to observe their influence on human affairs.

WHOM will the sun spots work for, Smith or Coolidge? That is the political question which may well engage the minds of our politicians. These gentlemen, Governor Smith and President Coolidge, are at present our foremost political figures. Mr. Coolidge stands for prosperity, dividends, and the *status quo*. Governor Smith stands predominantly for revolt. His strength is that he attracts the attention, and so considerably the admiration, of people who do not like the way things are going in the United States. If there are to be no changes of great moment Mr. Coolidge is almost an ideal President for us. Everybody whose dividends are satisfactory and whose political thought is first of all for them ought to be pleased with Mr. Coolidge and want to keep him as long as possible. But people who, on the whole, do not think that current life is what it ought to be, and want someone as dissimilar from Coolidge as it is safe to follow, are very observant of Alfred Smith at present. He is far from being a revolutionary character. He is not despondent, not disgruntled, not particularly rebellious, not excessively ambitious. To people who are dissatisfied with our relations to the world outside of the United States he has so far had almost nothing to say.

Mr. Coolidge has confined himself as much as possible to the world within the United States, but as President he has not been able to escape concerns outside of our borders. But Alfred Smith has lived and moved and had his political being not merely within the United States but within the State of New York. As his political reputation all rests upon his public service in that one State, it is the more remarkable how big a reputation it is. It is big because his service to New York has made people familiar with his personality, made them see in him powers that they have admired and qualities that they have trusted. All the same, the reaching out towards him as a candidate of voters who are neither Irish nor Catholic—which of course may not survive for another year—is one expression of a great discontent. To people who do not like the way that life is going here now, or the agents who are directing it, Alfred Smith and his ideas and his behavior are attractive by contrast. When the Protestant Churches have done themselves great damage by their squabbles and their blind support of Prohibition, here is Al Smith, a Catholic, and a Wet! He might be both, of course, and have no political strength, but, as it is, he exemplifies for many people a better understanding of life, a better practice of living, a much greater ability in public service and a much more Christianized spirit than the more active reformers and drink-fighters among the Protestants.

Nothing accounts for him. Not that he is a man of the people, born poor; not that he is a Catholic; not that he is Irish (and one hears he is only half Irish). Nothing about his religion or his raising explains him. Evidently he was born so —able, observing, reasoning, conciliating, charming. Somehow he must have good rays shot into him. A great talent is Governor Smith, apparently a first-class actor was lost when he went into politics. If he runs for President against Mr. Coolidge there will be a complete contrast of candidates and, presumably, of backers.

It would be very interesting. It is almost inconceivable that he could win a presidential election next year, but it would be a great entertainment to have him try.

NEXT year! Next year! How much will happen before next year? A great deal of trouble is making of one kind or another. Nicaragua, what of that? Mexico, what of Mexico?

Saul is again among the Prophets. Mr. Hearst has come out for the co-operation of the English-speaking nations in keeping the peace of the world. Politics does make strange bed-fellows. Perhaps it has dawned on Mr. Hearst that we should be friendly with at least one family in this world.

Would the nations like us any better if Alfred Smith were President? They might. He has very winning ways, that man, and there is no reason why he should not have a first-class Secretary of State, a gentleman, to wit, who ran for President last time. Would he wish to send Cardinal O'Connell as Ambassador to London? He might. He seems to think well of Cardinals. But probably he would not, and if he did the Senate would hardly back him. No great harm, however, if he did, but some entertainment and enormous indignation.

But with the prospect of such active sun spots it is extraordinarily difficult to see far ahead. One can see that Prohibition has got to be overhauled and greatly improved. One can see how ominously the Protestant Churches have strayed away from their fundamental obligation to keep liberty alive in the souls of men. One can see that our relations with the rest of mankind are not altogether what they ought to be. One can see that our world is by way of being stood on its head and that a lot of processes of improvement are ahead of us which we may not like. One can see that there is a lot to be done but not who is going to do it.

Business, they tell us, will be good again hereabouts this year, and yet they gently intimate that last year was high tide for business, and that prosperity, so much extolled, is passing its peak. Perhaps it won't be unmixed evil to have prosperity sit down and rest a little. Seasons have their value, and where it is always summer people get lazy. Besides that, prosperity is expensive to the less prosperous. Prices get adjusted to larger fiscal abilities. Merchants usually charge what buyers are willing to pay. When briarwood pipes go to seven dollars for just a fair one, prosperity seems a bit sarcastic.

How rich it is expedient to be has never been determined either for individuals or for nations. What is plain enough is that there is a relation between means and duty. Also, that riches are a test and trial of character. That is just as much true of nations as it is of men or women. If you have, you must do, on peril of rotting if you don't. If what you ought to do is beyond your ability though not beyond your income that is bad luck. Our country has great power. That is obvious. It seems as yet to be deficient in means to apply that power to the needs of the world. Industrially it does so more or less. Politically it does not. Spiritually it does not seem just at present to be cutting much ice, and yet there is spiritually power enough in the United States if only it can be started. It may be that our great problem this year is the problem of unused powers, and possibly that provision of sun-spot rays, which the Russian scientist predicts, may get us going again. We seem to need something with a kick in it: we really do. Internationally our years of probationary prohibition have been far from glorious.

Personal and Otherwise

THERE is much harsh criticism nowadays of American manners, culture, and morals. On the whole this criticism is desirable; some of it is highly valuable. Yet in the midst of the chorus of lamentation it is refreshing occasionally to hear from someone who really thinks there is hope for these United States after all. We are glad to give an opportunity to ***William Allen White,*** widely beloved editor and proprietor of the *Emporia Gazette*, author of *A Certain Rich Man* and other novels, biographer of Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge, and wise and liberal observer of the American scene, to set forth the reasons for his fundamental faith.

Nephew of the former Lord High Chancellor, ***J. B. S. Haldane*** is a distinguished English biologist. He was formerly reader in biological chemistry at Cambridge University, and has written two books in the "Today and Tomorrow Series," *Daedalus* and *Callinicus*. Last March he was represented in HARPER'S by a delightful essay "On Being the Right Size." This month he contributes a daring speculation based on the data of modern science.

Since the war ***Charles Nordhoff,*** who, like his friend, James Norman Hall, was an aviator and wrote brilliantly of his experiences on the Western Front, has been living (again like Mr. Hall) in Tahiti. Now and then he sends us a chapter of his South Sea observations; the most recent was "Man Monday's Fishing," published last June.

The modern physician must be both scientist and artist. Sometimes the two techniques seem to be conflicting, and there are signs that many physicians have made the mistake of abandoning one for the other. How they may be reconciled is shown by Doctor ***George Draper,*** who has done much laboratory work at the Rockefeller Institute and elsewhere, and now directs the Constitution Clinic at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Doctor Draper comes naturally by his appreciation of both the scientific and the artistic method: his father was an eminent physician, his brother Paul was a concert singer, his sister Ruth is known throughout the country for her remarkable monologues.

Again Father Brown appears in our pages just in time to solve a criminal problem, and ***G. K. Chesterton,*** essayist, poet, biographer, critic, and novelist, adds another proof of his versatility. "The Red Moon of Meru" and other stories which have appeared in HARPER'S will be included in a new volume of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown stories, which will be published this year.

K. K. Kawakami gives us an opportunity to see how the foreign policy of the United States looks to his Japanese compatriots. Needless to say, his interpretation of events and policies is his own, not ours; but we believe his article will be enlightening to those who are willing to see their country as others see it. Mr. Kawakami came to America from Japan in 1901. In his native country he had been a newspaper man with socialistic leanings; some of the radicals who were executed in 1910 for *lèse majesté* were his friends and associates. Now, however, he frequently visits Japan, and finds, he says, that the police no longer regard him as dangerous. He lives in Washington and is the Wash'ngton representative of the Osaka Mainichi Publishing Company, which publishes the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*, both conservative daily papers.

Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College since 1915, writes frankly at our request on modern parents, wise and foolish, as college officials see them. We commend his observations to parents, to daughters, and (for that matter) to sons.

"Shades of George Sand!" is the work of ***Ellen Du Pois Taylor,*** whose novel, *One*

Crystal and a Mother just published, has already won the following very unusual praise from Ford Madox Ford: "I have been reading manuscripts, as you know, for ages past and I certainly never came across a first, or an early, novel that had one-half its brilliance, its insight into life or its power to intrigue a reader. . . . I cannot imagine where she got her talent from, but there it is, authentic and undeniable—and her knowledge of life comes only second to her talent." Last month Mrs. Taylor made her first appearance in HARPER'S with a story entitled "Nostalgia." Like the heroines of both stories, she is a native of Dakota. She has done newspaper work in Chicago; at present she is in Europe.

The anonymous author of "Why I Quit Business" sailed for France shortly after making his vital decision. On shipboard he wrote out, largely for his own satisfaction, his reasons for taking the step. It occurred to him that others might be interested in them, and so he sent the article to us.

It is a sheer coincidence that this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE involves two very different men with almost identical names: William Allen White as author of the leading article, and Doctor William Alanson White as the subject of ***Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's*** skillful portrait. Miss Sergeant, a frequent contributor, sketched Doctor Alice Hamilton in our May, 1926, issue. Both portraits are included in a volume entitled *Fire Under the Andes*, to be published shortly by Knopf.

With the final story of the month, "Amateur," ***Margaret Culkin Banning*** returns to fiction after writing for our February issue an article on "The Lazy Thirties." Mrs. Banning, who lives in Duluth, is the author of several novels, the most recent of which is *The Women of the Family*.

Josef Bard, an Austrian now living in Berlin, has long been interested in European social and economic conditions, and is now writing a book on the European mind, of which "Why Europe Dislikes the Jew" is to be a part. Doctor Bard has had considerable newspaper experience, and his wife, Dorothy Thompson, is the Berlin representative of the Public Ledger Syndicate.

In the December issue ***Jesse R. Sprague,*** writing on "Big Business on Trial," condemned as a source of real danger to our prosperity the go-getting methods prevalent in American business. Now he shows how ill-adapted these methods are to business in the foreign field. Mr. Sprague has had varied experience: he began his business career at sixteen in a village jewelry store, turned salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, and later operated a retail store at San Antonio. Now he is giving his time to writing.

George Boas of the Philosophy Department at Johns Hopkins wrote the amusing sketch entitled "The Professor Dines Out" which we printed last June.

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Countee Cullen is the young colored poet of Harlem who recently won the Harmon Award for the most outstanding achievement in poetry made during 1926 by a member of his race. His first volume of verse, *Color*, has already reached a sale of six thousand copies. He wrote the first of the two sonnets which we publish this month while he was taking a post-graduate year of study in English at Harvard after graduating with honors from New York University. He has recently joined the editorial staff of *Opportunity*. The other poet of the month, ***Edmund Blunden,*** is an Englishman who has published several volumes of verse, won the Hawthornden Prize in 1922, was formerly on the editorial staff of the London *Athenaeum*, and is now professor of English literature at Tokyo University.

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The Lion's Mouth contributors are ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale and author of the article on "Freedom vs. Compulsion in Religion" in our November issue and of many a Lion's Mouth paper; ***Philip Wagner*** of Schenectady, New York, who, being only two years out of college, has a good right to poke fun at the critics of the younger generation; ***Ethel Sturtevant,*** whose protest at the tyranny of the motorist comes to us from Waterford, Connecticut; and ***Clarence Day, Jr.,*** an ever

welcome contributor, best known, perhaps, for his delightful book, *This Simian World.*

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Ellen Emmet Rand, A.N.A., has long been one of the ablest portrait painters in the country. "Antoinette," one of her most recent studies, was shown in the large exhibit which she held this winter at the Grand Central Galleries.

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We sent word several weeks ago to nearly two hundred American colleges and universities that the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest, held for the first time last year, with great success, will be repeated this year under slightly revised conditions, and that the closing date for the mailing of manuscripts to the Magazine is March 5, 1927.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE offers a First Prize of $500, a Second Prize of $300, and a Third Prize of $200 for the best pieces of prose written by undergraduates in American colleges and universities. The manuscript which wins First Prize will be published in the Magazine. The Judges who will make the selections will be Henry Seidel Canby, Elinor Wylie, and William McFee.

The conditions are as follows:

1. Manuscripts, to be eligible, must be the original work of enrolled students in any of the *undergraduate* departments of American colleges and universities. They must be written in prose, but may be stories, essays, articles, or any other form of prose work suitable for magazine publication. Translations or adaptations are ineligible. The limit of length is 7,000 words in the case of stories, 4,000 in the case of articles, essays, etc. Manuscripts which have been published elsewhere than in a college magazine or newspaper are ineligible; but the fact that a manuscript has been published in a college magazine or college newspaper shall not exclude it from consideration. It is understood that, subject to the above conditions, manuscripts written as themes in English courses, or for college papers, or otherwise shall be equally eligible. No competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

2. The manuscripts shall be mailed to INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY CONTEST, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, *not later than midnight on March 5, 1927.* Each manuscript shall be typewritten, shall bear the name and address of the author, and shall be accompanied by a self addressed envelope bearing sufficient stamps for the return of the manuscript. Manuscripts mailed later than midnight on March 5, 1927, will be disqualified.

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Last month we were compelled to omit, owing to lack of space, several replies to and comments upon R. Le Clerc Phillips's article, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," which seemed to us to deserve publication. Even at this late date we think we should make room for some of them. Here is a passage from a letter protesting at the emphasis placed by Miss Phillips on the "desiccated" instructors at women's colleges:

> May I speak, instead, of another type of teacher, a type which is found in nearly every school? Countless women, not unattractive, discover on leaving college that they are directly prepared only for teaching, that they have not the funds for further study, and that to earn a living they must work. Since the profession of teaching is relentless, they give years of toil to establish their reputations. They are not in a society where unmarried men abound. Of course, many women, when they see the life of books and of spinsterhood (I hate the word) closing upon them, toss those books aside and make for the city and another kind of work. Nevertheless, hundreds of other women, through force of circumstance, cannot so blithely seek new worlds, not manless, to conquer. Theirs is the harder task—that of knowing the years ahead will not bring them the home they long for; that of living, not bitterly, but graciously and sympathetically; that of "playing the game" as they find it. Such women will always have mother-hearts and a mother love that leads them to do their work, not for science, not for art, but perhaps for the children who are theirs only in dreams.
>
> Thus the truly educated woman teacher is a "problem" not so much to the world as to herself. Her adjustment to life is most difficult. She must sacrifice what she instinctively craves, and, because her work will not be successful if she is disheartened, she must sacrifice—gaily.

One of the most unusual letters called forth by Miss Phillips's paper came to us from a girl who belongs—or fears she will

belong—to the class just mentioned. She is not eager for marriage, she told us, but she is teaching in a "two-by-four" girls' denominational college, and finds that in this community her chance for even "a congenial friendship with a thoroughly intellectual man is just exactly *nil*. . . . I want really to live, and normal life has shut the door in my face."

As a well-rounded reply, we publish the following from Doctor Helen Leland Witmer of the University of Minnesota:

Malthus outwitted: that was my first and flippant conclusion when I read Miss Phillips's article on "The Problem of the Educated Woman." But one glance at the fur-coated, rouged co-eds in the midwestern university library in which I read her article dispelled any such illusion. May I point out a few of the places where I think Miss Phillips goes astray?

1. The "printed collection of addresses" to which she refers rings strangely familiar. Methinks I went to that college myself for a time. *But* of the 128,677 girls in college in 1920, so says the report of the Department of the Interior, over three-fourths were in co-ed institutions and open to many other influences than the "purely exalted aspects of human nature." Nor do I remember many in this "most famous women's college" who took their president's Commencement addresses and their women professors' examples and precepts too seriously.

2. But I am warned that the article does not deal with the girls who merely go to college but solely to those who go for purely intellectual purposes. Heaven forbid the mark! In college and out, that type, male or female, is, I fear, as rare as she is unwanted by the opposite sex. If, however, Phi Beta Kappa's and Ph.D.'s and the like mark the intellectual type, and fraternity pins and engagement rings masculine approval, I can see among the present graduate and undergraduate students no cause for Miss Phillips's alarm.

3. "The average man dislikes the unusually intelligent and exceptionally well-educated woman." Well, so does that young woman dislike the average young man. College girls as I know them on the whole consider marrying only college men. And I can see no inherent reason why the girls, being exposed to the same education as the men, should dislike third-rate plays and ninth-rate novels while the men should like them. As a matter of fact the majority of them, girls and men both, prefer the *Post* to the *Dial*.

4. The high correlation between physical unattractiveness and college brilliance is, if my eyes deceive me not, much more an illusion of the nineteenth century cartoonist than a reality. For proof of which I can only refer Miss Phillips to the college annuals.

5. And again the problem of careers, which here are said to produce "faded faces and diminished vitality." As though anything were more productive of those characteristics than child-bearing! Faded faces are our common lot, I fear; at least until the monkey glands become more effective.

No, I cannot agree. Even the "revolt of youth" seems to me to be more against marriage than against the lack of it.

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The O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story by an American author published in an American magazine in 1926 has been awarded to Wilbur Daniel Steele for "Bubbles," which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for last August. Readers who enjoyed the extraordinary artistry of that story will join us in congratulating Mr. Steele on being honored once more by the O. Henry Committee. It will be recalled that in 1921 the Committee gave him a special award for maintaining the highest level of merit among American short stories during the three preceding years; that he won second prize in 1919; and that last year his HARPER story, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," was adjudged by the Committee one of the two best stories of the year.

It is with deep regret that we record the untimely death of Harry S. McKever, Eastern Advertising Manager of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, who succumbed to pneumonia on January 13, 1927, at his home in Rutherford, New Jersey. Mr. McKever had been with the House of Harper since 1902. The Magazine feels acutely the loss of his indefatigable and fruitful services as an important member of the advertising staff, and all who came in contact with him, within the House and without, mourn him for his cheerful, friendly, and unselfish personal qualities.